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THE WORLD OF LONDON.

"I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. — A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of government in its different departments; a grazier, as a vast market for cattle; a man of pleasure, as an assemblage of taverns; a mercantile man, as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon Change; a dramatic enthusiast, as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments.

"BUT THE INTELLECTUAL MAN IS STRUCK WITH IT AS COMPREHENDING THE WHOLE OF HUMAN LIFE IN ALL ITS VARIETY, THE CONTEMPLATION OF WHICH IS INEXHAUSTIBLE."

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

THE

WORLD OF LONDON.

60071

BY

JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

PAGE.

A PANEGYRIC OF OUR SUBJECT — INTRODUCTORY, . 1

CHAPTER I.

THE WORLD OF LONDON — WHY THE WORLD OF LONDON, 18

CHAPTER II.

OF VULGAR ERRORS CONCERNING LIFE IN LONDON, . 35

CHAPTER III.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED, ... 42

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED, ... 61

CHAPTER V.

OF THE ILLIMITABILITY OF LONDON, . . 67

CHAPTER VI.

AN ESSAY ON NEIGHBOURHOODS, . . . 76

CHAPTER VII.

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR TO THE LAST, . . 97

CHAPTER VIII.

PAGE.

OF THE INDUSTRY OF LONDON, ... 107

CHAPTER IX.

A COMFORTABLE CHAPTER, ... 122

CHAPTER X.

OF THE ASSOCIATIONS OF LONDON LIFE, . . 127

CHAPTER XI.

OF PUBLIC OPINION IN LONDON, ... 135

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE LITTLE MEN OF LITTLE PLACES, . . 151

CHAPTER XIII.

OF COMPETITION IN LONDON, ... 163

CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE DIVISION OF LABOUR IN LONDON, . . 189

CHAPTER XV.

THE IRISH AND SCOTS IN LONDON, . . . 205

CHAPTER XVI.

FOREIGNERS IN LONDON, ... 235

CHAPTER XVII.

HOMELESS PEOPLE, ... 267

THE

WORLD OF LONDON.

A PANEGYRIC OF OUR SUBJECT.

THERE is, we might almost say, an *universality* in the interest created among men by descriptions of London life, and to that feeling, rather than to any merit of ours, may we attribute the favour with which the following essays have been noticed by the press and the public, in Blackwood's Magazine.

To whom, indeed, is not something in, of, or about London, interesting? To those long since retired from the active business of the world, London is sure to afford abundant matter of retrospection: those who are actively engaged in the pleasure-bringing cares, and those who dissipate life in the care-bringing pleasures, of London, equally rejoice that fortune casts their lot in this, the head-quarters of enterprise

and action: to those, on the contrary, who are about to plunge into the business and bustle of the world, London is a field of hopeful anticipation. Almost every one has, or has had, at one period or another, a wish to visit this wonderful place—almost every one has conceived vague, imperfect, or erroneous ideas of this great abiding place of congregated humanity, and few that take an interest in what most concerns man to know, are unwilling to have their knowledge of London life augmented from the humblest source, nor will despise the rude and unfinished studies from nature which are now, with a less hasty hand, transferred to these pages, from the successive numbers of the distinguished periodical in which they had the good fortune to be first submitted to the notice, and to find favour in the eyes, of the public.

It is not without many misgivings, and much self-distrust, that the author approaches a subject so extended, that not the life nor the opportunity of one man is large enough to embrace in its details, or present to the world in its completeness; but in the Encyclopædia of London life, as in any other, knowledge can only be increased by successive contributions from the pens of many writers; and while no one can claim credit for the whole, he may reasonably expect judgment with *mercy*, for that part which is the fruit of his observations, his reflection, and his industry.

Carefully to observe, and faithfully to record the results of his observations, has been the sole object of

the author: he has not presumed to introduce descriptions of modes of life he has had no opportunity to become acquainted with, or delineations of manners he has not himself been in the habit of witnessing: where he has been fortunate enough to "catch the manners living as they rise," he describes, or rather studies to describe, them simply: where he appears hasty and superficial, it may be safely presumed, that he is imperfectly informed; and when he says nothing, no other explanation can be given, than that he has nothing to say.

The impertinence of affecting to be better informed of his subject than many of those who may do him the honour to glance over these pages, is not one of the many faults to which the writer of the "World of London" must plead guilty. In truth, he is only the chronicler of familiar scenes of metropolitan life, of which few take notes, though many take notice; and which, if they please at all, derive their faculty of pleasing from their consonance with the unwritten yet remembered observation of the reader. If any one should be fortunate enough to find, in the following essays, pictures of life, observation, or reflection, which may have struck him in his own solitary rambles through town, he will have the goodness to consider himself the author, and the author merely his *amanuensis*.

Delineations of common life have, in every age, and in every clime, been more generally popular than perhaps any other style of writing, whether in verse or

prose. As in a mirror, we see reflected in these works our eccentricities, our foibles; we see them without exposure, and recognize them without fear: we see also the ludicrous or characteristic in others, and laugh at them without offence. Through the medium of works like these, we become intimate with other men, without the trouble of making their acquaintance, and without much expenditure of thinking, enlarge the sphere of our intelligence. We sit quietly at home, in our easy chair, while the student of human character goes into society, and returning, gives an account of his host, his company, and his entertainment. The most delightful of our English essayists are remembered best in fixing transient shades of character in familiar life; the Beau Tibbs of Goldsmith, and the Sir Roger of Addison, are studied, conversed with, admired, laughed at, and studied again: so endless is the entertainment deriveable from pictures, whose prototypes are familiar to us all.

The power of individualizing character by happy touches of the pen or pencil, is, however, the attribute only of a few; yet the generalization of whatever is curious, and worthy observation, is not without its advantages, and may be, perhaps, allowed a rank second only to that which, by superior imaginative power, determines the general in the particular. To this humbler, but no less useful labour, have we devoted ourselves, and certainly we have no reason to complain of the unfruitfulness of our subject.

"Learning," says Goldsmith, "is most advanced in

populous cities, where chance combines with industry to promote it; where the members of this great university catch the manners as they rise, study *life*, not logic, and have the world for correspondents."

What the poet said of learning in its book-learned sense, may be applied with undiminished force to the study of life, character, and manners, by actual observation: nor do we think we are presumptuous in claiming for the latter an importance at least equal, and an interest perhaps greater, than for the labours of the topographer, antiquarian, and archæologist.

Although we have *libraries* illustrative of *material* London, the inexhaustible mine of its living, moving, ever-changing people, has not been worked to the utmost; the surface has hardly been penetrated, much less have the abysses of life in London been explored. The transmutations of its physical state, its gradual extension, its general aspects, its particular improvements, have been chronicled with laudable diligence, and unwearied research. But is it not of at least equal importance to inform us how men lived, what were their peculiarities, classes, habits, sayings, excellencies, vices, absurdities, in any particular epoch of metropolitan life, as that they builded after this or that fashion, that they pulled down such a palace or church, and erected such another; or that a great many suburban fields, where was nothing but grass before, were in such a century covered with houses?

The anatomy of London has been treated worthily; it is rather to the *physiology* of London life that the

author of the following papers has chiefly devoted his attention.

It may amuse any one who takes the trouble to recall the origin of his ideas about a given subject, to compare his preconceived notions of any place with their realization; and it may, we think, be taken as a general rule, that fancy colours its pictures too highly, if not by simple exaggeration, at least by keeping out of sight all that may be imagined to detract from the perfection of the subject conceived. Thus, perhaps our readers may recollect the time when they had in their mind's eye a London of marble, of precious stones and metals, without mud, dirt, bad weather, noise, or confusion; the squares rectangular, the streets parallel, the houses perpendicular, the people like their madeira "*particular;*" no toil, no hardship, no hunger, nothing save holydays and holyday clothes; every body eating sugar plums, and free from the dreadful necessity of learning lessons, or getting catechisms by heart.

As these "air drawn" impressions fade, they are succeeded by others; ideas, partly incorrect, and partly true, of the extent, splendour, industry, enterprise, of the "great unknown;" we acquire a reverential awe of that pre-eminent mart of genius, ability, wealth, and power. We recall the mighty names that have haunted its courts, and lanes, and alleys, from the days of the Boar's Head at Eastcheap, and swaggering Jack Falstaff, and roaring Prince Hal, down to the great associated minds of the Literary Club, at the Turk's

Head in Soho. We find London somehow or other connected with whatever in art astonishes, pleases, or improves. London is not merely a *place*, it is an abstraction, a connecting and a necessary link in our chain of thought, upon all subjects worth a thought; it is the workshop of artificers in mind, their storehouse, their market, their solace, and their reward; the centre of great and important changes in the political and social history of man; the *focus* to which rays of intelligence from the farthest horizon of earth converge, concentrate, and are reflected back again upon the public mind; not merely our fashions, luxuries, tastes, are thence imported, but our opinions come "cut and dry" from London; we are dictated to from London, in London we are governed, they make our laws in London; in short, London is the head, the brain, the heart, the noble *viscus* of our body politic, and we in the provinces are but out-lying extremities, subsidiary, secondary; we are hardly allowed to know whether our toes are cold until we are so instructed by leading articles from London!

The Queen (God bless her!) lives in London, that is a wonderful thing; *the* Duke is to be seen walking or riding about the streets of London like any other gentleman — who would think it? Lord Goggle lives at the end of our town in a great house, and when he appears on his pony in our streets, we are all of a twitter; yet we have heard that in London Lord Goggle "hangs out" at a second floor furnished, in

Conduit Street: what a place must that London be, that can so put out the light of our Lord, the Lord of our manor and of our town, the omnipotent Lord Goggle?

Then there is Mr Bantam, his Lordship's solicitor in our town. How have we envied the guard of the Mail, who had the honour to call at Mr Bantam's house, to take Mr Bantam to town, yea, to London, on a Turnpike Trust Bill, or a Canal Bill, or a Waste Lands Enclosure Bill; how have we "admired" when the Mail, with a flourish of trumpets, announced to our town Mr Bantam's return to the bosom of his family; with what town-bred importance, neat as imported, did Mr Bantam strut along the sunny side of the leading street of our town, a legislator in miniature, a concentrated essence of Peel!

Then there is the shop, lately occupied by Flint the gunmaker, an old dusky shop of the last century, with a crooked window, and three steps to go up; it is now carefully *boarded;* a placard is stuck up, *No admittance except on business;* great mystery is observed in the operations carrying on within; the landlord of the Bull says he knows nothing about it; Mr Bantam, who has transferred the premises, is close as green wax; even the waiter at the Angel is mysterious; when lo and behold, one summer morning the boarding disappears, the patent shutters *go up*, (who would have thought that shutters would ever come to go *up?*) polished plate glass set in brass sashes glitters in the

early sun, and above, in gold letters a yard long, we read,

EMPORIUM OF FASHION.

FLIMSY, SARSENET, & CO.

from LONDON.

Our town is lost in amazement; Flint the gun-maker, rushes out to look at his old shop, rubs his eyes, and *won't* believe it; the old established mercers of our town offer to bet you that a twelvemonth will see the last of Flimsy, Sarsenet, and Co.; Mr Bantam, the Reverend Mr Smiley, and Mr Gould the banker, stand opposite the shop front, and talk critically; every woman, and every woman's daughter in our town, find out of a sudden, that they want every article becoming a lady, and *must* have money to spend at the counter of Flimsy, Sarsenet, and Co.; the shop is besieged by ladies who hitherto thought themselves sufficiently extravagant in dress; even Lord Goggle, as he rides through our town, pulls up his pony to look at the "Emporium," and Mr Bantam and the Reverend Mr Smiley come out into the middle of the street to explain it to his Lordship, but Mr Gould the banker doesn't.

Thus are we overcrowded in trade by people from London. In the professions it is still worse; an oculist comes "from London," is invited by our surgeons to operate at the hospital, blinds several paupers, and goes away to another town. The "Independent Anysider" of our town has, if you please, an editor

"from London;" Mr Gould's cashier, who understands the joint stock banking system, got his understanding "in London," lecturers "from London" arrive at our town in perpetual succession, are invited, and made much of, because they are "from London;" religion runs mad, because that great preacher, the Reverend Boanerges Stout, is expected next Sabbath "from London."

We have no comfort of our lives save when an accomplished swindler "from London" comes down to our town, where, having obfuscated the brains of our townsmen with champagne suppers at the Angel, he takes up goods and valuables upon credit, and disappears, the "independent Anysider" informing us that he has gone [no doubt about it,] in the direction of "London."

The time, long expected, comes at last, when accident, or business, or pleasure, or whim — or, as in our own case, a longing, inexpressible desire to realize in the light of day our fond imagination, draws us, perforce, to the gigantic town. Our preparations are made, our seat taken, paid for; we linger about the office to be sure not to be too late; our townsmen, nodding, inquire, "Going to town, eh?" we reply in the affirmative *coolly*, as if London was nothing new to us, all the while hugging ourselves with the idea of the accumulated Bantam-like importance with which we shall reappear in our town; our very clothes, as the old women say, *smelling* of London. Luggage is at last packed and strapped; cigars lighted, guard

calls, "Now, gentlemen, if you please," friends shake hands, bid good-bye, coachman rolls up his ponderous carcase, helper hands the "ribbons," Jehu, wriggling, snorting, and settling his apron; "all right behind there," "take off the cloths," and away we go, the off-leader springing, unicorn-like, upon his hind-legs, astonishing the blackguard boys of our town, duly assembled to witness our departure.

The first ten minutes we occupy in settling ourselves comfortably, reconnoitering our fellow passengers' noses, in the hope of discovering among them a conversible proboscis. For half a stage, dismal silence prevails, but at length a jolly nose on your right, hitching his neck a little, discovers that it is a "starry bright night," and, boldly hazarding the observation, retires under cover of his nose again; the observation is replied to by another equally original and profound; the ice cracks here and there, is at last broken, and the frozen spring of conversation thaws again. The horses' feet patter along like castanets, the swingle-trees rattle cheerily, the clear night air and rapid motion exhilarate our spirits, and by the time we come to change horses, we have discovered that there is a "capital glass of ale to be had here," and that we are all of us "uncommon good fellows!"

Business apart, we confess we regret the loss of the old stage coaches, that used to form so much of the life and soul of our town. There was an individuality about the "Defiance," the "Quicksilver," the "Fair Trader," their guards, their coachmen, their helpers,

and even their horses; they were national, belonging to us and our country, and we were proud of them for that reason: Hopkins, the guard of the Defiance, played the bugle divinely, and was quite an acquisition to the idlers of our town; the one-eyed agent of the Quicksilver was a mercurial fellow, a wag, such an one as no railway station can ever bestow upon the world. They are gone, vanished, their individuality, their character, their eccentricity, extinguished; we travel mechanically, without a thought save that of saving time, of going twenty miles an hour; all our old friends about the coach-offices wear uniforms, are marked and numbered as *per* margin, and are metamorphozed into policemen; our favourite teams are gone to grass, and we are dragged along by a huge hissing kettle of boiling water; there is no companionship, no sociality in our travelling now-a-days; no ups and downs, no changes, no cigars, no glasses of ale, no stoppages; our railway travelling is like every thing else in our time, a dead level of mere thankless, heartless, selfish, buttoned-up utilitarianism.

To resume; we are at the venerable city of St Albans, some twenty miles north of London, at five of the clock in a cold winter evening; our fellow travellers, to whom London is no novelty, are trying to sleep, and we are endeavouring to keep awake, meditating whether London, as we shall soon behold it, will in aught resemble the London that for so many years glittered in the chambers of our brain.

We shall soon be disappointed, thought we, soon

shall we find our preconceived idea of this mighty Babylon solidifying into stucco, and hardening into the reality of millions upon millions of aggregated bricks and mortar.

Thicker now, and thicker, nearer and nearer, grow the flickering, transitory lights in the shop windows, as we roll along the almost interminable suburb: are we in London? No; only touching its toes, or creeping up the calf of its leg: now blue lights stream, spectral-like, from the lanthorns over the doors of chemists' shops, in quick and fatal succession: a blaze of undefended gas streams from the wide orifice of a tube in the windows of green-grocers, and butchers' shops, and our first glimpse of a natural-born Cockney is caught lighting his cigar thereat: night-coaches pass in rapid succession, their coachmen exchanging with ours the customary salute of the squared elbow: lumbering waggons whose tenters flout the second floors of the retreating houses, rumble by us, the pavement groaning under their ponderous wheels: now heterogeneous noises, boys shouting, dogs barking, women screaming, coaches rattling, and a general diffusive hum, the *voice* of the city, falls discordant on the attentive ear. Now, we have exchanged our smooth macadamized road, for the rattling pavement; the bond of companionship that held the "*outsides*" together is broken; every man is absorbed in his own business or reflections; we are in town: broad squares and stately streets we pass in rapid succession: then narrow lanes, and writhing tortuous passages receive

us: we are in the *city:* the Swan with Two Necks opens its yawning mouth to entertain us: we duck our heads under the low-browed gateway, drive into the antiquated court-yard, stretch our stiffened limbs, and at length descending the coach-ladder, find ourselves, wondering that it should be so, in LONDON!

When, like travellers in a strange land, we first begin to go about exploring, our eyes are monopolists, and our wits go wool-gathering; we are like infants greedily devouring with our sense of sight all that is offered it: we stare, wonder, and are confounded, not merely with the novelty, but the rapid succession of objects: we have no time to collect our thoughts, to combine them, or compare.

We are astonished rather than pleased; not so much delighted, as surprised: we shrink within ourselves in isolated insignificance; our individuality is lost, as the drop of rain that, falling, intermingles with the ocean, we are stunned, confounded, intoxicated with noise and tumult: we know not how to walk the streets without being jostled, and we may not stand still; we are helpless, afraid of losing our way, and altogether childish.

We are struck some with one thing, some with another, according to our humour: we recollect our leading article of wonderment for a long time, was the apparition of a team of gigantic horses, pair after pair slowly emerging from the infernal regions, until they crossed the breadth of the Strand, then turning at a word, forth comes a coal waggon, with a group of

imp-like fan-tails on the top: we recollected, on the instant, that passage in Gay's Trivia,

> Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
> Drag the black load; another cart succeeds:
> Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
> And wait impatient till the road grows clear.

The interrupted crowd rushes around, the obstruction passed, mingling like water with water; we remain to wonder at the docility and steady business-like demeanour of the elephantine brutes, dragging the huge machine along the populous way.

Our next wonder, we recollect, was a brewer's horse; yet more enormous than the others, a drayman in his buckram coat, and scarlet cap, seated on the animal's capacious back; and behind, upon a sledge, a five gallon beer keg was being dragged along the pavement. The force of contrast was never, to our thinking, more ludicrously apparent; the adaptation of means to ends, so ridiculously disproportioned, in the ponderous animal, his rider, and the insignificance of the encumbrance at his heels.

Finding one's way, getting a correct idea of the direction of the great leading arteries of the metropolis, and endeavouring to go alone, occupy the young idea for a considerable time, at great expense of inquiry and shoe leather; yet there are problems in London geography, long and familiarly as we know it, that we can never solve satisfactorily in practice; for example, when we would strike the meridian of Tottenham

Court Road, from St Martin's Lane, through the intricacies of Seven Dials, we are sure to find ourselves emerging half way down Oxford Street, or in the middle of Holborn; the *other* end of Marylebone Lane we never could satisfactorily determine; we have pursued for days together, a labyrinth of courts, and alleys citywards, without ever being able to find that they *disembogued* any where; and when we returned, meditating another expedition, we discovered no more than that they had all disappeared, or what amounted to the same thing, that we could not find the end of the clue by which to trace the windings of our labyrinth.

When the unaccustomed novelty of sights and sounds of London wears off, we begin to compare and analyze: we leave off wondering, for "wondering is not the way to grow wise."

We now begin to discover that there are many aspects of life in London; we have our education to begin over again, unlearning our vulgar errors, and spending a great portion of time and thought in correcting our former erroneous impressions.

The visiter of a week, a month, a year in London, must quit our world with many an incorrect or partial view of society, character, and manners. The resident cares to observe nothing strange in that which has for a lifetime lain under his observation: the multitudes to whom London is yet a dream, may perhaps be gratified to have their pre-conceived ideas of this wondrous congregation confirmed, corrected, or enlarged: if, therefore, the casual visiter shall find in the following pages

any thing to interest or amuse him; if the townsman shall discover in these rude pen and ink sketches, any picture of life pleasing from its fidelity; if those who are yet to swell the full tide of existence in the great arteries of London life, shall be instructed, amused, or forewarned by any thing we have here collected, it is something: nor will the author have any reason to regret having spent in observation of life, the time that others, more wisely, devote to its enjoyment.

CHAPTER I.

Folks in the provinces have extraordinary notions of London. Some call it Babylon the Great; others facetiously style it the "Village;" Coleridge called it the "Leviathan;" Cobbett stigmatized it as the great "Wen;" the author of the *Fool of Quality*, (Brooke,) who was at times rather poetical, denominated it a mausoleum of dead souls — a vast psychological cemetery. These high authorities are all wrong: London is neither Babylon the Great, nor a village, nor a leviathan, nor a wen — in short, we may say of London what the late ingenuous Mr Abernethy said of life: — Life, gentlemen, said Abernethy, is *life;* and London, gentlemen, say we, is *London!*

A strange combination of faculties must have vivified the mind of that man who took it in his head to imagine London a town — a sizeable town, with a pretty considerable sprinkling of humanity cutting in all directions about the streets.

London a town! Bless your dear innocent little hearts, and keep you in a blissful state of primitive know-nothingness! London a town, forsooth! No such thing — nor even a county, notwithstanding all

the wagers that have been decided to the contrary — nor yet a province — nor even a nation; it is just as much of an island as the island of Barataria; it is not a continent — or two, or three ——

What is it, then, in the name of goodness?

Impatient reader, if you had not interrupted me, I was going to say London is a WORLD — a world, reader, in itself; but as you have no patience, I shall not say what London is, but leave you to find out by your learning.

A *town* London assuredly is not; it may, if you please, be a collection of neighbourhoods. A town implies a coherence of parts — an integrity of the whole — a centre, with a church and a market-place, and suburbs, with dirty lanes and puddles to tumble into; a clergyman, doctor, lawyer, editors of rival newspapers, and several hundred (every man in the place, in short) *other* great men, with gossips, tale-bearers, and scandal-mongers to match; and (which I had almost forgot) a board, with big letters on it, at each end of the town, intimating to the naked, houseless, and hungry outcast of society, that if he does not rather perish in the fields, he will, on entering the town, "be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law."

London has none of these local or provincial attributes. There is no harmony of parts, no aggregation, no coherence; each neighbourhood is, in appearance, joined to its next door neighbour, but it is *only* in appearance; there is no sympathy, no congeniality of

tastes, habits, feelings, or pursuits, between neighbourhoods severed only by the width of the street, or by the jutting out of a corner; the inhabitants, for all they know of one another, are at as great a distance as the natives of China and Peru.

Will any one point out to me the topographical affinity between West-end and Mile-end; between St Giles's in the Fields, and St George's, Hanover Square; between St Martin *le* Grand, and St Martin in the Fields; between Whitechapel, and White Conduit Fields; between the Green Park, and Bethnal Green; between Hoxton Square, and Grosvenor Square; between Belgrave Place, and Brick Lane; not to mention ten thousand other cities, villages, hamlets, and towns included — not in London *town*, for there is no such thing — but within the bills of mortality?

The fact is, as I said before, London is a great world; and let all manner of persons to whom these presents shall come, greeting, henceforward and for ever take care to talk of the great WORLD, instead of the great city, town, or village, as heretofore, of London. London is a great world — a world of its own — a "great globe itself" — a collection of provinces — an aggregation of neighbourhoods — an abiding place of approximated nations.

Look at the map, and, if you doubt me, convince yourself.

Behold, within the Arctic circle, as I may call it, the migratory Esquimaux of Camden town; regard Highgate steeple as the North Pole, beyond which no

genuine Londoner was ever able to progress; behold the Antarctic regions of Wandsworth, Kennington Common, and Peckham Rye; cast your astonished eye over the vast continent of Southwark, which, with its adjacent islands of Lambeth and Rotherhithe, and the archipelagic neighbourhoods of Kent Road, St George's in the Fields, Bethlem Hospital, and the Marsh Gate, make up the Australasian territories of our southern metropolitan hemisphere.

Crossing the equinoctial line, (popularly called the River Thames,) you arrive at length in Europe. Germany, I believe, may be represented, by the *unexplored* regions, as the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker terms them, in the vicinity of Russel Square—at all events, in these districts there is a great demand for metaphysics and tobacco, the only articles wherein the Germans were ever known to excel. Petty France you will find in the neighbourhood of the Tower—William Harrison Ainsworth will tell you all about it. *La Jeune France* you will find worthily represented in the penny cigar-shops, sixpenny eating-houses, and threepence-halfpenny billiard-rooms of the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. Poland (Street,) is a little northward of this in the same direction. Wapping and Rotherhithe are (Tunnel) *United* States, distinguished by their tobacco-chewing, and their long line of coast. Spitalfields is Hungary.

The Tower Hamlets, presided over by its fortress, represent the military government of Prussia. Hampstead and Highgate may worthily do duty as a little

Switzerland. The four provinces of Ireland are found, *mutato nomine*, in Calmell Buildings, Lant Street, the Almonry, and St Giles's. The *City*, the soul and life of the vast mass — the heart towards which, and from which, as in the human body, all other portions grow and are subsidiary — in its industry, intelligence, free spirit, and untiring enterprize, is the worthy representative, in our microcosm, of little England; while Scotland — that is, Scotchmen — are, in the map, and out of it, to be found — every where.

So much for geographical distinctions — the natural boundaries of the several nations that compose the mighty world of London; now for the natives themselves.

Not even in their native lands, do the various races of men who huddle together in the world of London preserve more strictly their idiosyncracies — their national peculiarities — their marked expression of face, tone of voice, manners, customs, religion, prejudices, passions, and all the items that together make up the national character, than in London. Notwithstanding all that might reasonably be presumed to the contrary, of the efficacy of immense attrition and perpetual collision with other nations and other men that London affords, in rounding off the hard angles of national peculiarities, it so happens, unfortunately for the theory, that there is less intercourse between the natives of different nations in London, than at the several seaports of the respective countries.

There is, it may be, intercourse; but it is an inter-

course that precludes intimacy—the intercourse of the man who wants to buy cheap with the man who wants to sell dear—'tis an intercourse of business, not of sociality. Thus, the marked characteristics of the different individuals of the great human family who mingle without amalgamation, like fluids of different specific gravities, in the vast ocean of London, remain, from age to age, the same. The Hebrew of Bevis Marks, Houndsditch, and St Mary Axe, is the Hebrew of the days of the Confessor. The dairymaid who carries the milking pail at Islington or Hackney, is as much an ancient Briton as was Llewellyn. The canny Scot has lost neither his accent nor his nationality; and the Irish are in almost as hopeless a condition as if they still resided on the paternal "sod."

The truth is, whether as regards individuals or masses of men, the world of London is the very worst world in the universe to rub off national or individual peculiarities of thought or action. *There*, let a man be of what humour he may, he will meet with men of his humour; let a man be of what country he may, he will meet with men of his country; and, as a state of solitude in crowds is a state of torture, it is not to be wondered at, that the solitary man finds sympathy in the society of other solitary men, or that an exiled people clings fondly to the countenance and support of compatriots who feel with them the like wants, and the like necessities.

In towns, much more in villages, a man cannot afford to be solitary; he is marked, and stigmatized

as an eccentric, misanthrope, and so forth. There are a thousand stupid stories afloat respecting him; he was crossed in love, he failed in trade, or he killed a man in a duel — all agree that he is no better than he should be; his *town* at length becoming very soon too hot to hold him, he escapes some fine morning, and hides his solitude and himself in the great world of London.

Eccentricity of any kind is not, *cannot* be tolerated in a country place — eccentric old women were, not many half-centuries ago, burned on suspicion of being witches — that is to say, eccentrics. In London, on the contrary, there is no eccentricity too eccentric; no solitary not indulged with solitude; and, whether a man chooses to stand on his head or his heels, so that he stands out of the way, makes not the smallest difference to any human being save himself.

There is no place where the isolation of an individual man is more complete than in London: the great machine of society revolves, like the tread wheel, by the labours of individuals

"Condemn'd to hope's delusive mine,"

who, while they walk "their weary round," know only that they are putting in their time, but remain in ignorance whether the machine picks oakum, raises water, or grinds succory; who are unconscious, in a word, of the grand results of that machine revolving by their individually powerless, but united, all-powerful exertion. In London, few know their next door

neighbour; and still less do they reflect how much, without knowing him, they are obliged to their next door neighbour.

Our neighbours in the world of London, do a thousand little offices of kindness without interchanging a word with us — put money in our pockets without our knowing it, and enhance, strangers to us though they be, all the little pleasures of a highly civilized society. In London every individual revolves in two orbits: first, round his own axis in his individual sphere of action, be it little or great, narrow or widely extended; he revolves also with the huge mass of which he is but an atom, but which is, nevertheless, carried onwards in its course by the united exertion of aggregated atoms like himself.

Thus, although society in London is individually discordant, it forms an universal harmony; and although the interests of any one man may appear directly in opposition to the interests of any other man, as regards the whole mass they are really the same. I regard the crowds of human faces who

"Come like shadows, so depart" —

who flit by me in the streets like the faces of a dream, never to be again seen, as my very good friends: they lower the price of the necessaries of life for me; they enable me to hear an excellent concert for a shilling, which, without their kind assistance, I could not attend for less than a hundred pounds, if at any price. Their competition with one another, with the trades-

man and with me, enables every one of us to have every thing cheaper and better, and, what is of equal importance, more ready to our hand, than any where else; and thus we are each of us under general obligations to all, without being under particular obligations to any.

There is no misapprehension so general among provincial people than that London is an expensive place: the amazing dearness of the hotels, of the shops, of pictures, jewellery, and plate; of carriages, horses, and harness; of house rent, and house equipage; in short, of every thing — is the theme of the country gentleman, and the country gentlewoman, when they return to their patrimonial demesne after spending May, June, and July — very expensive months, by the way — in furnished lodgings; but it is not so. The fact is decidedly the reverse. London, so far from being the dearest place, is, vanity and folly apart, the cheapest civilized place in the known world. This I am prepared to prove by logic irrefragable.

Cheapness is not to be considered alone with regard to price, nor to price and quality together; but in addition to these, or rather in preference to these, the possibility of getting every thing you want, in whatever quantity you want it, *how* and *as* you want it. London, pre-eminently, affords you this grand criterion of cheapness. You can have every article, and that of the best quality, in any — the least quantity; you can have what you want, and exactly in the quantity you want it. In provincial towns the reverse of this is

often — in places of less importance, *always* — the fact. If you live in a village, and want, for example, a sirloin of beef for your Sunday's dinner, you find that it has been bespoken by the Squire. You inquire, failing this, for a leg of mutton; the last has just been sent off to the parsonage — the rector being very fond of a boiled leg of mutton, with caper-sauce, on Sundays. The result is, you are fain to put up with a shoulder — a joint you detest — and for which, after all, you are compelled to pay a penny a-pound more than you could have it for in London. In the country it is the same with every thing else: every thing is scarce when you want it, dear when you want it; and if you very urgently want it, you are certain of not being able to procure it for love or money.

Within pistol-shot of the spot where I am now writing, on the contrary, every human want may (for money) be superabundantly supplied. There is, almost within call, a bank, a post-office, a public school, all sorts of tradesmen, a physician, an undertaker, and a cemetery. Vast sums of money may, it is true, be laid out in town — the lust of the eye is exposed to a thousand temptations which press heavily upon the pocket — but expensive places are not necessarily *dear*. The careless rich are robbed mercilessly in London, and *they* find London dear enough; the careless poor are in the like predicament. But the provident rich and the provident poor — the managing rich and the managing poor — find, I repeat, every article that custom has made necessary to man's

enjoyment, as cheap, if not cheaper, in London, than in any place on the habitable globe. It is the affectation of social life, the necessities of fashion, the requirements of vanity, that melt noble fortunes in London—and the temptations that weakness of judgment is here subjected to; *that* is to be charged, not against the *place*, but against the *man*. The man who has lived in London long enough to subdue the lust of the eye, wonders how little he wants; and as for him who cannot, or will not, subdue it, it were better for his heirs that he were born blind. *

* From the Times newspaper of October 20, 1842, we extract the following prices of provisions:—"In Oxford Street, Tottenham Court Road, Shoreditch, New Cut, Lambeth, and Vauxhall, and at the principal thoroughfares, provisions are at present selling at the following moderate prices—Prime legs of mutton, 6d. and 6½d.; shoulders, 5½d.; necks, 4d. and 4½d.; beef, roasting pieces, 6½d.; coarse pieces in proportion; Westphalia hams, 7½d.; Yorkshire, 6½d. to 7½d.; prime Wiltshire bacon, 6d. per half side; Berwick pork, from 4½d. to 5½d.; dairy fed pork, from 5½d. to 6½d.; best household bread, 6½d. the 4 lb. loaf; some rather coarser may be bought at 5½d. and 6d. the 4 lb. loaf; butter at 8d. 9d. 10d. and the best Dorset at 1s.; Gloucester cheese 6d. to 8d.; Cheshire, 7d. to 8½d.; Dutch, 4½d. to 5½d. Although the foregoing are the general prices, still inferior articles can be purchased at a much lower rate."

On the 24th December, 1842, the following are quoted as the price of provisions in London:—"Beef, 6d. to 9d. per lb. for prime parts; mutton, breasts, 3½d. to 4½d.; neck, 4½d.; legs and shoulders, 5d. to 7d.; loins, 8d. and 9d.; veal, 6d. to 11d.; pork, 5d. to 10d. for loins; ham, 6d. to 9d.; and bacon, 5d. to 8d. Butter, 8d. to 1s. 2d.; cheese, 5d. to 8d.; eggs, 12 to 16, 1s. Poultry—

Living or dead, the advantage of London is in being equally near what the great Samuel Johnson delighted to call a man's "burrow."

By the way, I am happy in being able to quote that great man as an authority in favour of the vast advantages, physical and intellectual, of the London world, over every other world in either hemisphere: "Sir," the great man used to say to his shadow, the immortal

turkeys, 3s. to 5s. and 6s. fine; geese, 4s. to 8s. according to weight; fowls, 2s. 6d. to 3s. large and prime; ducks, 2s. to 2s. 6d. fine, each; pheasants, 3s.; partridges, 1s. to 1s. 6d.; hares, 2s. to 2s. 9d.; rabbits, 6d. to 1s. 6d.; fish, rather dear and scarce. Grocery — tea, 4s. 6d. to 7s.; coffee, 1s. 4d. to 2s.; sugar, 6d. to 8d. brown; ditto loaf, 8d. to 10d.; cocoa, 10d. to 1s.; raisins, 4d. to 6d.; currants, 5d. to 9d.; spices equally cheap. Bread, first quality, 8d. and 7½d.; second ditto, 5½d.; home made, 5d. per 4 lb. loaf. Vegetables and fruit remarkably moderate for the season, and very plentiful."

From the same paper we quote the price of vegetables in September. — "On Monday morning, ripe gooseberries of a large size were selling at 1d. a quart; well flavoured mellow pears, 100 for 2d.; remarkably fine fresh-gathered cherries, retailed in full weight avoirdupois, 8 lb. for 6d.; Orleans plums at 3d. per gallon; large well conditioned apples, fit for pies and puddings, ½d. per dozen; sugar loaf cabbages 4 for 1d.; French beans and scarlet runners, 3d. per peck; large sized cucumbers, 2 for ½d.; water cresses, 4 bunches for 1d."

Fish has been cheap throughout the year. Herrings having been retailed in Whitechapel, so low as sixteen a groat; other fish in proportion. No city in the world can shew any thing like the same facilities of supply and convenience of sale, with the same lowness of price, or, in other words, cheapness.

Bozzy, on emerging from the quiet solitude of Bolt Court into the living cataract of Fleet Street, "talk of prospects, sir! — this is the most sublime and picturesque combination of objects within the periphery of our terraqueous ball!" Again, on Boswell beginning, as men will, when they get in their cups, or become doting through age, "to babble of green fields" in his small-beer way, the venerable sage at once silenced the shadow with, "Sir, no man that is at all intellectual will leave London. No, sir, when he has exhausted London, he has exhausted life; for there is in London all that life can afford."

Again, on Bozzy hinting that the fields were pretty in summer time, and that the country might be tolerated for a day or so, by way of a change — the lexicographer broke in with, "No, sir, there is nothing a man has to do, that cannot be done better in town; to be sure, if a man were to go for a year to study a science, he might choose to look out upon a green field instead of upon a dead wall; besides, if a man walks out in the country, he knows when he shall come in again; but if he walks out in London he does not know when he shall come in again."

Infinitely did the venerable sage delight in the ceaseless hum of men — the hive of this vast metropolis was the first place in the world to that busy bee — he loved to swell the full tide of human existence that rolls along Fleet Street at four of the clock, and to turn in with Bozzy to their customary dinner at the Mitre. "Let us dine, sir," observes the sage to the

ever attendant Bozzy — "let us dine, sir, at the Mitre, to keep up the old custom — the custom of the Manor — the custom of the Mitre."

Nor is it at all to be wondered at that the great Samuel Johnson ever fondly clung to the vast metropolis as to his proper sphere. London resembled his own mind, vast and gigantic — full of images perpetually recurring in unaccustomed novelty, and ever furnishing that excitement so pleasurable, and, indeed, so necessary to minds whose aspirations are ever for the lofty, the noble, and the new. The Doctor illustrated his own love of London well, when he said, that "A man's mind grows narrow in a narrow place."

London alone was large enough for *him*: *there* alone is the pursuit of knowledge and of fame without limitable bounds; there alone is that petty vanity of *tritonizing* among the minnows properly rebuked; there alone is a man sure of always finding his superiors in talent, learning, and virtue; there alone he is sure, as long as he lives, of having something to hope for — something to look up to — something to aim at — something that gives to life and its pursuits the excitement of a fox-chase; and, if it cannot enable a man to kill time, at least assists in cheating him of its weariness.

"If you would know," says Lacon, "and be not known, *live* in a town; if you would be known, and not know, *vegetate* in a village." There is, to a man engaged in any of the multifarious pursuits of London life, no time for vegetation; he must be alive, and *all*

alive, or London is no world for him. Those unoccupied by labour, to be sure, come not within this category; for lassitude is, in town as country, the concomitant curse of idleness; and he who makes every day a holyday, can know little of the luxury of a day of rest.

Excitement is the food of noble minds, and in London that intellectual provender is provided most abundantly — hence the vast aggregation of talent of every kind, from the world of the provinces to the world of London. Hope, too, clad in her brightest array, encircled by a halo of clouds, which partially concealing, renders her more attractive, draws to this great world, above which she sits enthroned, crowds of suitors, allured by her deceptive blandishments, to become aspirants for the hand of fortune. But the goddess is a rare coquette — a very Penelope — who unravels in a night the web of that good fortune she has been at work upon for many a day, and often leaves her humble wooer as far as ever from his end, but as hopeful as ever of his means.

Hence, London becomes the arena of that ceaseless conflict, stimulated by hope, for the possession of fortune, which forms the business of men: every day brings a new accession of combatants eager for the fray, and every day sees the wounded, the defeated, and the dispirited, retire from the field. I never hear a stage-coach rattle through one of the avenues to town, without imagining it freighted with buoyant hopes and confident anticipations; nor do I ever behold a waggon

wend its weary way in the silence of night out of the skirts of the metropolis, without a pang for the broken prospects and shattered hopes concealed beneath its tattered canopy. How interesting would it not be, if we could ascertain how many hope-deluded souls came with each setting sun to London; and how many broken spirits, on the contrary, retire from its wearisome precincts with the dawn of each returning day!

How pregnant with instruction, to the mind seeking wisdom, are the very streets! How curious — recollecting that, in fifty years, these jostling crowds will, with few exceptions, be mingled with the silent dust — to observe the eagerness with which, as if life and death depended upon a moment, they hurry hither and thither — scarce taking time to see whether they can with safety pass across the street, nor pausing for an instant, though a fellow creature be in the last agonies of death!

How full of meaning every face — how many romances may we read in them — how many "plays in five, and operas in three acts" meet us, as we stroll along! I know not how it is, but books and men are so jumbled together in the chambers of my brain, that even now, as I saunter idly down Ludgate Hill, I seem to encounter a living library. A dapper spruce *octavo*, in drab cloth, gilt, but not lettered, runs against me full tilt. I have scarcely escaped him, when I am pushed into the kennel by a dusty-faced *folio* of divinity. A pair of robust *quartos*, handsomely bound,

with half-a-dozen chubby *duodecimos*, block me up at the corner; half-starved pamphlets, seedy and thin, with ragged covers, flit by me in all directions; a comedy in five acts, rosy and plump, with whom every thing has gone well through the run of life, swaggers smilingly along the street; close behind, with a melancholy pride of look, as if it loathed the bustle and the business it has no part in, an undoubted tragedy slinks silently along; while fashionable novels, in all the approved styles of the day, bent only on amusement, publish themselves and their attractions in easy negligence from one end of the metropolis to the other.

Such is the aspect our crowded avenues present to a bookworm; regarding them thus, he reflects, not impertinently, on the common fate of books and men.

CHAPTER II.

In his elaborate critique on the *Seasons* of Thomson, Dr Johnson satisfactorily disposes of the objection to a want of arrangement urged against that exquisite work. "Of many appearances subsisting at the same moment," says the doctor, "no precise arrangement was, or could be practicable." Thus it is with the world of London, which, at one and the same moment, presents to the bewildered eye ten thousand varying shades and phases, that flit by turns over the passing season of human life. The roll of the chariot that rattles proudly over the pavement, carrying high-born beauty to the *petite soirée*, or the *exclusive* ball, strikes, at the same instant, upon the ear of dying poverty, and shakes the fragile walls of the wretched habitation, where famine, disease, and filth, herd in congenial neighbourhood together.

While, in one place, the glittering gin-palace vomits forth its crowd of squalid customers, easily recognized by the clayey, corpse like, unearthly expression of their sunken countenances; at another, pours forth from some humble chapel the sweetly softened accents of praise and thanksgiving, offered up by the

children of peace, to the glory of His name, who mercifully sustains them and their little ones in their struggles with the armies of sin and death that surround them on every side, even while here assembled together, they hymn their thankful notes of praise.

While with stealthy, cat-like pace, and voluptuous excursive eye, the hoary libertine, at the corner of the streets, in the broad glare of day, unheeding alike and unheeded of his fellow men, pursues his prey; you may see borne past him on a shutter, or rudely wheeled along upon a truck, the lifeless body of a child of toil, whose weary life knew not one gleam of pleasure, save that of being enabled by his brawny arm to put bread into the mouths of those motherless babes that follow with streaming eyes the disfigured form of their provider, who this moment has stepped from the ladder or the scaffold into the grave.

At yonder church door, the wedding and the funeral procession struggle for precedence; side by side are the melancholy coaches, crape-covered and dusky, of the mourners, and the dashing equipages and favour-bedizened footmen of the exulting bridegroom; within, you may discern faintly, here the happy bridegroom, and blushing bride, there the forms of bereaved mourners, leaning back as if ashamed of being seen shedding those affectionate tears that must now be shed, alas! in vain.

The day is fine and sunshiny—it is a cheerful summer's day—we will devote it to our gratification—we will make of it a day of pleasure. Perhaps it

is a day of courtly pageantry, of royal progress, or of military pomp; the world of wealth, and rank, and fashion, is abroad, sporting like butterflies in the midsummer ray; we will mingle with the thickly gathering crowd, and regale our eyes with the brave company of the drawing-room, the procession, or the review.

Alas! even here — regarding not alone the scene, but the spectators; not alone the actors, but the auditory; not alone the play, but the moral to be drawn from it — how many themes of saddened reflection fill the eye of the mind to very overflowing! The transitory tendencies of all things human, are more strikingly exemplified in the world of fashion than elsewhere; and as we regard the leaders of *ton*, the ladies patronesses of Almack's, the exclusives of *exclusives*, we cannot help thinking, with a mental smile, how many dynasties of these monarchs of fashion and taste we have seen auctioned off, and lumbered up in a corner, with as little ceremony as one of their own antiquated japan screens, or *ormolu* cabinets.

Well! we are tired of the endless succession of carriages — the blaze even of beauty palls upon our satiated eye, and scarlet coats, stars, plumes, with the respective Deputy-Lieutenants, Captains on half-pay unattached, and officers of Yeomanry Cavalry, to whom these trappings lend the glittering distinction of a day, are drugs in the market. Let us pass through St James's palace, and take a turn round the Park.

Here is one of the lobes of those mighty organs of

respiration, closely clinging to the western skirt of our world. Nature once again resumes her sway; the Fauns and Hamadryads peep coyly at the great world of London. Here the birds sing, sheep browse, children play, and all is cheerfulness and innocent mirth.

But another moment, we have crossed the Park — and what an atmosphere of vice and misery surrounds us! Here, a wretched woman, whose stock in trade and means of living consist of a little sieve of oranges or pippins, is dragged off to the station-house for having ventured to offer her wares for sale at the corner of the street. There, a party of drunken guardsmen and their unfortunate female companions are "running a-muck," as the phrase is, through the mazes of Orchard Street or Duck Lane.

Inside the railings of the churchyard, you see the summary interment of the work-house dead — four or six coffins placed side by side, and the funeral service read over the "lot" with the rapidity of lightning, to save time and appearances. Outside, a hungry dog has seized a scrap of meat from a butcher's stall, and the whole neighbourhood joins in rapid pursuit of the unlucky animal; the aspect of the population, their shops, their habitations, their neglected children, with eyes bleared and elf-shot locks, would defy pen or pencil to depict their filthiness and squalor, unless a second Hogarth were to give to the world a modern portraiture of this Gin Lane end of the metropolis.

And yet here, even here, the clangour of drums and

trumpets, and the roar of artillery, announcing the departure of royalty from the courtly scene over the way at St James's, strike distinctly upon the ear; we recall the gilded and jewelled gorgeousness of the world we have quitted, for a world whose inhabitants it is difficult to believe are moulded of the same materials as that courtly clay.

While these doings occupy the west end, the east is not idle; there is a launch toward, and great are the feastings, the fiddlings, and the dancings among ship-masters, merchant-owners, and civic dignitaries. In his miserable garret, at the same moment, the famished weaver of Spitalfields plies his exhausted and profitless trade. The madman raves, and the idiot mopes in Bedlam and St Luke's.

The thousand beds of the great hospitals, that lie hid in the dusky courts and retired passages of London, have their thousand miserable occupants. The "rookeries," as the squalid abodes of the very lowest classes of society are termed, swarm at this moment with their hordes of wretches, encamped, like gipsies and outcasts as they are, upon the skirts of civilized society. The prisons of poverty, where lie immured the luckless children of misfortune, and the more hospitable bastiles of crime, rear their massive heads in congenial proximity, full to overflowing with hopes and fears, and sorrows and regrets, and all the mental tortures that await on involuntary confinement.

While we wander from street to street, and from

neighbourhood to neighbourhood, human creatures like ourselves are drawing their last breath, and others are born into this turbulent world, to "strut and fret their hour upon the stage, and then be seen no more." The poor creep forth to satisfy, if possible, the cravings of their hunger, the rich to satisfy the no less urgent cravings of their pride. The beggar in rags takes God his witness to a hundred lies for a halfpenny; the beggar in broad cloth pawns his vote, his country, and his soul to some under-pawnbroker of the Treasury. A thousand messengers distribute fate and fortune, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, with their missives of many-coloured import, at every door; indolence and labour, poverty and wealth, ambitions of good and ill, pursuits of high and low degree, jostle in the busy streets, while summer smiles, and the unchanging sun shines equally on all!

We think it unnecessary, therefore, to apologize to our readers at greater length for the excursive irregularity with which ideas rising naturally in the mind of the contemplative student of human nature are jotted down before them. The vast field of inquiry open to us, disdains regular and mathematical division. A subject so various, diffuse, and universally interesting, admits not of an original, nor even of a natural order. The forms of many-coloured life are best presented in the order in which they offer themselves to our regards of the moment. Studies from nature, although wanting the nice finish of the master hand, are ever sure to

please; and whatever might be gained by an attempt to group harmoniously objects various, changeful, and incompatible, would be lost in the absence of that freshness and novelty, which impressions seized and embodied at the time, and on the spot, are likely to possess.

CHAPTER III.

We now shall take occasion to allude to one or two other of the more "common and vulgar errors," as Dr Thomas Browne would have termed them, prevalent among provincial people respecting the great world of London; and first, of the notion that the metropolis is a gregarious, social, or amalgamative region, where men are easily fusible and compatible one with another.

You will find an adventurous *greenhorn*, ambitious of the social delights of town, going among his country acquaintances for weeks and weeks together, to solicit and obtain sundry letters of introduction, as follows:—

"Dear Sir,

"This will be presented to you by my friend Johnny Newcome Greenhorn, Esq., a young gentleman of great promise in these parts. He is anxious to become acquainted with people of rank and fortune in London, being naturally ambitious of shining in good society, which is very laudable. If you will spend a few days in shewing him whatever is worthy of seeing in London — such as the washing of the lions

at the Tower, the Queen, the Polytechnic, Prince Albert, the Zoological Gardens, Jack Sheppard, Lord John Russell, and the Puppet-show, and afford him any other trifling service in your power — you will greatly oblige,

"Dear Sir,
"Yours very faithfully,
"HEZEKIAH CLODHOPPER."

"P.S. — Mr Greenhorn is musical, and uncommon fine in 'Jolly Nose,' which he hears is in vogue at the Opera. I hope you will be able to get tickets.

"MEM. — Mrs C. sends you, per first fast waggon, half a brace of snipe, and begs to say, that a cod-fish and barrel of oysters, or a turbot with a bunch of lobsters, (spawning,) would be acceptable."

With a bundle of these modest productions, our friend Greenhorn presents himself in town, and forthwith proceeds to the house of one of the most promising of his intended victims, to deliver his credentials. He finds the *victim* up to his ears in business, and at his wit's end, probably, to make the two ends meet.

To his inquiry of Johnny Newcome, "What can I do for you, sir?" Johnny, who has not forgotten his skyblue coat with brass buttons, and a pair of killing *tights*, would fain reply, "A good dinner, lots of wine, and quadrilles in the course of the evening;" but not having as yet reached the full pitch of "London assurance," he walks off, very much put out, cursing

the inhospitality of the Londoners, and spends the evening very much to his satisfaction, in listening to "Jolly Nose" at the Adelphi Shades, or the Cider Cellar.

Nothing is so common among our country cousins as the supposition that we, in town, have nothing else to do but to be their *chaperons* to places of public amusement, and the entertainers of their leisure hours — that is to say, *all* their time; although, in truth, we have not, long as we have been in London, time to afford to the few and far between glimpses of fireside domesticity that we are rarely enabled to spend in quiet and seclusion. It is not that we grudge our glass of old Madeira, or bit of fresh fish; but the fact and truth is, our soul is, of hard necessity, so absorbed, and our moments so fully occupied by the requirements of our business, that letters of introduction are with us a tax upon our time, amounting to a prohibition of social intercourse. In the country, on the contrary, a stranger with a letter of introduction is a god-send; he varies, for the time, the tedious monotony of rural life; he earns his salt by giving our salt a savour; we can interchange with him our long repressed thoughts, sentiments, and sympathies; we can talk with him of town, and even *that* is a luxury.

But with every class in London, insociality, not the indisposition to society, but the prohibition of it, is produced and perpetuated by employment, distance, and the necessity of attending to the more serious and absorbing toils of life. In the country, the exercise

of hospitality is a duty; in town it is generally a fault.

How frequently do we not hear of great lawyers, men much before the public, and greatly envied for their good fortune, being almost strangers, through press of business, to their own wives, and unable to solace themselves two hours out of the twenty-four, with the prattle of their little ones! Distance operates in the same way in producing this isolation and apparent inhospitality, whereof strangers so bitterly complain; and among the poorer orders, the iron grasp of poverty effectually stifles any other claims than those of the imminent wants and requirements of the day.

Some of our readers may possibly remember a report in one of the newspapers of a horrible case, detailing the circumstances under which a hapless female actually perished of starvation, not a morsel of sustenance being afforded her by any of the persons who occupied the same room, and almost the same bed, one of them being the wretched man with whom this unhappy creature shared the pains, and finally paid the penalties of vice. On being interrogated by the police magistrate why *he*, above all others, had refused to stretch forth a saving hand to the companion of his misery, this libel on humanity declared, that he only lived with the woman, that she was not his wife, and that he considered she had no *legal* claim upon him.

It may be observed, however, in some degree to account for this worse than savage indifference to the fate of a fellow being, that the hearts of the miserable

creatures who were thus associated, were rendered hard as the nether mill-stone by their individual struggles to avert the same fate; all their faculties and energies must be concentrated in self, to enable them to pick up what they expressly and truly denominate—a "ragged living."

Those shocking instances of indifference to the fate of wretches like themselves are of every-day occurrence in the vast world of London; but they are to be accounted for when we are made aware of the fact, that in most, if not all of these instances, there exists but a shade of difference between the person dying of hunger, and the person at the same moment suffering starvation. The conscious bitterness of poverty is of tenfold bitterness in a place like London, where men do not only starve, but starve in the midst of plenty: there is but an eighth of an inch between the perishing wretch and abundance.

Who has not observed the greedy looks with which a poor, half-naked creature, pinched about the stomach like an ill-fed grayhound, devours the heaps of gold and silver coin, and the thousand pound-notes ostentatiously paraded in the wire-latticed windows of the silver-smiths, as if in mere mockery of his misery? Who has not seen the fingers work convulsively in the pocket of the tattered jean trowsers, as if clutching in imagination the golden store, one piece whereof would be to him a little fortune?

Who, that walks up Holborn Hill, has not observed crowds of famine-stricken creatures gathered before

the windows of soup shops, peering with ravenous eyes at the shins of horse-beef, dabs of dough called pudding, steaming soup, and other equivocal viands dispensed within, or passing slowly to and fro before the door, inhaling with dilated nostrils the grateful vapour of the food they want, but must not, *dare* not touch.

This is no romance—no mystery. You have only to pass that way when you have looked over this paper, and you will yourself bear witness to the truth of our description; recollect, if you *do* go there to satisfy your curiosity, do not have the curse upon your soul of satisfying your curiosity with the sight of unsatisfied hunger. For a groat a-piece you may make a dozen human creatures forget the pangs of famine, and you lay out, oftener than you will confess, fifty times the sum on your follies, or your vices. Don't button your pocket and walk off, because you see among the crowd a face you don't like. Don't fancy that the poor creatures are all impostors, nor regard them with the eye of a ruffian overseer: they are hungry, and hunger will break through stone walls. Let us bless God, while we relieve the hunger of another, that we know not the devilish temptations into which it leads too many of our fellow creatures.

We shall not now pursue farther this painful portion of our subject, but merely observe, that isolation of individual man in London is the necessary result of the several causes above enumerated; namely, the

impediments of time, distance, business, and plea among the rich, and of hard necessity among the p Among the latter class, indeed, the laxity of dom ties and affections is strangely shocking to an u customed ear; the indifferent carelessness with w you will hear the probable fate of little sister A who ran away because father beat her, and of li brother Dick, who went out selling matches and ne came back, commented upon by their own relati and friends, is melancholy; nor shall we soon for the astonishment with which we heard an old ch woman, who does the heavy business for our landla exclaim, in a fit of unusual communicativeness "Vell, I vonders if my old man, as lives at Pa din'ton, is livin' or dead!" On inquiry, we discover that, not being able to make out the "cause" togeth this affectionate couple had "divided the town," the old lady called it, he going to Paddington to se matches, and buy bones and bottles, she remaining i the city "a-charring;" and that they had held n communication whatever for six or seven years, n were likely to have any for as many more.

Nothing is more common in the world of Londo than for one or two members of a family to be i affluent circumstances and good society, while other struggle hard against misfortune, and one or two more unlucky than the rest, pine away their lives in abject poverty. Even the workhouses have their aristocracy; and poor old creatures, clad in the sober uniform of pauperism, whose connections are wealthy,

as it is called, respectable, in some cases even not known in the upper world of fashion, are not unfrequently presented to the eye of the curious visiter.

The isolation of individuals composing a family of kind, must, we need hardly be at the trouble to be complete; in fact, they are greater strangers one another than persons who have never met, inch as pride, both on the side of the fortunate the unlucky member, prevents any fraternal roximation.

In business matters, this isolation of individual man ill more remarkable, because coming more promitly before the public.

"No connection with any other person of the same ne," is advertised by Johnson or Smith; by which nouncement, he cuts off their sympathies with all her Johnsons and Smiths existing, that is to say, ith nineteen-twentieths of the human race. "No nnection with the shop over the way," or "with the hop next door," is a neighbourly intimation of the ery friendly terms upon which these rival shopkeepers are with one another: while some who are determined o shew how far this human isolation can go, advertise "no connection with any other house or person whatsoever!"

We happened to know two shop-keepers, the one a Jew, the other a Christian, neighbours, in the same line of business, who played into one another's hands, kept up prices, gave bad weight, and worse measure, plundered the poor, *humbugged* the rich, became, as

usual, men of substance and respectability, and were such sworn brothers that all the neighbourhood declared the Jew quite as much of a Nazarene as the Christian.

One fine morning, the house of the Christian was burned down, and the owner with his family retired to a vacant shop close by to carry on his business as before, receiving from the Hebrew the most solemn assurances that he would direct every customer at once to his Christian rival's new habitation.

Feeling rather distrustful, however, of his friend Moses, the burnt out tradesman got a friend to call on the Jew, as if to inquire his new residence: Moses, with unblushing effrontery, told the apparent stranger, "Dat, by Gosh, he vashn't shure fwhere dat dam rascal vash gone, but, by Gosh, he 'oped as how he vash burned in de flames, for he vash a dam great rogue, what would cheat a preesht; but," continued the Israelite, "if you wants any leetel ting in *his* line, I can dare shay dat I will give you dam deal betterer shatishfacshun dan dat dam tief—fwhat d'ye buy?"

The social isolation of individual drops in this great ocean of human life, is no less remarkable than the domestic or the commercial.

It cannot be less than twenty years since we gave up thinking it necessary to give our name, when taking a lodging or making our little purchases.

We are known to the landlady merely as the "second floor;" as, for example, the second floor came home late last night; the second floor is laid up with

the "fluenzey," (influenza;) the second floor wants somebody to darn his stockings, and sew on his loose buttons; or the second floor gave our Johnny a penny to buy gingerbread.

Our weekly account is duly transmitted to us as follows:—

Second Floor, *Dr.*

To MARTHA TUPPER,

To one week's lodging—
To one week's coals—
To ditto extra coals—
To ditto other extras—

With the aforesaid Martha Tupper have we been domiciled now more than six years, nor have we been ever able to ascertain whether the said Martha is a spinster or matron, nor has that very decorous and proper person ever manifested the slightest curiosity to know whether her second floor rejoices in a state of single or of double blessedness.

Martha knows by experience that our rent and extras are paid punctually to the day, and with this, she is content to assure her neighbours that her second floor is quite respectable!

Many are the changes that, since we became second floor, have taken place in other parts of the premises; two or three attics ran away without recollecting that they owed sundry arrears of rent; the back kitchen decamped once or twice in the same mysterious manner;

the third floor was obliged to quit, in consequence of reports very injurious to a tenement of his elevated station in society, and several front parlours have left the key under the door.

On Christmas day last we had dined very socially (by ourselves) on the leg of a goose from a neighbouring cook-shop, and had sent out little Johnny for twopennyworth of plum-duff (to represent the indispensable Christmas-pudding,) when, hearing what we took to be sounds of mirth and laughter below, we naturally conceived that the first floor was making merry, at that festive season, with the lady of the first floor, and the little first floors, and in the gaiety of our hearts, taking up our violin, we scraped away our merriest ditties.

On making inquiry the other day of our landlady, we found, to our astonishment and regret, that the first floor died on Christmas day of an apoplexy, and that the agonized screams of the bereaved widow, and fatherless children were the sounds we mistook for indications of festive hilarity, while, with our violin, we contributed, as we thought, our mite to the harmony of the evening!

* * * * * *

A solitude of society is the character of London loneliness.

It is a solitude without desolation; an isolated aggregation: a solitude wherein we are perpetually cheating ourselves with the belief that we are sociable.

Nothing can be farther from the truth; the attrac-

tion of London life is an attraction of repulsion: the power of plunging and being lost in an ocean of human beings is ever at hand, and the possession of that power generates an indifference to the use of it; this indifference becomes at length a habit; so much so, that it is not uncommon to hear men who belong to every Club at the west end, wander, with doleful faces, complaining of their loneliness to every one they know.

The only society, properly so called, of London life, is that existing round the domestic hearth: here alone does that sweet interchange of courtesy sublimed by affection, that friendship which is akin to love, delight to dwell; and here alone may the old bachelor, maiden aunt, or *quondam* brother-officer, feel that they are truly in society, and forget, for that evening, their desolate condition in that which is, to them, not a world but a *wilderness.*

There is no society whatever in the gatherings of London life: at the state-dinners, with hot wine, cold soup, stupid speeches, and *Non nobis Domine:* at the pit of the opera, where crushing, pushing, "bonneting," hustling of helpless women, and other indications of civilized barbarity prevail: at the ten-and-sixpenny dress balls, where the odds are three to one in favour of your partner turning out a milliner, or worse: at the dozy meetings of prosy philosophers, where every man who sees a hole in a nine inch ladder, chronicles the fact in a volume of transactions, and calls it *his* discovery: at the Exchange, where little fish are

swallowed up wholesale by leviathan capitalists: or at the Senate, where every man revolves in his own little atmosphere of passions, prejudices, personal and public jobs, and whose only idea of extended action is that of "going the whole hog" with his faction.

No question is more commonly put by provincial people, than — "Do you know a great many persons in London?"

It is imagined, from the vastness of the place, that the circle of your acquaintance must be proportionably extended; but the fact is exactly otherwise. Putting out of view the exclusive class with whom visiting is an occupation, and who make it a rule to know every body of their own *set*, it is surprising with how few persons we are intimate in London. The vast choice of society lying open to us would seem to have the effect of circumscribing our friendships within the narrowest limits, as those are with difficulty pleased who are perplexed with infinite variety.

In London, the number of acquaintances varies, but that of intimates is never very great; the labourer and artisan have each their comrade; the clerk and shopman rejoices in his one particular friend, with whom he goes to the White Conduit House, or the Eagle Tavern, of an odd evening; the tradesman will tell you he knows nobody about him but Pinchbeck, the watchmaker, over the way; the literary man generally may be seen arm-in-arm with one or two trusty *literarii sodales*, and, save his bookseller, knows nobody else; the servant-girl has her sweetheart, the

nursery governess her beau, the spruce milliner her "nice young man," and so of the rest, neither time nor means permitting them to extend their circle farther, except they belong to that favoured class with whom business is pleasure, and pleasure business.

Still, although the unsociality and anti-gregarious propensities of London life are notorious, and cannot be denied, yet it is strange that we luxuriate in an absence of the sensation of that desolate solitude that is understood to affect dwellers in country places. We have been for weeks together without interchanging a syllable with any one save our landlady, little Johnny, or the cat, and then only on matters of business; but though silent as a monk of La Trappe, we never found ourselves solitary.

There is in London society without intercourse, contact without communion, which, if it hath its pains, is also not without its pleasures; the living, moving panorama of the streets is society; the book-stalls and the print-shops are our intimate friends; we are on very good terms with Grove's fish and venison shop at Charing-Cross, and often stand for half an hour before the window, eating a luxurious *imaginary* dinner; we then adjourn to Grignon's, Morel's, or one of the *gourmand* shops, and *imagine* a second course; then, we take a few turns in the Burlington Arcade, which affords us at least as much entertainment as an evening party; after listening to the opera airs of the last season but six on a Savoyard's hurdy-gurdy, which must serve us for a concert, we discuss a cup of coffee,

read with great complacency our own article in Blackwood, declare that it is an excellent Number, inhale a cigar, and pop our head under the bed-clothes.

Truly we pity the man who can walk from Mile-end to Piccadilly, and say it is all barren!

How different is the solitude of the country! Master William Howitt, one of the people called Quakers, who hath indited a book, intituled the *Rural Life of England*, wherein he give thus a particular account of the various horrors incident to that lamentable condition of rusticity, hath not failed to set forth in glowing colours the sensation of desolation experienced by the eccentric dwellers in such outlandish districts as, aggregated together, make up what is called — the country.

"The citizen," saith our sober friend William, "who lives in a compact house, in the centre of a great city, whose doors and windows are secured at night by bars, bolts, shutters, locks, and hinges, of the most approved and patented construction; who, if he looks out of doors, looks upon splendid rows of lamps, upon human habitations all about him; whose house can only be assailed behind by climbing over the tops of other houses, or before, by eluding troops of passengers and watchmen, whom the smallest alarm would hurry to the spot; I say, if such a man could be suddenly set down in one of our many thousand country-houses, what a feeling of unprotected solitude would fall upon him! To sit by the fire of many a farm-house, or cottage, and hear the unopposed wind come sighing

and howling about it; to hear the trees swaying and rustling in the gale, infusing a most forlorn sense of the absence of all neighbouring abodes; to look on the simple casements, and the old-fashioned locks and bolts, and to think what would their resistance be to the determined attack of bold thieves; I imagine it would give many such worthy citizens a new and not very enviable feeling. But if he were to step out before the door of such a house, at nine or ten o'clock of a winter or autumnal night, what a state of naked jeopardy it would seem to stand in! Perhaps all solitary darkness; nothing to be heard but the sound of neighbouring woods, or the roar of distant waters, or the baying of the ban-dogs at the scattered and far-off farm-houses; the wind coming puffing upon him with a wild freshness, as from the face of vast and solitary moors; or perhaps some gleam of moonlight, or the wild lurid light which hovers in the horizon of a winter night sky, revealing to him desolate wastes, or gloomy surrounding woods. In truth, there is many a sweet spot that, in summer weather, and by fair day-light, do seem very paradises, of which we exclaim, in passing — 'Ay, there I could live and die, and never desire to leave it.' There are thousands of such sweet places, which, when night drops down, assume strange horrors, and make us wish for towers and towns, watchmen, walkers of streets, and gas light. One seems to have no security in any thing. A single house, five or six miles from a neighbour — Mercy! Why, it is the very place for a murder!

What would it avail there to cry help! murder! Murder might be perpetrated there a dozen times before help could come!"

I' fackins, friend William, we are not to be caught crossing Hyde Park after dark, with the foregoing terrors of thine fresh in our memories, nor will we meditate an excursion into Camden Town or Kensington until the approximation of the longest day!

But, our rural-life readers will say, we envy you not, while we have our primitive manners, our cheerful light-heartedness, and our heart-in-hand hospitality to boast of! Say you so? good my swain of Arcadia —if friend Howitt be not to blame, you are not a whit behind us "men about town" in isolation, with that additional disadvantage, that in the country you labour under the disease without having at hand the remedy. Hear Howitt:—

"In large towns, every man finds a sufficient circle after his own taste; there the petty influences of locality are broken up by the multitude of objects and the ample choice in association. But in small towns, and in country neighbourhoods, where wealthy or educated families are thinly scattered, nothing can be more lamentable; and were it not lamentable, nothing can be more ludicrous, than the state of rivalry, heart-burning jealousy, personal mortification or personal pride, from mere accidents of condition or favour. The titled have a fixed rank, and are comparatively at their ease; but in the great mass of those who have wealth, more or less, without title, what mighty and

eating sore is the struggle for distinction! In the little town, or thinly scattered neighbourhood, every one is measuring out his imaginary dignity, to see if it does not exceed, at least by some inches, that of one or other of his neighbours. The lower you descend in the scale, the more exacting becomes the spirit of exclusiveness. The professions look down upon the trades; the trades upon one another. Every where the same uneasy spirit shews itself.

"Nothing can be more ludicrous or amusing to the philosophic spectator, than to observe how leadership is assumed in every country neighbourhood by certain wealthy families; how carefully that leadership is avoided and opposed by other families. How the majority of families aspire to move in one or the other circle; what wretched and anomalous animals those feel themselves that are not recognized by either. How the man who drives his close carriage looks down upon him who only drives his barouche or phaeton; how both contemn the poor occupier of a gig. I have heard of a gentleman of large fortune who, for some years after his residence in a particular neighbourhood, did not set up his close carriage; but afterwards, feeling it more agreeable to do so, was astonished to find himself called upon by a host of carriage-keeping people, who did not seem previously aware of his existence; and rightly deeming the calls to be made upon his carriage, rather than himself, sent round his empty carriage to deliver cards in return. It was a biting satire on a melancholy condition of society, the full

force of which can only be perceived by such as have heard the continual exultation of those who have dined with such a great person on such a day, and the equally eager complaints of others of the pride and exclusiveness they meet with; who have listened to the long catalogue of slights, dead cuts, and offences, and witnessed the perpetual heart-burnings incident to such a state of things. These are the follies that press the charm of existence out of the hearts of thousands, and make the country often a purgatory where it might be a paradise."

If this be a picture of the rural life of England —

"Oh! give us the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall."

CHAPTER IV.

While to a future period we defer the task to record the physical changes time has wrought in the mighty Babylon, to point attention to the monuments of this most renowned city, to chronicle the progressive improvements of ages, let us now regard rather the moral features of the metropolis; study the manners of the great family whose home London is; and draw from the depths of the vast and illimitable mine lying beneath our observation, the sterling ore of experience and wisdom.

Our task is never to be complete: the horizon of the vast world of London, like the horizon of the earth, the farther we advance extends the more,

> "And, like the circle joining earth and skies,
> Allures pursuit, but, as we follow, flies."

Nor will the observation of one man, however close, nor the experience of one man, however great, nor the reading of one man, however extensive, be able to do more than to break the ground or sink the first shaft; which is all we propose to ourselves for our share of this great undertaking. There is certainly some

credit due to us on the score of originality, since we are not aware that any general moral prospect of the World of London has been yet any where presented to the public eye, although the magnificence and grandeur of this prospect is perhaps less wonderful than its extreme novelty.

Some of the prevalent errors of country folks respecting this mighty city, we have already been at the pains to confute. We have one other common mistake yet to rectify, that, namely, of the idea of the universal SPLENDOUR and LUXURY of London. We recollect, in the days of our boyhood, that our belief in the golden pavements of London streets was implicit; and any one who questioned that the conduits ran wine, and the houses were *tiled* with pancakes, we regarded as a heretic, with whom no faith was to be kept. In short, our early impressions of London were of that gorgeousness of golden glitter and blaze of precious stones pervading the Arabian Tales; nor could we then dream that hunger, houselessness, or toil, had place in our imagined terrestrial paradise.

It is not only the stranger who is full of imaginings of the universal splendour and luxury of London: many unobserving residents, whose speculation is confined to the great arteries of communication between one end of town and another, or the realms of fashion at the West End, are of the same opinion; poverty, which they do not see, they cannot believe exists; and as the contemplation of distress is not at any time pleasing, few will be at the trouble to make

expeditions for the discovery of the abiding-places of human misery.

The truth is, poverty and wretchedness in London are more bashful than elsewhere — hiding themselves from the proximity of prosperous abundance, they nestle in nooks and corners —

> "Where no contiguous palace rears its head,
> To mock the meanness of their humble shed;"

and as the world of wealth and fashion boast their neighbourhoods, so do the worlds of misery congregate in theirs. If there is a court end, there is also a beggar's end of the town; there is wretchedness genteel and ungenteel, paupers fashionable and unfashionable.

Nothing of this do you meet with in the leading arteries of the metropolis. You may walk from the Bank to Hyde Park Corner, with money in your hand, and not encounter a solitary object of charity; all exhibits the pride of successful industry, or the ostentation of superfluous wealth. In such a city, you would hardly believe that human beings should be compelled to pick from dunghills the refuse vegetables of the markets, to wash and offer them for sale; and yet the obscure court wherein we reside, resounds from morning till night with the cries of those who have obtained their baskets of vegetables in this way at second hand; nay, we have ourselves seen the poor creatures culling their vegetables in this fashion!

It would scarcely be credited that, in splendid

London, women are subjected to various kinds of severe and repulsive toil, that if such things were related of Turks or Hottentots, we should set them down as so many proofs of inherent barbarism among the people where such usages had place. For example, the porterage of meat at the wholesale markets, as Newgate and Leadenhall, is performed by women, many of them old. You will see these wretched creatures stagger under the weight of a side of beef, or, having an entire sheep upon their heads, conveying their burdens to the butcher's carts, drawn up in the vicinity of the market.

Surely this is man's work; and surely, if women are driven by hard necessity to such masculine toil, it must argue something rotten in the state of that society where such extreme necessity is suffered to exist. Another melancholy and revolting spectacle is, that of women and children of all ages, up to the middle in the vast laystalls, wherein are collected the removed filth of the metropolis, riddling and sifting the materials of which these mountains of *dust*, as it is technically called, are composed, begrimed with irremovable skins of dirt, and looking more like damned souls toiling in some infernal prison-house, than creatures who are heirs to an eternal heritage of Heaven!

It is truly wonderful to see how life is sustained by a great amount of our overcrowded population.

Go, on a Saturday night, in winter, when the snow is on the ground, or falling about your ears, to Strutton Ground in Westminster, to Tottenham Court

Road, or along Whitechapel, places where a prescriptive right seems to exist of exposing, in the open air, the wares of humble traffickers, and see the crowds of shivering creatures standing by their little stock in trade, to be converted, if they are fortunate, into the means of staving off starvation for the morrow.

There, for example, stands a poor woman, her tray of oranges and apples supported against her limbs by a strap of leather passing over her shoulders; a rush-light flickers in the midst of her fruity store; at either side, sucking their little fingers to beguile the cold, are two half-clad children, bending eager eyes on the passing crowd, as if imploring them to buy; the aspect of mother and children is that of creatures habituated to hunger, hardship, and grief. Near to these stands a blind old man, a framework hung before his breast, whence depend stay-laces, braces, pencil-cases, and such trifling articles; his sightless orbs, as they roll to and fro in their sockets, are his advocates; he trusts implicitly to the honour and good feeling of his customers in his little transactions, for who would rob the blind? Farther on, is a poor widow, whose means of livelihood is an inverted umbrella filled with penny prints; one glance will tell you she has seen better days, and her little merchandise, tastefully assorted, indicates no vulgar mind. On the step of a door sits a poor woman crying, a baby at her breast; when you inquire her grief, she extends in her hand a few boxes of lucifer matches, and informs you she has been striving all day, and has sold nothing.

The sallow-faced manufacturer from the country, who came up to London in the vain attempt to procure work, with his wife and children, are drawn up in the kennel, silently imploring alms; a ragged soldier of the late Spanish legion, with a wooden leg, and pewter crosses of San Fernando, offers forty songs for a half-penny; a little boy, hardly able to crawl, screams fifty radishes a penny; here are stalls covered with pieces of stale flat fish; there, murdered grimalkins are offered for sale, under the savoury *incognito* of mutton-pies; in another place, the skin of the animal, stripped from its back while yet alive, and made into a cap, is hawked about by the wife or daughter of the pieman.

Meat, fish, flesh, and fowl, condemned by the proper authorities of the several markets, are here exposed in every state of putridity, and, what is more extraordinary, find abundance of consumers. Truly, if the spectator of these, the obverse sides of life, does not feel a lively sense of thankfulness to the Great Being who has vouchsafed to him abundance, we earnestly recommend him to turn Turk in default of a better religion! Can any one, with a heart the size of a nutmeg, contemplate without pain the pitiable condition of those poor wretches who make out life from hand to mouth, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, and perpetually baited by the myrmidons of the law, whose recreation seems to lie in hunting these children of misfortune from humble industry to crime.

CHAPTER V.

Of positive and decided impressions, the first and strongest the stranger wandering through London feels, is an idea of its ILLIMITABILITY. It is to him not only a world, but it is a world without an end, spreading its gigantic arms on every side. It seizes upon surrounding villages, expels the rural deities from their ancient seats, and aims at an universal empire of bricks and mortar. It is an eternity of town, without beginning and without end—an ocean filling the mind of the bewildered wanderer with the idea of amplitude infinitesimally extended.

Let the adventurous traveller take his station in the heart of the city, and thence set out on a voyage of discovery to the end, if there is such a thing, of this great American sea-serpent of a town. Miles upon miles of narrow dingy streets, crammed to repletion with waggons, threatening to crush him between their ponderous wheels and the contiguous wall, indicate the *city* whose enormous wealth and splendour are to the ignorant eye but poorly evidenced by dingy warehouses, dark alleys, and retired counting-houses, where the office lamp for ever burns an eternal fire before the shrine of

Mammon. Yet here is the heart's-core of the vast mass — here is neither time nor inclination, space nor opportunity, for exhibition or show of wealth — here, as in the breast of the royal Dane, is "that within that passeth show;" and the wayfarer would, without a guide, puzzle himself in vain to discover the dusky den whence a Rothschild stretches forth a saving hand to tottering monarchs, or reassures the extinguished credit of bankrupt governments.

It is truly astounding to us of the vulgar, who are in the habit of associating great business with great bustle, to contemplate the whereabouts of the city firms, whose credit and whose influence affect, one way or another, the commercial interests of the universal world. Here, indeed, may you behold commerce in all the immensity and glory, without any of the tinsel or gingerbread of empire: here confidence and credit sit upon thrones of adamantine rock, smiling upon trickster statesmen and penniless Chancellors of Exchequers: here, as from a fountain, the stream of enterprize inundates all lands, fertilizing as it flows, and returning only to flow forth to fertilize again.

Mighty city! thy warehouses groan beneath the weight of the accumulated products of the ends of earth; thy mercantile navy, numberless as the birds of ocean, flies on errands of peace from pole to pole; thy capitalists wield at will the destinies of distant nations; thy merchant princes grasp with the right hand and the left the extremities of either Ind.

Here is no place for trumpery ostentation, or the

vain display of dissipated wealth. The Governor of the Bank of England and a junior clerk carry with them a chop if they please to an humble tavern, and partake of the mid-day meal with equal humility; a Director of the East India House and a draper's assistant eat their biscuit and take their glass of sherry at the bar; the owner of a hundred ships and the mate of a trader exchange the news of the day over the table of a dingy coffeehouse in a dusky alley off Cornhill.

Taking his way down one of the main arteries of the metropolis, the great *aorta*, for example, that pours the full tide of human existence through Fleet Street and the Strand, the splendour, less real than that he has left behind, but more apparent, breaks upon his astonished view.

The shops of the goldsmiths, piled from floor to roof with the richest treasures of their art; the shawl-shops, through whose crystal fronts you catch the gorgeousness of the commodities within; the *emporia* of works of art and *virtu*, where lessons of taste may be had for looking; the vast repositories of learning, appealing eloquently to the eye of the mind; these, and a thousand other evidences of diffusive wealth, oppress for a while and bewilder us by their immensity, and almost lead us to the belief that all the wealth and splendour of the world must be gathered here for show.

How much more would our astonishment increase, if we knew the history of any one of those shops

disputing our attention. The fortunes that have been amassed within for a succession of generations — the fortunes that are being amassed in them now by some, and the handsome competence they afford to all — the taxes they pay to the municipality and to the revenue, the incomes they afford in ground-rents, profit-rents, beneficial interests, and partnerships — the livelihoods derived from them by tradesmen, clerks, assistants, down to the porters who take off the shutters, and the man who sweeps the crossing — not to speak of the myriads who, all over the world, earn their bread and support their families by manufacturing the thousand-and-one works of art and industry that are there, within the limits of an hour's walk, exhibited to every passing stranger — who can, or who cannot buy.

Truly we are not to blame in speaking of this city as a world, when we consider that those shops, spitted together in rows like so many larks, and edging each other off the pavement, are estates each to its owner, and may be compared, for the purposes of illustration, with a vast extent of territory giving subsistence and employment to thousands of our fellow-creatures.

We are at Charing-Cross: we have left behind the regions of the great merchants, and of the *shopocrats;* and we now timidly adventure upon the courtly regions of the consumers and customers. What a change! Here, pride reigns triumphant: coroneted carriages abound: the butterflies of fashion are abroad: ostentatious wealth, and non-productive industry, rule the destinies of this extremity of our world. Anon, in

the heart of a mighty thoroughfare, where every foot of ground is worth its weight in gold, we skirt a dead wall, a penitentiary doubtless, or a prison. No; the massive gate falls back upon its ponderous hinges, and, while a gorgeous equipage rolls forth, reveals for an instant a spacious court-yard, ornamented with statues and vases, a sumptuous palace occupying the back-ground. We would look at the revealed splendours for a moment, but the portly Cerberus forbids: darting an indignant glance at the inquisitive stranger, he hastens to close the massive portal in our teeth.

Talk of the Grand Turk, forsooth, and his seraglio! talk of the seclusion of a convent, or the impenetrability of the Faubourg St Germain! an assault upon the privacy of any one of them, is child's play compared with the forlorn hope of penetrating the exclusive seclusion of the magnates of London fashionable life.

The space occupied by some of the town palaces of our great nobility would, if let as building ground, afford more than the revenue of a German potentate; a slip of wharfage, cut off from the foot of the garden of one of these, produces at this moment upwards of eight thousand pounds a-year, and the garden alone would let for sixteen or eighteen thousand more. Perhaps nothing can convey a better idea of the illimitable revenues of some of the great aristocracy, than the fact that they can afford, at this immense sacrifice, the indulgence of city parks around their city palaces.

The traveller is now leaving the neighbourhoods of commerce: as he proceeds, the rivalry of shops and

private dwellings continues; but soon the former give up the unequal contest, and our stranger finds himself in what is conventionally understood as a genteel neighbourhood.

A mile or two farther on, grass plots and holly bushes, growing from tubs, come into fashion; bow-pots, well stored with mignionette, musk, stone-crop, geraniums, and polyanthuses, decorate the windows, and the self-deluded *voyageur* fondly believes that he must now, at least, approximate to the end of the town.

Alas! the end of his journey is farther than the journey he has already made; the vast wilderness of London out of town is before him; and as the shades of evening fall, and the suburban butchers "let on" their gas, he finds himself somewhere about the end of Kensington and the beginning of Turnham Green, where, foot-sore and weary, he gives it up as a "bad job," and returns to the city, satisfied that this vast metropolis is really and truly a world without end!

The vastness of suburban London distinguishes that city eminently from continental cities. A mile beyond Paris you are in a wilderness of sand hills, gypsum quarries, steril rocks, and windmills; beyond the walls of Rome there is literally an immense expanse of desert; whereas London, if we may borrow a *bull*, surrounds itself, suburb clinging to suburb, like onions, fifty on a rope.

The suburbs, which George Colman described emphatically as "regions of preparatory schools," have a

character peculiarly their own; once seen, they cannot be mistaken. They are marvellously attached to gardening, and rejoice above all things in a tree in a tub. They delight in a uniformity of ugliness, staring you out of countenance with three windows in front, and a little green hall-door at one side, giving to each house the appearance of having had a paralytic stroke; they stand upon their dignity at a distance from the road, and are carefully defended from intrusion by a body-guard of spikes bristling on a low wall. They delight in outlandish and ridiculous names: a lot of tenements looking out upon a dead wall in front, and a madhouse in the rear, club together, and introduce themselves to your notice as OPTIC TERRACE: another regiment is baptized by the christian and surnames of PARADISE PROSPECT; while a third lot, standing together two and two, after the manner of the Siamese Twins, are called MOGG'S VILLAS, BUGSBY'S COTTAGES, or GEMINI PLACE. The natives of these outlandish regions are less wealthy than genteel; like Beau Tibbs, they live here for the benefit of their health—and fortune. When you visit them, they are eloquent upon the merits of an atmosphere surcharged with dust, which they earnestly recommend for your inhalation, under the attractive title of "fresh air."

Shopkeepers, tradesmen, and others in these regions, are, in general, insufferably bad and dear; every body is supplied with the staple of their consumables from town, and it is only on an emergency that the suburban dealers are applied to. Knowing that their articles

are not required for regular consumption, they take good care to make those pay well whose necessities compel them occasionally to have dealings with them. We find by experience that meat rises in price, as we travel westward, at the rate of a penny *per* pound *per* mile, and every thing else (except taxes) in the like ratio. We must, however, leave the suburbs for the present.

> "Peace to each swain who rural rapture owns,
> As soon as past a toll, or off the stones;
> Whose joy, if buildings solid bless bestow,
> Cannot, for miles, an interruption know,
> Save when a gap of some half dozen feet
> Just breaks the continuity of street;
> Where the prig architect, with style in view,
> Has doled his houses forth in two by two,
> And rear'd a row, upon the plan, no doubt,
> Of old men's jaws, with every third tooth out."

Not less strong upon the mind of the reflective stranger in London, is his impression of its endless VARIETY, its INEXHAUSTIBILITY, not merely of streets and squares, lanes and alleys, courts and passages, but of human character, occupation, and condition. Other places have usually a distinctive character, peculiarly their own: towns are maritime, as Liverpool and Bristol: manufacturing, as Leeds and Manchester; or both, as Glasgow: literary and educational, as Edinburgh, Cambridge, and Oxford: military, as Chatham and Woolwich: naval, as Portsmouth, Plymouth, and

the like: health and pleasure-seeking, as Cheltenham, Leamington, Brighton, Harrowgate, Bath.

London, on the contrary, is at once one and all — a mercantile, manufacturing, literary, military, naval, maritime, pleasure-seeking, busy, idle place; and hence the endless diversity of character that abounds along its overcrowded streets. The Duke and the dustman, the private soldier and the Prince, the seaman and the Sovereign, all look upon London as headquarters. Here money-makers and money-spenders of all degrees crowd together; here the painter and the poet who have made reputations, gather together for their rewards; here the professional man who has yet his reputation to make, struggles with his fellows for pre-eminence; here men come to look for employment, from the lowest to the highest, every one imagining that in so large a place there must surely be room for *him*.

CHAPTER VI.

It is only in the streets, however, that the many-coloured shades of life and character are exhibited broadly. Each class in London has a neighbourhood, or, more properly, a *town* of its own, where alone it is recognized and known, and where alone its interests are paramount. Neighbourhoods, in the world of London, may very properly be divided into

PUBLIC,
PRIVATE,
COMMERCIAL,
PROFESSIONAL,
LOW.

The first may be classified generally into wholesale, retail, and for exportation; but, in short, there are as many distinct neighbourhoods as there are trades and occupations. The MONETARY neighbourhood huddles itself, as may be expected, under the protective wing of its great mother, the Bank—the MANCHESTER neighbourhood lies principally in the narrow lanes and alleys to the northward of Cheapside, Wood Street

representing its main artery, where the long ranges of windows papered in the lower panes, the widely opening doors for the transmission of bales of goods, and the porters carrying packages larger and heavier than themselves, supported upon their heads by a broad strap passing over the forehead, indicate the vast repositories of the productions of our central manufacturing districts. The EAST INDIA and general shipping neighbourhoods, have their head-quarters about Cornhill and Leadenhall Street; here also outfitters, Utopian land companies, and emigration crimps, are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. The Bull and Mouth inn, opposite the post-office in St Martin's *le* Grand, formerly represented the eastern centre, as the Regent Circus did the western, of the travelling world; since the empire of iron roads, these vast caravansaries, where met and parted the migratory world of London, are shorn of their beams: the gilded bull over the gateway now laughs on the wrong side of his mouth; the Saracen's Head looks daggers from his eminence on Snowhill, as the railway "*bus*" gathers a load; the Swan with Two Necks discovers to his sorrow that his crop might be better filled if he boasted but *one;* and the Spread Eagle looks as pitiful as a carrion crow gibbeted over a barn door!

The full tide of travel, no longer rushing through the narrow gateways of the great London inns, is only more diffusive than before. The effect produced upon intercommunication by the now almost universal agency of steam, has not merely facilitated travel, but

has created travellers. When time and space are literally annihilated, and when, without labour or fatigue, we can breakfast at a not unreasonable hour in Bristol, arrive in London to lunch, and return again to Bristol to a six o'clock dinner, who would not see a little of the world?—who would not become a traveller?

Of strictly professional neighbourhoods, our own—that is to say, the literary, is entitled to the *pas*. We have the proper *esprit de corps;* and whatever people may say or think of their own neighbourhoods, we conceive that in which the great commerce of literature is mainly carried on, entitled to our first and best attention.

The Row, as it is called by way of pre-eminence, is the *nucleus* of the literary neighbourhood: it is the centre of intelligence, the *sensorium*, the brain of the vast mass; it represents a mighty manufactory of thought, and disperses the light of knowledge and the truths of religion to the ends of the earth. How the literary man, delighted, loves to haunt this place, fertile in intellectual luxury! He pauses, perhaps, before the immense emporium of the Longmans, with its fourteen windows in front, its little Ionic pilasters, and its iron crane, emblematic of the very heavy commodities in which the proprietors are sometimes compelled to deal. He regards with wonder the precision and exactitude with which the vast dispersion of books of all kinds superintended by this firm is carried on; the subdivision into various departments of the im-

mense business of the house; and the methodical order and quietude with which the most complicated transactions are prosecuted. He looks up at the crimson curtains of the first floor windows, indicating the dining-room of the resident partner in the firm, and cannot but reflect how many mighty minds have been gathered therein to

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

While he looks, a little bulky man, with short and thick, but well-shaped limbs, a remarkably comic expression of face, and inexpressibly knowing twinkle of eye, issues from the private door, chuckling audibly as he goes, having doubtless just now discharged upon his publisher some of his effervescent wit: do you know him?—he is Peter Plymley, Peter Pith, that mirror of canons residentiary, the Reverend Sidney Smith, father of the Edinburgh Review.

Next to Longmans, the literary peripatetic will be attracted by the great extent of premises occupied by Whittaker and Co., extending half-way down Ave-Maria Lane, and across to the neat but small quadrangle, with its solitary tree and little patch of grass, where the rich and influential Company of Stationers have their unpretending hall: the extensive mart for the lighter artillery of literature, under the control of Messrs Simpkin and Marshall, will also arrest his attention. But, in truth, the atmosphere of the neighbourhood is literary; there is a most ancient and

black-letter smell pervading the courts and alleys diverging from the Row, and there is something learned and sleepy in the aspect of the inhabitants.

The old book-shops, with blackletter-titled *folios* in the dusky windows, he will rejoice in: there indeed he may have a brainsful, ministered to by a venerable gentleman in black, with an expansive head and silvered temples, more like one of the fathers whose works moulder in his shelves, than a nineteenth century bookseller.

The literary world, however, does not now, as in bygone years, find its only dwelling in the Row; it has become excursive and fashionable in a great degree, issuing forth of Temple Bar, and finally establishing itself with Murray of Albemarle Street, or with the Blackwoods among the clubs of Pall-Mall.

Among professional neighbourhoods the LEGAL is assuredly the most imposing and dignified. The great legal neighbourhoods lie on either side of Holborn and Fleet Street, connected by Lincoln's Inn as a *medius terminus*, and by the communicating artery of Chancery Lane. The traveller, whether turning to the right, through Inner Temple Lane, and so into the cloistered precincts of either of the Temples, or to the left, along Chancery Lane, through Lincoln's Inn, Sergeant's Inn, Gray's Inn, Furnival's Inn, Thavies' Inn, and the rest, will not fail to be struck with the marked contradistinction between a trading and a professional neighbourhood. Here are no staring bills announcing all sorts of law and equity fifty *per*

cent below prime cost — no announcements of the superlative advantages to be derived by dealing for your law at the chambers of Sergeant A., Conveyancer B., or Equity-draftsman C. — every thing here is like the Duke's dogs, quiet and gentlemanlike. There is a monastic air of retirement in the flagged alleys, paved courts, bubbling fountains, and gloomy chambers — nor are the habits of the occupants little less than monastic, when we consider that isolation, self-denial, and continual study, are imposed upon those who would persevere unto the end. The spacious halls, too, of the several societies, cannot fail to urge their respective claims upon your attention; that of the Sergeants, or more properly of the Judges in Chancery Lane, as well as the others, having emblazoned upon their windows the armorial bearings of their more distinguished members, thus perpetuated to a vitreous immortality. No hurdy-gurdies torture the ears of learned gentlemen within these conventual halls — no little boys or girls play at "taw," or trundle their hoops — all is hushed in deep repose, and no sound falls upon the ear but the distant murmur of the living cataracts of Fleet Street and the Strand.

The profession of medicine, by the necessity of its condition, is not, like the legal, gathered into places of reunion — Barber-Surgeon's Hall, to be sure, still remains, nestled in a narrow lane called Monkwell Street, wherein, before the severance of the professions by Henry VIII., lectures and demonstrations in anatomy were wont to be exhibited.

"Hast ever been to Barber-Surgeon's Hall, to see a dissection?" inquires one of our old dramatists—dissections now, however, are confined to the quarterly dinners of the highly respectable and useful company of Barbers, their "learned friends," the Surgeons, having betaken themselves, with their saws, scalpels, and amputating knives, to a handsome residence in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The College of Physicians, in Warwick Lane, close abutting upon

> "That venerable place
> Where angry justice shews her awful face;
> Where little villains must submit to fate,
> That great ones may enjoy the world in state,"

still preserves a congeniality with its former occupants—converted only into shambles, *killing* goes on as briskly as before!

There are, however, certain localities where the Esculapian tribe abound; such are Saville Row, Old Burlington Street, Brook Street, Conduit Street, and the neighbourhood, where, doubtless, a perpetual pestilence must needs prevail. Walking among these streets the other day, we discovered our teeth to be on edge as from the whetting of a saw, but which, on farther examination, we discovered to proceed from the sympathetic irritation of our eyes by the contemplation of the brass plates of the dentists, who abound in this neighbourhood in such numbers as to defy the

most minute enumeration of the Census Commissioners.

In nothing is the deadly struggle for existence so manifest throughout London, as in the rivalry of doctors' shops; they divide with Licensed Victuallers all the corners; their blue and red lights stream like meteors on this side and on that, ominously portentous; they will bleed for a penny, cup for twopence, and draw teeth for nothing; they will give you physic enough to poison a regiment for a groat, and offer advice at its actual value — advice *gratis*. One is next door, another next door but two, and a third across the street; and, by some strange perversity, they increase and multiply in the healthiest and busiest neighbourhoods—in places where people have neither time, inclination, nor opportunity to be sick.

There is one square in particular, which has been projected and laid out (on paper) these ten years, only two houses at the alternate angles having been built; these, before the foundations were well laid, were rented by a publican and a chemist; the latter hung out his blue, the former his white light; *this* advertised "creaming stout, fourpence a pot" — *that* "infallible pills, three-halfpence a dozen." The former invited the public to taste his "*splendiferous* Old Tom, threepence the quartern;" the latter earnestly recommended his "Ministerial Pitch Plasters, threepence a piece."

Thus they were, not another house within a mile of them, for ten years to our knowledge, anticipating the advent of population; for it is a well-established

maxim in the world of London, that an adventurer, especially in the public and medical lines, has a much less chance of making out a living by going to a neighbourhood, than by waiting until the neighbourhood goes to him, exactly reversing the procedure of a clever fellow, and arrant quack in his way—one Mahomet the prophet. From one cause or other, but chiefly because the site of the proposed square was swampy, and the projector an insolvent, the neighbourhood did *not* go to our adventurers in this instance; they remained all alone in their shops, if not in their glory; the publican, who was a hypochondriac, swallowed the doctor's physic, and the doctor lived on the publican's gin; each was the only customer of the other, and to crown all, it was found, when all was lost, that the two unfortunates had taken prussic acid, and poisoned themselves for company!

When we use the word doctor in talking of medical establishments, we cannot be supposed to include gentlemen regularly educated in, and legally qualified for the profession; we animadvert solely on the swarms of chemists, who, without education, qualification, or experience, impudently take upon themselves to prescribe for all manner of ailments, and not only take the bread out of the mouths of well-educated medical men, but the breath out of the mouths of those who ought to be their patients. Surely, there ought to be some protection, if not for men who have taken out their diplomas, and now starve in a gentlemanly retirement while chemists and druggists make fortunes,

at least for the safety and health of the public, against a class who exercise a responsible calling without any test of proper education or known qualifications.

The MILITARY neighbourhoods of London are the Tower, the Birdcage Walk, Portman Street, Knightsbridge, St John's Wood, and the Regent's Park, at all which places are stations for the Household troops, who form, except upon extraordinary occasions, the garrison of the city and escort of the Court in its migrations from one palace to another. Military neighbourhoods have a marked character, and that not of the best. The immediate vicinity of barracks is easily predicated by the abundance of pot-houses, dancing-houses, singing-rooms, and so forth; nor is their propinquity in any degree conducive either to the moral or physical health of the circumhabitant population.

Of CLERICAL neighbourhoods we have little to say: they are few in number, and not decided in character. That of Dean's Yard, Westminster, is perhaps the most strictly clerical in London, forming an outer cloister, as it were, where inhabit the dignitaries of Westminster Abbey, nestling under the wing of mother church.

PRIVATE neighbourhoods are those that vary most in kind and in degree, almost defying any attempt at classification, no two streets being exactly on the same level in point of gentility. Of strictly fashionable neighbourhoods, the WEST END is undoubtedly the region. There is no other end known to fashionable people; and no matter how wealth or magnificence

may display itself to the north, east, or south ends of the town, the motives that lead to its display are, by fashionable people, neither appreciated nor understood.

Strictly fashionable neighbourhoods may be divided into

EXCLUSIVE,
ULTRA-FASHIONABLE,
FASHIONABLE,
QUASI-FASHIONABLE,
MIXED,
EAST INDIAN,
HIGH GENTEEL,
LOW GENTEEL,
EQUIVOCAL.

EXCLUSIVE neighbourhoods are but few. Piccadilly, westward from Devonshire House, decidedly takes the lead: his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge lends to this neighbourhood the sanction of his preference. The hero of Waterloo makes Hyde Park corner classic ground; the Dukes of Devonshire and St Alban's, the Marquis of Northampton, the Earls Cardigan and Rosebery, Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, and a host of our nobility, stamp this locality with supreme *bon ton*: if wealth can enhance Piccadilly as a place of residence, Miss Burdett Coutts and the Baroness Rothschild divide between them more than a million charms; but, above all, there is no locality in London commanding a nobler view than that enjoyed

from the windows of the mansions in Piccadilly, extending far and wide over the parks, and terminated only by the undulating outline of the distant hills of Surrey.

Most of the streets that abut immediately upon the parks, overlooking the greensward, are entitled to rank as exclusive, although nothing can prevent vulgar wealth at times forcing itself into these favoured retreats of fashion, and becoming an eyesore to the whole neighbourhood. Who lives there? you inquire, pausing before one of these delicious retreats, uniting the pure air and extended prospects of the country with the dear delights of town; and are answered, the Duke of This, the Marquis of That, or Earl of T'other; and to whom, pray, does that still more magnificent mansion to the left appertain? Oh! that, let me see; yes, now that I recollect, that is the town residence of Baron Stitchberg, the ennobled German tailor!

Arlington Street, overlooking the Green Park, is one of those dear exclusive neighbourhoods. Park Lane is another, vying with Piccadilly in the intensity of fashion. Grosvenor Square, though in a less degree, approaches exclusiveness; while Portman, Cavendish, and Belgrave Squares, must be content to come within our ultra-fashionable category. Of merely fashionable streets, we boast a profusion; those tributary to the leading squares borrow from their aristocratic neighbourhoods a lustre not their own; thus George Street, Hanover Street, on a friend's card or your own, is

quite correct, while George Street, Bloomsbury, is outlawry and social death.

In nothing should a man who means to be in society in London be so scrupulous as about his address: life and death depend upon it: let a man study morals, character, dress, equipage, appointments, manner, deportment, or amiability, as he will, Baker Street, or Russell Square will make all his exertions null and void: he is condemned by the "*card*," and in every effort he makes to gain an entrance into truly fashionable society, he will discover to his cost that he has not the "*ticket*."

Of the importance of a good *address*, and the uses to which such may be applied, the author himself is able to furnish an example. One evening, while meditating in his attic on the probability of being able to borrow half-a-sovereign, and revolving in his mind, to which of his very particular friends he might venture to apply, without the certainty of being openly insulted, a letter, (unpaid,) written in a noble, illegible hand, and sealed with a broad seal, was received by the front parlour, who handed it to the first floor's wife, who transferred it to the second floor's daughter, who knocked with it at the door of the front attic. Judge the sensations of the front attic on beholding the address, 5, ——— SQUARE! "At last," quoth he, "my fortune is made—at last, modest shade-seeking merit, has found a friend, a patron, a Mecænas, loving literature, and living at 5, ——— Square!" There

was no mistake, the address was plainly to be read, the rest of the letter was at length deciphered—"Compliments to the author of the World of London—glad to know—his convenience—where he can be seen—immediate"—then a flourish, altogether illegible. What was to be done *was* done—second floor's little girl despatched for a penny sheet of gilt-edged post, and a twopenny stick of sealing-wax: letter written with all the graces of the front attic's peculiar style, on scribbling paper, corrected, copied on the gilt-edged post: sealed, directed, "5, ——— Square," wrapped in a bit of whity-brown, and about to be handed to Miss Second Floor, for deposit in the twopenny post—when, lo, there was no twopence! However, as it happened to be a foggy night, the hopeful author took his way to deliver his own letter. He walked round three sides of the square, and on the fourth discovered No. 5: but, alas! what think you was No. 5? A sort of paltry address house of a lot of poverty-stricken associations, with their respective brass plates, ELECTROTYPE SOCIETY, BUMBOLOGICAL SOCIETY, GOOSE AND GIBLETS LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, crowded on the once aristocratic portal; in the spacious hall, a slattern girl, all rags and dirt, enacted the part of porter; and, after all, the object of Mecænas was, to induce the unfortunate author to embark his time and labour in some three-halfpenny adventure for the diffusion of useless knowledge!

It does not matter how or in what way you live,

provided your *location*, as Jonathan calls it, be correct: occupy an attic if you will, but take care that it is situate in Lower Mount Street, Arlington Street, (on the west side, for the east is only *quasi*-fashionable,) Brook Street, (upper,) or Park Street, Grosvenor Square. Be very particular about this: eschew streets abounding with brass plates of dentists and doctors, or you are a lost mutton: fly, as you would the plague, neighbourhoods with public-houses at the corners. If a bachelor, a first floor over a jeweller's shop in Bond Street may be tolerated, provided you bring your own man cook and valet; but if a married man, your family is disgraced for ever, and your daughters will not get proposals above a footman in a correct family.

How many men of no fortune and much impudence, whose wits would have been as good to them as a thousand a-year, commit suicide in this manner, striking on the rocks somewhere about the New Road, and sinking into the abyss of insignificance, never to be heard of more! We repeat over and over again, that there is not the remotest chance of a man's setting his foot, even by toleration, in a correct circle, if he have not a correct address: if he be poor, he must take a lesson from the flash drapers, who lay out the bulk of their capital upon the lease of their houses, set out all their stock in their shop windows, put on white cravats, curl their hair, and trust to Providence!

The most ridiculous and unnatural, although highly fashionable, alliance between poverty and pretension,

so prevalent now-a-days, has given rise to a custom of giving cards from clubs, as thus:—

MR SIDNEY BIDDULPH,
Rag and Famish Club,
St Luke's Square.

MR ADOLPHUS CUB,
One-and-Ninepenny Club,
Covent Garden.

and so forth.—Now, you must always avoid fellows who give you the card, not of their residence, but of their club; depend upon it, the leprosy of poverty hangs about those fellows, and if you are seen for one moment in their company, you will be suspected of having caught the infection, and have to perform quarantine for life. The idea of one gentleman inviting another to call and see him at a club!—Call and see me at Bartholomew Fair, or pop in upon me at Epsom Races, is quite as much of an invitation.

We recollect once being seduced, by associations arising from remembrances of old school-fellowship, into going to see a friend of ours at his club. Shade of Brummel — what a refinement of horrors! On inquiring for our friend, our message ran the gauntlet of half-a-score undisciplined louts in parsley-and-butter coats, and staring scarlet breeches, running across the hall in horrible confusion; having ascertained, in the course of half-an hour, that the person inquired for

was within, we were then—but not till then—ushered into a half-naked room, without light or fire: this Pandemonium was called, we were informed, the waiting-room, and here, among a lot of strange-looking creatures like ourselves, "in waiting," were we forced to abide the coming of our old school-fellow, and in a corner to whisper into each other's ears our pleasurable reminiscences.

There is only one excuse for a man having a card with a club on it: it is quite an allowable failing when one has the misfortune to be a member of Parliament, and, of course, to be liable to the horrid inflictions, than which the rack is more tolerable, of being eternally dunned by your infernal constituents to "do something" for them; which, being literally translated into English, means laying yourself under obligations to enable these fellows to "do nothing" for themselves.

Several of our parliamentary friends, consequently, are obliged to carry two card-cases, the one containing the address of their private residences, the other that of some political club: when encountered by one of these horrid bores, and there is no other means of escape, you shake him warmly by the hand, beg of him to dine with you *any* day, and poke into his mutton fist the card of your club: the fellow infests the waiting-room for a week or two, but of course you are not to be caught, and your *independent* elector, wearied out, re-migrates to his paternal morasses, where he boasts that he dined with you *every* day—

you blessing your stars, in the mean time, that you see no more of him till the next general election!

Military and naval men, too, whose lives are necessarily migratory, and who do not come regularly to town for the season, are entitled to receive your invitations at their club; but no man, whether civil or military, with the least pretensions to good taste, gives invitations to his club, unless to persons who may not with propriety be received any where else: if any such are given to *you*, it is impossible for you to maintain your position without giving your entertainer the *cut* direct.

QUASI-FASHIONABLE neighbourhoods abound, and we would willingly leave them in well-deserved obscurity, but we feel it our duty to warn all pretenders to fashion, that is to say, of several hundreds of thousands who have no pretensions at all, of the fatal mistakes they may commit in this particular. We must caution them to avoid the more northerly parts of the populous borough of Marylebone, the new streets and squares in and about Regent's Park, and the territories, of whatever descriptions, in the vicinity of Pimlico. The last-mentioned neighbourhood, especially, is proverbially fatal to fashionable expectations; yet many simple-minded persons from the country, opine that, in the neighbourhood of a Royal palace, they must be right. Nothing is more conclusive of the sensitiveness of the world of fashion upon its geographical exclusiveness, than the fact, that even Royal

preference cannot establish the aristocracy of a vicinity famous only for its brick pits and bad ale.

Privy Gardens, May Fair, and Spring Gardens, may probably assert the custom of society in favour of their strictly fashionable character: the two latter, however, have assumed somewhat of a *quasi* character of late years; the streets secondary to Belgrave Square, and those leading from Piccadilly, are very much in the same condition.

Mixed neighbourhoods are so numerous as to defy classification: one end of a street, as Piccadilly, shall be intensely vulgar, the other shall aspire to the Corinthian capital of society. In these difficult circumstances, the man who would stand well with people of fashion, must not only regard his *street* but his *number;* any figure under fifty, for example, in Piccadilly, and you are ruined for life. One side of a street, as Arlington Street, shall be exclusive, the other no better than genteel; so that in fashion, as in politics, you must deliberate wisely and well before you take a *side.*

The East Indian, colonial, and merely wealthy circles, gather together at the hither end of Portland Place, and diverge round the Regent's Park, occupying those stately terraces, as new as their own families, and, like themselves, exhibiting fewer evidences of good taste than of magnificence. Harley Street, for example, is the headquarters of oriental nabobs — here the claret is poor stuff, but Harley Street madeira has

passed into a proverb, and nowhere are curries and mulligatawny given in equal style. The natives here are truly a respectable, praiseworthy body of men; and if it were not for the desperate but unavailing efforts of their wives and daughters to drag them into circles where their wealth excites only envy, and their ostentation provokes only contempt, would be above all praise or blame. Their dinners we eat, if not with admiration, with respect; more solid than *recherché*, there is an old English substantiality about them that forbids severity of criticism. Pitying the poverty of their claret, we forgive them for the richness of their maderia — their evening parties we wish we could recommend — we might be severe upon this head, but, as we have just returned from an exhibition of this sort, we say no more. The lobster salads were respectable, and gratitude should last as long as digestion.

Of high genteel neighbourhoods, Baker Street, Gloucester Street, Portman Square, the swarm of little streets nestling at the verge of Park Lane, and those lying between St James's Street and the Green Park, may be taken as examples. The people inhabiting this class of neighbourhood are usually scions of respectable, or distant connections of noble families, remarkably correct in their style of living and equipage, but evidently of slender means; however, they boast this advantage, that an educated taste can do more in this style of living with a thousand a-year, than vulgar opulence can with ten times the revenue.

Beyond the necessary wants and requirements of ge teel life, all superfluity, unless sustained by exquisi taste, tends rather to diminish than to increase respe A pony-carriage, tastefully appointed, shall excite t admiration of the Ring, while a coach-and-six, wi outriders, shall, by the ostentation of its extravaganc become a laughing-stock upon wheels.

None understand these delicate niceties so well a your highly genteel people.

CHAPTER VII.

Our last chapter concluded, if we recollect right, with a polite bow to that desirable class of society, equally remote from the superfluity of wealth or pecuniary embarrassment, whose good taste and well regulated minds dictate their style of living, dress, and equipage, — compensating in some degree for the deficiencies of fortune, and procuring that deferential respect which never fails to attend the judicious adaptation of ends to means: that harmony and keeping which in society, as in the arts, are the never-failing sources of gratification of eye and mind.

Low genteel neighbourhoods, we need hardly say, are drugs in the market. The New Road, Paddington, Pimlico, Bayswater, Clapham, Upper Clapton, may serve as illustrations. Boarding-houses abound, furnished lodgings are the staple commodity, and omnibuses pass the doors for your accommodation every five minutes. Hereabouts, if you believe the advertisements, there are always to be found, for next to nothing, "really comfortable homes," "*liberal* tables," and houses "replete with every convenience;" here the hospitable deities delight to dwell: "society

musical and select, with or without harp and piano," is thrown open for your acceptance: here the situations are remarkably "healthy and pleasant," a "limited number" of inmates, meaning a number limited only by the success of the puffs in the papers, received: here widowers with two or more wives, and single ladies whose spouses are at sea, are acquisitions; wine-merchants, whose trade is limited to the number of odd bottles required for the use of the company; gentlemen holding "situations under Government," the nature whereof Joseph Ady would be puzzled to discover; French Counts, and disguised dancing-masters preponderate.

Equivocal neighbourhoods are those where private residences, shops, and manufactories, are intermingled in heterogeneous confusion. Lambeth, the Borough, Vauxhall, and the regions generally included in the "over the water" category, belong to this unenviable description. Those only who have no choice pitch their tents in a transpontine neighbourhood; nor did we ever hear of any body who knew any body on the Surrey side, where indeed we would fain hope that the existence of human beings is merely conjectural!

So much for private neighbourhoods. Of public and professional we have already said much, and much remains to be said. Public or official neighbourhoods not being, as in Paris, Vienna, Rome, St Petersburgh, and elsewhere, congregated beneath one roof, but diffused over the city, attract divided attention, and demand separate notice. The Mansion-house, a stately

pile, rises in severe majesty, the palatial residence of the city. Guildhall represents the Whitehall of the east — the halls of the several companies, scattered over the city, have, every one, something worthy of attention — the florid oak carvings, the decorated windows, the grim portraits of civic dignitaries, and the monastic seclusion of their cloistral courts, contrast well with the business, bustle, and noise of the jostling world without. Somerset House and Whitehall almost monopolize the Government machinery; we cannot point with pride to our Admiralty, with its lanky, ill-proportioned pediment, or to our Treasury, supporting an ambuscaded attic upon a row of needless columns — one of the creations of Sir John Soane, of Bœotian celebrity, who, together with Nash, has done so much to deprave our metropolitan taste in architecture, that an invasion of the Goths and Vandals were more to be desired than deplored.

Downing Street, alas! is down. The snug little public-house at the corner, where the expectants of small Treasury places were accustomed to solace their tedious hours of attendance upon men in power, is levelled with the ground; the official residences of the first Lord of the Treasury, and the Principal Secretaries of State, are no longer confronted with the range of scrubby brick buildings, whose occupants, like their betters, dated their despatches from Downing Street.

Here we delight occasionally to walk with a measured step, our countenance expressive of deep con-

cerns of state, our right thumb gracefully inserted in the corresponding arm-hole of our waistcoat, in the manner of a great statesman; nor is our constitutional vanity at all repressed by sundry touchings of the hat from the expectants of tide-waiterships in waiting, doubtless mistaking us for a great man—an error into which the public are liable to fall with respect to individuals more prominently before them than ourselves!

The congregating principle is developed throughout all our society; throughout London the law holds good—birds and bipeds of a feather flock together. The artist cannot handle a brush save in the vicinity of Soho, or of Fitzroy Square; hatters flourish only in Southwark; goldsmiths, watchmakers, and jewellers, in Clerkenwell; the Hebrew is at home nowhere save in Houndsditch, St Mary Axe, and Petticoat Lane; hawkers, pedlars, caravan drivers, showmen, still resort to Lambeth, as the alchemists and astrologers used in the olden time.

It must not be supposed, however, that streets and houses of the world of London alone present marked and distinctive characters; by their *natives* shall ye know them.

What can be more marked and decided in character, to the man who has attained the faculty of looking beyond the end of his nose, than the wealthy citizen and the opulent west-ender? The former broad-shouldered and burly, physically and commercially a man of weight and substance; his black suit of the

finest cloth, but no way particular as to cut; his hat rather low-crowned and broad in the brim; a bunch of old-fashioned seals dangling below his ample vest; his aspect that of a careful, though not careworn, intelligent, though unlearned, grave, not severe, man; his step solid, deliberative, firm, and rather slow than quick: hurrying through the streets he leaves to idlers and young men beginning business. From time to time, as he passes through the narrow alleys of the city, he extracts from his ample pocket a leathern case, containing sundry slips of promissory paper; he dips into the counting houses as he goes along, ever and anon glancing at his watch with the economical air of a man with whom time is money, and money life.

Contrast with him the lounging idler of Bond Street — tall and thin — exhibiting to advantage a coat of easy but unobtrusive cut, and sober tint; his hat sits jauntily on his head, and the daily arrangement of his hair, by the hand of the valet, is sufficiently evident; his expression of countenance is indicative of *ennui*, or at best of a careless indifference to sublunary things — his gait easy, undecided, and negligent: he, too, glances frequently at the watch, no thicker than an oyster shell, which a Trichinopoly chain connects, in golden fetters, with a button of his waistcoat; but it is with the air of a man less anxious to employ than to *kill* the enemy.

The tradesman, too, a practised eye will find no great difficulty in detecting, even when he leaves his counter: you will observe that, although overdressed,

there is a want of keeping in his turn-out; a pair of clubbish boots, a spick-and-span new hat, or a staring waistcoat, betray him: he trots rather than walks along the street, threading his devious way as if time was an object to nobody but himself: his attitude is that of a man stooping over a counter; his eye has an expression of mingled servility and cunning; ere he opens his lips, you have already anticipated that he is about to tell you "he has a heavy bill to take up on Wednesday, and hopes he is putting you to no inconvenience by soliciting a settlement of his little account." The characteristic outlines of the mechanic and labourer, are too strong to escape the least penetrating eye; but there abound in the streets of London vast numbers of equivocal characters, not to be detected save by the practised eye of one who has followed them into their haunts, or watched them narrowly when they suspect not they are observed.

Who would suppose, for example, that those young men at the corner, dressed in the height of the Cockney fashion, bedizened with mosaic jewellery, and puffing their cigars, are members of the *swell mob*—thieves, in short, and pickpockets? They are exchanging cards: truly so they are; but, if you observe, the cards are pawnbrokers' duplicates of the plunder of the preceding day—yet you say it is impossible: they are young, of genteel address, and look like gentlemen; how is it you can at once detect their dishonest calling? At this moment a policeman is turning the corner—mark with what instinct of self-preservation the

crumpled duplicates are crammed into their respective pockets; how they huddle together into a little knot, like chickens when the sparrow-hawk hovers in the air; although they are not yet "*wanted*," — that is to say, although no warrant may have been issued for the apprehension of any one, yet the officer of justice knows as well that they are thieves, as he does that upon him sooner or later will devolve the duty of their apprehension; he fixes a keen stern eye upon them — they look timidly round — raise an affected laugh, and one by one slide away from before the face of the dreaded myrmidon of the law, as snow melts before the rays of the sun.

Poor devils! let those who have property to lose regard them with apprehension or hate; we never think of them without a sigh, or look upon them without pity. Talk of ruined abbeys and mouldering castles, forsooth, and the ivied picturesque of stone and mortar! behold the wreck of God's own image, hopeless of repair; see a human being hastening, through the wide avenues of crime, to an eternity of shameful pain; behold the ruin of an immortal soul, and be sad. We lament the crooked industry, the idle business, the talent ill applied of the sons and daughters of crime; and we are driven, from the constitution of society, to protect ourselves from their depredations.

Yet, is there a sight more lamentable and sorrow-creating than a youth, endowed with the elements of good, pursuing the unprofitable paths of petty plunder

upon his neighbour; to-day flourishing at singing-rooms and play-houses, adorned like a fool by the profits of a knave,—to-morrow in the mournful prison garb, with close-cropped hair, paying for his short-lived enjoyment by a tour upon the "mill;" and, at last, when the patience of the law is worn out, wending his weary way over the waters in a convict hulk, never again to behold his native land. His crime is expiated—he is dead to society—he injures us no more; we have no pity for his fate, because the law prescribes it, and we obey the law; but the humane and benevolent mind looks back upon his sad career with regret, and would fain know how misfortune, necessity, or temptation first inclined him to the ways of folly, or seduced him to the paths of vice. Men are not all evil; the richest soils, if neglected, quickest run to waste; we see a criminal stand trembling in the dock—we regard him with fear or dread. Could we review the past—could we forget what he is, in what he might once have been, the current of our thoughts would flow in pity of his misfortunes. Perhaps he never knew a father's or a mother's care; the very name he bears was bestowed upon him, perhaps, by some parish-officer, or, his fate may have been even more full of misery. It may be that the author of his being was his instructor in crime, and that, before the tender mind could comprehend the difference between right and wrong, he may have been employed as the unconscious instrument of evil.

You see those countrymen lounging listlessly along the street, the one in a smock-frock and carter's hat, the other in shooting jacket and leathern galligaskins? They look plain honest rustics newly arrived from the country, and disappointed, it would seem, of work in town; yet Proteus hath not a more complete and rapid power of transformation than that promising pair, nor Mercury himself a lighter finger. They are *buttoners* by profession; by which you will not understand us to indicate button-makers: *buttoners* are those accomplices of thimbleriggers, and other gamblers of the fairs and race-courses, whose duty it is to act as *flat*-catchers or decoys, by personating others: one day they will appear sailors on the "*spree*"—another time drovers, *navigators*, or, as they now exhibit themselves, simple clodhoppers: in the intervals of their creditable avocations, they frequent certain neighbourhoods in town, whence they issue to do a little business in the way of shoplifting; they are now reconnoitring the streets as they go along, and it will be hard if they return to their dens at night without having purloined a ham, a cheese, or some article of wearing apparel, or at least without "ringing the changes" on a couple or so of bad half sovereigns.

We are far from proposing to dismiss our readers with the partial and deceptive glance we may have of character as it passes along the public thoroughfares; we will follow, in the proper places, through its several windings and turnings, and record the

routine of checkered life, whether at Almack's or St Giles's. At present, to preserve as far as we can our preconceived arrangements, we return to the general ideas a stranger will most readily acquire of the World of London, not contemplated individually, but in the mass.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALREADY we have referred to the apparent illimitability, and the inexhaustible variety of London; the INDUSTRY of its mighty population will no less excite the wonder and respect of the astonished spectator. The hum of industrial thousands never ceases from this mighty hive: the vast majority of our population hold, with Crusoe, that "the whole world is in motion, rolling round and round; all the creatures of God—heavenly bodies and earthly—are busy and diligent; why should we be idle? there are no drones in the world but men, wherefore should we be of that number?"

London has her drones, no doubt; but she has her thousands upon thousands of busy bees also. No period of life is exempt; the child begins to work and to earn as soon as it is able to stand upon its legs; the town boy goes to a place ere the country lout goes to school; the youth, the man, and even decrepit age, find something wherewith to make into profit the passing hour: tender infancy is let out to hire to sturdy beggars by the day, at a shilling or eighteenpence a-head, accord-

ing to quality, for the purpose of exciting commiseration and procuring money.

The education of the infant for the one thing needful (making money) begins with the earliest period when intelligence or perception develops itself; a farthing is put into the creature's tiny fingers as soon as he is able to clutch it; this exchanged for almond rock, brandy-balls, or lollypops, introduces his innocent mind to an acquaintance with the important truth, that "money is power:" he has not heard that *knowledge* is power, nor, if the Schoolmaster himself said so, would he believe a word of it; he sees with his own eyes that knowledge will not buy brandy-balls, almond rock, or lollypops: he knows, as well as if he had read it in a treatise of Natural Theology, that the Schoolmaster himself, with all his knowledge, would not be able honestly to lay his hands upon a halfpenny worth of sweet stuff *without the halfpenny;* thus, by syllogistic deduction, the urchin arrives at the incontrovertible conclusion, that *halfpence* are power; *à fortiori*, the reasoning is good as to pence, shillings, and pounds sterling, and upon this principle the education of your Cockney urchin begins, proceeds, and terminates.

The precocity of these children of Mammon often approaches the ridiculous: we have seen a babe of two years old lying in a costermonger's cart, coupled by a leathern strap to a ferocious bull-dog, which, grinning and barking at every one who approached the cart, nevertheless found time, in the intervals of his watchful care, to lick and fondle with apparent

affection the child of his master: we have been sufficiently amused with another urchin, the infant of a *cad*, who had the little fellow strapped to the "bus," and took the greatest delight in instructing him to hold up his tiny finger, and to cry, at the top of his squeaking voice, "Oney tickspence to te Bank,—oney tickspence to te Bank!"

The natural effect of this commercial education is obvious, in a precocious astuteness, rarely or never to be found among the inhabitants of country places: *there* the little children really are little children, *here* they are little men. Their ideas run solely upon money and money matters. They talk familiarly of "*browns*," "*joeys*," "*bobs*," and "*tanners*," by which you are to understand current coins of the realm. Their ambition is to go to place as errand boys as soon as they are breeched, and to get "five *bob*" a-week and their "*wittles*." That there are objections to the education, as at present conducted, of the rising Cockneys, we admit; but it is the objection of a good thing carried to excess, or rather pursued in exclusion of other things also good: but, when we consider that the business of life, with the mass of the population, is to gain a livelihood; and that, in a forced and highly artificial state of society, all human energies must be taxed to the utmost, it is clear that the education for this sort of life must needs be less an education of principles than of habits: the misfortune is, that while habits of industry and economy are cultivated to excess, principles of religion and morality are sadly

neglected; so that nothing is more common, in this vast metropolis, than honest rogues and industrious profligates.

The labour of London life is not only carried on by day and all hours of the day, but by night and all hours of the night:—

"Nocturno versantur manu, versantur diurno."

Let us glance, superficially and cursorily, at the industry of a London twenty-four hours. Towards midnight, and by the time you have attained the luxurious oblivion of your first sleep, your breakfast—nay, your dinner and supper, of the coming day are being prepared; two or three hours before, thousands of your fellow-creatures have been snatching hours from rest, to cart and pack the vegetables that will form a portion of your principal meal; and, if you are wakeful, the ponderous rumbling of waggon wheels over the rocky pavement, apprize you of their transit to the vast emporium of Covent Garden—than which, no garden of ancient or of modern times boasts earlier or riper fruits, or sooner rifles the budding treasures of the spring.

From the north, droves of sheep, oxen, and swine, directed by the steady herdsman and the sagacious dog, thread the suburban neighbourhoods on their way to Smithfield, where, long before dawn, they are safely penned, awaiting the purchase of the salesmen of Leadenhall and Newgate markets.

The river, in the dead hour of night, is alive with

boats, conveying every variety of the finny tribe to Billingsgate; now are the early breakfast houses reaping their harvest, the bustling host, in his shirt sleeves, conveying refreshment to his numerous customers; here the shut out sot, and belated debauchee, are compelled to resort in conversation with the unfortunate and degraded of the other sex, to await the re-opening of their customary haunts of dissipation; now the footstep of the policeman, as he tramps slowly over his beat, awakens the slumbering echoes; every house is shrouded in repose, and the city seems a city of the dead. Soon again, all is noise, bustle, and confusion; the carts of thousands of fishmongers, green-grocers, and victuallers, rattle along the streets, taking up their stands in orderly array in the immediate vicinity of the respective markets; loud is the noise of bargaining, chaffering, and contention. In a little while they have completed their cargoes for the day, and drive off; waggons disappear, markets are swept clean, and no trace remains, save in the books of the salesman, of the vast business that has been done, as it were, in a moment.

Five o'clock gives some little signs of life in the vicinity of the hotels and coach-offices; a two-horse stage, or railway "*bus*," rumbles off to catch the early trains; street-retailers of fish, vegetables, and fruit may be encountered, bearing on their heads their respective stocks in trade, to that quarter of the town where their customers reside; the nocturnal venders of "saloop" are busy dispensing their penny cups at

the corners; the gilded ball of St Paul's, lit up like a beacon by the earliest rays of the sun, while all below is yet shrouded in night, indicates approaching day.

Six o'clock announces the beginning of the working day, by the ringing of the bells of various manufactories. Now is the street crowded with the fustian-coated artisan, his basket of tools in his hand, and the stalwart Irish labourer, his short black pipe scenting the morning air with odours far different from those of Araby the Blest; the newspaper offices, busy during the night, now "let off" their gas — sub-editors and compositors go home to bed, leaving the pressmen to complete the labour of the night. Now even the smoky city looks bright and clear, its silvery stream the very picture of repose; the morning air is soft and balmy, and the caged throstle, lark, and linnet, captives though they be, carol sweet and melancholy lays.

There is an *interregnum* until eight; shopkeepers then begin *their* day, the porter taking down the shutters, the boy sweeping out the shop, and the slip-shod 'prentice lounging about the door; the principal comes in from his country box about nine; the assistants have then breakfasted and dressed; and at ten the real business of the day begins.

At ten, too, the stream of life begins to set in city-ways; the rich merchant from Hampstead and Camberwell dashes along in his well-appointed curricle; the cashier, managing director, and principal accoun-

tant, reaches his place of business comfortably seated in his gig; clerks of all denominations foot it from Hackney, Islington, and Peckham Rye; the "*busses*" are filled with a motley crew of all descriptions, from Paddington, Piccadilly, Elephant and Castle, and Mile-End.

From eleven till two the tide of population sets in strongly city-ways; then, when the greater part of the business in that quarter has been transacted, the West-End tradesmen begin to open their eyes and look about them; although in Regent Street business is not at its maximum until four or five o'clock, and soon after the *city* is almost deserted. About two, all over London there is a lull; important business, that brooks no delay, must then be transacted — the vital business of dinner; for an hour little or nothing is done, and no sound man of business expects to do any thing; the governor is at dinner, the cashier is at dinner, the book-keeper is at dinner, the senior and junior clerks are at dinner; and behold! perched on a stool, in a dark corner, the office-keeper is also taking a lesson in the "philosophy of living."

Dinner over, business recommences with the energy of giants refreshed; the streets, lanes, and passages are blocked up with vehicles and men, pressing forward as if life and death depended on their making way; now would a foreigner, at the top of Ludgate Hill, imagine that the living mass about him was hastening to some national *fête*, or important ceremony, instead of going about the ordinary business of every day.

About six o'clock the great business of the city is totally at an end; the tide is then a tide of ebb, setting out through all the avenues of town to the westward and to the suburbs; the "busses" that came laden to the city, and went empty away, now go out full and return empty.

Now eating begins in West End, and drinking in city taverns; now coffeehouses fill, and crowds gather round the doors of the theatres, patiently awaiting for an hour or more the opening of the doors; Hyde Park is now (if it be the fashionable season) in its glory; the eye is dazzled with the display of opulence, beauty, and fashion, for at this hour is the world of wealth and fashion more prominently abroad. At nine o'clock the shops begin to close, save those of the cigar dealers and gin-spinners, whose business is now only about to begin; the streets swarm with young men about town, and loose characters of all descriptions issue from their hiding-places, prowling about in search of prey; now the shellfish shops set forth their crustaceous treasures in battle array, fancifully disposing their prawns and lobsters in concentrical rows; the supper houses display their niceties in their windows, assailing the pocket through the appetite of the eye.

About midnight a continuous roll of carriages indicates the breaking up of the theatrical auditories, while the streets are crowded with respectable persons hastening to their homes; one o'clock all is shut up, save the watering houses opposite the hackney coach and cab stands, the subterranean singing rooms, the

à la mode beef houses, lobster taverns, and ham shops; at two the *day* may be said to end, and the nocturnal industry with which we commenced our diary begins over again.

Such is the routine, varied materially according to the season of the year, of a day of London life; such days, accumulated, number years, and a few such years — we are gone, and are seen no more!

Every class in London is pervaded by the all-powerful spirit of labour; all are stimulated and driven by their necessities; and not only by their necessities, but by the certainty of their reward; industry is stimulated and kept alive by hope and fear; nor is there any difference between classes apparently widely removed from each other in this respect. The great lawyer works from twelve to sixteen hours a-day, the Spitalfields weaver does no more; the Royal Academician plies his pencil, and the banker's clerk his pen, from ten till five; the physician sits all day long in his carriage, the costermonger in his cart; we are all labouring men, and the chief difference is in the amount of our weekly wages.

> "Press'd with the *toil* of life, the weary mind
> Surveys the general lot of human kind,
> With cool submission joins the labouring train,
> And social *travail* loses half its pain."

Yes, it loses *all* its pain, and becomes a source of pure pleasure and honourable satisfaction. The law of God has prescribed labour as a necessity of our

being; and, like every other divine precept, a feeling of mental gratification is appointed to attend compliance with our duty. In London, as elsewhere, none work so hard as those whose misfortune it is to be appointed to do nothing; nay, they cannot choose but work; they carry upon their shoulders heavy burdens that they cannot lay down—vapours, spleen, jealousy, envy, and the dismal train of idleness; two bitter enemies ever attend their steps—time and the devil; the former wearies out their souls in the never-ending quarrel for the possession of the hour; the latter suggests the tortures that attend lust, ambition, dissipation, the fopperies and anilities of fashion.

If no age is exempt from the general lot in London, neither is either sex. In country places, the wife of a small shopkeeper or trader scorns to scrub her kitchen floor till it shone again, or to "hearthstone" her doorstep; she will insist on having a domestic drudge, and on being called "Ma'am" and "Missus;" she will "look after" every household matter, but will not condescend to put her hand to any thing herself; if she sews a button on her husband's shirt, or keeps her children from running to rags, she thinks herself a pattern of a wife, and says so; she thinks it discreditable to take a basket on her arm and go to market, and has always some excuse to justify putting out her washing. She hears that Mrs Baggins, next door, declared on one occasion that she makes herself a slave to her husband; upon this she determines to be so no longer, and proclaims herself the most ill-used woman

in the world because her spouse refuses to have a boy to clean the knives and run errands. In short, she lives in a place where the eyes, not only of Mrs Baggins, but of the whole neighbourhood, are upon her, and thinks it "not becoming a lady" to soil her hands; to conclude, the odds are ten to one that she is as useless, as lazy, as full of petty pride and little airs, as a nursery governess in a gentleman's family.

No married man in London, in the humbler walks of life, stands or understands this nonsense; nor does his wife contemplate ceasing to labour with her hands because she has a ring on her finger: on the contrary, the habits of industry in which she has been brought up, are stimulated to increased activity by the enlargement of her sphere of action. She understands perfectly that her duties in her new condition, towards her husband, are equal though different; he is the provider, she the economist; he furnishes the raw material of domestic life, she works it up into the manufacture of household comfort: always busy, careful, and provident, she knows that whatever is required to be effectually and speedily done is best done by herself, and she acts accordingly. There is no petty counteracting influence at work to make her ashamed of being seen on her knees before her own door, for all her neighbours do the same; if she employs a char-woman once a-week to get through the heavy work of her house, it is not because she is disinclined to do it herself, but because her time can be

employed to more profit in some other department of her duty.

Is she the wife of an artisan, earning, as she would say herself, his "five-and-thirty" a-week? Their little cottage is probably in the suburbs on the Surrey side, and contains three rooms, with wash-house, oven, and little plot of garden ground, for which they may pay six-and-sixpence or seven shillings a-week. Their apartments consist of a neat kitchen, plentifully furnished with the necessary conveniences of humble life; their little parlour, where they dine on Sundays, set off with a chest of mahogany drawers, a looking-glass, a round table, a few chairs, and a carpet, carefully covered with drugget; the bedroom affords accommodation ample for their present wants: the garden boasts some flowers, bough-pots decorate their windows, the blinds and curtains are scrupulously clean, and a gold-finch or linnet, in a pretty cage, discourses exquisite music outside the window of the sleeping-room; the doorstep is white as snow, and even the scraper, you may observe, has been polished with the black brush — all is tidy, clean, sweet-smelling, and comfortable.

The mode of life of the inmates is sufficiently simple; overnight, the coffee for the breakfast of the husband is prepared, and the kitchen fire laid, so that no time may be lost in the morning. When the husband goes to his work, the wife begins the daily labour of their home, in a plain blue wrapper with short sleeves; she bustles about till nine or ten, when she

puts on her bonnet and shawl, and sets forth to make preparation for the mid-day meal; when all is ready, and her husband momentarily expected, she changes her working dress, arranges her hair, and, lest her fingers should be idle, beguiles time with her needle, laying it aside only while she ministers to the wants of her helpmate and provider. Her mending and making occupy her till evening: then she has tea laid, not without cresses, fruit, a muffin, or something "nice"—not that she cares for these things herself, but to gratify her husband. A walk after dinner is the evening enjoyment of the pair, bread and cheese, a pipe, and half-a-pint of porter closing the day. Once a fortnight something is "out" at one or other of the theatres, and it is the turn of the husband to afford his careful wife a little recreation. Whitsuntide, Christmas, and Easter are their seasons of festivity, and furnish matter for pleasant retrospection until Whitsuntide, Christmas, and Easter return again.

But it is not merely to the lower classes that this habit of industry, economy, and self-reliance on the part of the wives, is peculiar; the most respectable tradesmen and shopkeepers, if they do not end, at least begin life with the same assistance from their helpmates; nor are instances by any means rare, where a woman, who has ministered to the household comforts of her husband in his early struggles from poverty to independence, has continued to dispense with all mercenary assistance in after life, even when circumstances would have amply justified the indul-

gence. We do not speak of this as being either right or wrong, judicious or not; our object is merely to add one more instance to many of the contrariety of modes of life and social usages in the country and in London, where certainly idleness, whether of hands or head, forms no part of female accomplishment either in the middle or lower classes.

The industry of Londoners is truly wonderful; and those who know no better are accustomed to give them credit for it, which they deserve just as much as the industrious man who would pick up a sovereign lying at the end of his great toe. Cockneys are not a whit more industrious than other people; they labour hard in their several vocations, not that they love labour, but because labour is an article in great demand: industry, like gooseberries, will be plentiful wherever it is wanted, and will not come to market unless the cultivation of it will pay.

The peasantry of mountainous regions might be very industriously employed in rolling a big stone up a hill, for the purpose of letting it roll down again; but we see them very often walk about with their hands in their pockets instead. Now, if these mountaineers could each earn six shillings a-day by rolling big stones up the sides of hills, you would not see a man of them idle: *argul*, the reason they are idle in rolling big stones is, because they get nothing by it; and what holds of rolling big stones, will hold of any thing else to which human industry is applicable, big or little.

The intensity of low-bred ignorance, (we do not mean *vulgar* ignorance, for that is a different vice,) is more prominently offensive in nothing than in national prejudice. You will hear a man, who may have posted over Europe with the blinds of his carriage up, descant upon the indolence of one people and the industry of another; but that this national industry in the one case is secondarily a cause, and primarily only an effect, and that the national idleness in the other is precisely the reverse, he knows no more than the blind puppy drowned on Wednesday last.

The soul of industry is pay; where pay is not, neither is labour. Abundance of employment, and certainty of adequate remuneration, create industrious habits, which, once created, spontaneously perpetuate themselves, and become part and parcel of the national character; where industry, on the contrary, receives no fair remuneration or encouragement, idleness becomes in time a characteristic of the people, distinguishing them for years, it may be, after deteriorating causes have ceased to act. Geographical position, natural wealth, soil, climate — and, above all, forms of government — determine the amount of industry of a people; the industry of the *individual* is determined by the wages he can obtain. Individuals may be found who will not work; but no nation ever was intrinsically lazy, nor ever will be.

CHAPTER IX.

If we were to endeavour to convey to an intelligent foreigner an idea of the prevalence among us of the peculiarly national characteristic, COMFORT,—leaving palaces, castles, halls, and galleries out of the question—we should perambulate with him the private neighbourhoods frequented by the middle and lower classes; we should make him look below the surface, and keep his eye on the kitchens, like an "area sneak."* Subordinate, and apparently trivial things, convey better ideas of national peculiarities than most writers upon the subject choose to acknowledge. Dining-rooms and drawing-rooms are pretty much the same every where; but if you want to have a correct notion of the perfection to which the science of comfort has arrived, you must make a tour of London kitchens, even at the hazard of having a dishclout pinned to your tail.

Stop, now, and look into that area: the steps leading down to it would put to shame the marbled stair of an

* Area Sneak,—a person who waylays ground floors: a "conveyancer" of the basement story.

Italian palazza, and white as marble are the flags below, contrasted admirably with those geraniums and myrtles; the windows not merely cleaned, but polished, reflect the light like so many mirrors, the window-seats covered with oil-cloth, adorned with pretty nosegays, the gift to one of the maids from her sweetheart in the country.

Let us look in. Here you see, in the tables, benches, covers, coppers — every apparatus, in short, in this laboratory of daily life — the scrupulosity of cleanliness; nothing is *merely* clean, the presiding nymphs scorn the imputation; no, all that they have to do with is scrubbed, polished to excess, and arranged so as to gratify the eye; over the spacious stove, flanked with ovens and boilers supplementary, the clock, with the motto underwritten, WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, moralize the scene.

Let us introduce you to Mrs Cook: is she not a sonsy, well-favoured dame, emblematic in her ample rotundity of the plenty her master's house affords? the blush that once mantled her maiden cheek has long since been permanently fixed by the continual radiation of caloric; the tips of her dimpled elbows emulate the richest rouge, and her rotund arms are dappled with crimson, like (excuse the simile,) Aurora rising in the purple east. Although a portly woman — faith, and a corpulent — Mrs Cook is no slattern; her plain mob-cap is white as driven snow, and "*titivated*" with a single knot of blue ribbon; — her bird's-eye cotton gown fits like her skin, and is rather short in the

skirt — not to shew her well-turned leg, forsooth — but because she hates a Dorothy Draggletail! — Heigho! many an elderly gentleman have we known made happy in such a wife: and that reminds us, by the way, that we are getting rather elderly ourselves.

Do not overlook the parlour maid; how fresh, fair, tidy, *trig*, she is! The housemaid, too, is not far behind; and, take the three as you find them, do you confess you see in them the Graces of the kitchen?

Observe them at their meals; cloth as white, knives and forks as clean, provisions as plentiful and good, more homely only, than those served above stairs.

Nor are these domestic ministers denied their recreation: that ceaseless, unremitting drudgery that attends the household servant in a country place, is not exacted by the mistress of a town mansion. There is with them, as with all other classes, an understood reciprocity of rights and duties, which must be held sacred on both sides, or else shake hands and part.

Take another illustration of London comfort — the Sunday dinners of a low neighbourhood carried from the baker's after church. Take up a position somewhere in the Tower Hamlets, the Borough, or the fag-end of Westminster, where every house contains two or more families on a floor. The crowd gathering at the corner awaits the opening of the baker's shop. As soon as the clock strikes one, behold a general rush to the common Sabbath kitchen of the neighbourhood, whence each soon issues, bearing in both hands substantial and savoury viands, sending forth those "Sabean

odours" introduced very happily by John Milton in his "Paradise Lost."

Regard that athletic Irishman in the fustian suit, holding up a huge junk of beef perched on a little tripod, and garnished all round with "baked 'tatoes screeching hot." Pat is evidently looking out for somebody to dine with him. He is naturally hospitable; and proud, besides, that he is able to offer share of such a dinner. Soon he fastens his keen eye on a fellow-countryman rubbing himself against a post at the opposite corner. "Hirroo, Mike, my jewel, dine with me to-day; see, I've an *iligant* roasted beef and tatees!" — "Glory to yer sowl, Pat," replies the other, "that's the very same dinner I have myself, by japurs! *barrin' the beef*," and with a hearty laugh away they go together.

That poor widow, attended by two little girls decently clad in black, has but scanty provision for them — a couple of sheeps' hearts, eked out by a little batter pudding in the bottom of the baking dish. Now they come crowding, one on the heels of another: shoulders, legs and loins of mutton; rumps, jumps, and sirloins of beef; fillets of veal, with their near relation, ham; pies of every pattern; pigs and petitoes; not a splash, hash, or stew to be seen in the collection — all solid, substantial, old English viands, and no mistake! Now doth the pot-boy issue forth, bending beneath the weight of the troughs in which his pots are carefully arranged, and which he carries longitudinally by

handles affixed to the upper surfaces. Like Æsop, his load lighteneth as he journeyeth along.

Dinner being done, the entire population sets out on a voyage of discovery towards the outskirts: the young and active succeed, it may be, in gaining a distant view of the fields beyond Holloway, or in ravishing a bough of horse chestnut or of hawthorn from its parent tree, with which they return home in triumph; the family men, on the contrary, accompanied by their wives and children, content themselves with a suburban pot-house, where benches outside the door, a canopy of pollarded elms, and a dusty privet hedge, do duty for rural scenery. Here they sit, quietly enjoying their pipes and pots of ale: and hence, when the dew begins to fall, they set out once again to that home, which, humble as it is, is endeared to them because it is their home, their possession, and their empire.

CHAPTER X.

No characteristic of London life is developed in greater intensity than its *association*. If the test of civilized life be taken in the congregativeness of men for mutual interest, profit, and protection, nowhere does civilization attain to greater perfection than here: here the power and might of co-operative man for political, social, and charitable purposes — for every purpose, in short, from the cradle to the grave — is strained to the utmost: elsewhere men stand alone, here each is supported by others: elsewhere, the moving power of enterprise is self, here it is self and fellows.

By this highly developed social system, ten thousand, or a hundred thousand men, become as one: every individual is only so much money invested in the concern, one or two superintending spirits directing the great machine: you have the unity of purpose of one man, with the resources and appliances of one million. Without this congregative principle, a great city would be a great desert; or, we should rather say, in the place of a great city a desert would be found. To the unconnected stranger, wandering and wonder-

ing through London streets, the sense of loneliness and desolation is extreme: let him fall sick — the mercenary cares of the lodging-house are all that he can depend on: let him be unemployed — there are no resources to fall back upon: let him be poor — he faints with hunger on the threshhold of a tavern: let him be once associated — let him have a definite rule of life, a fixed purpose, a certain residence, all is changed; he becomes an individual member of that great associated family, whose trade, avocation, or profession, he may have acquired.

Is he an artisan? a tailor, for example? he comes to London, not knowing a single human being; he goes to one of the houses of call for that ancient fraternity, pays his half-crown for entrance, and a small weekly contribution; for this he is associated, provided for, and protected; his name comes up for work in its turn, and in sickness he is relieved from the general stock; all disputes about wages are settled by a directing committee, to whose decisions, unless where manifestly unreasonable, masters themselves find it convenient to submit; in short, our provincial *snip*, instead of shuffling through London streets a mere redundancy, now, by the magic of association, boasts himself the fraction of a man, and holds up his head accordingly! The same rule holds in almost every instance of men in their integrity, as of the aforesaid fragments of humanity. Chimney-sweepers even have their protective association, and each year celebrate the anniversary of their foundation at Highbury Barn

Tavern with great solemnity; Parliament men of forty-donkey power of voice, and sundry exalted patriots, always then and there assisting the solemnities of the sooty fraternity.

We have as many protective associations as there are trades, nor is there the slightest chance of success for any man who refuses to become a member of his associated profession. He may perhaps be employed in a contraband way by some recusant master, but in general he is forced to quit; they call him a *colt*, in their technical slang, and although — unlike provincial artisans, who have a knack of bludgeoning men of this stamp — they seldom resort to violence, they rarely fail to starve out the unlucky wight who would stand alone, and work his way through life without the assistance, guidance, and protection of his fellows. Not alone for the protection of trade are societies organized: social reunions are even more numerous; hardly any person in the humbler walks of life, with good character and ostensible occupation, excludes himself from a friendly society, burial society, or mutual assistance society of one sort or other. Clubs of various sorts are instituted for the purpose of purchasing articles by weekly small subscriptions of the members, and on every Saturday evening drawing lots. In this way are formed hat clubs, watch and clock clubs, portrait clubs, and even goose clubs, for provision of the indispensable Christmas dinner. This system, however, being in the nature of a lottery, is not in request with the more prudent or respectable,

appertaining chiefly to the frequenters of sporting-houses, which abound in every quarter of London.

The ladies, too, are not behind in associating for mutual protection and support; you will see, in the poorer neighbourhoods, advertisements in the windows of coffee-shops, and, we are sorry to be obliged to add, in those of public houses also, UNITED SOCIETY OF SISTERS OF INDUSTRY HELD HERE; FEMALE FRIENDLY ASSOCIATION; WORKING WOMEN'S COAL CLUB; and a hundred other notices of the like description.

Of this power of association thus practically carried into effect among high and low, rich and poor, it is impossible to estimate too highly the manifold advantages. To this we owe the gigantic undertakings that make the enterprise of Londoners a world's wonder; to this we owe that stability of mercantile credit, which is the basis and foundation of our enterprise; to this we owe the extension of our national influence and power beyond the narrow limits of our isle; to this we owe much of that solidity and stability of character which results from the minute division of property among all industrious classes.

What can be more wonderful, for example, than the power of association manifested in joint-stock banking companies, shipping companies, steam and railway companies? The immensity and apparent inexhaustibility of their resources, astonish less than the rapidity with which their gigantic undertakings approach completion, alike defying competition and opposition. Ere in a provincial town the preliminaries of action could

be adjusted, the London speculator has invested his thousands or his millions, as the case may be, and begins to receive slowly first, then quicker, the returns of his investment.

Philosophic doctors demonstrate to a moral certainty that the great Atlantic may not be traversed by steam ships; and even while philosophic doctors' throats are hoarse with their demonstration of the physical impossibility of crossing the ocean by steam, your Londoner sends out a steamer, does the trick, and gives the philosophic doctor the lie direct. Geological *savans* insist that tunnels of a couple of miles in length through lofty hills are out of the question, because of greywacke, quartz, old red sandstone, hornblende, and we know not what; your London shareholder employs a contractor, orders him to bore through thick and thin until he comes out at the other side, which he does without more ceremony, to the undisguised chagrin of the geologist, who discovers, notwithstanding all *his* science, that the London speculator is perfectly "up to *trap*."

The impossible-mongering, cold-water-throwing, wet-blanketting-fellows, howled in this way about the Thames tunnel; there was a bed of quicksand, and another bed of dead sand, and a bed of quicksand again, and it couldn't be done, and all the workmen, as well as the work, would be drowned, and it was a bad job, and no use, and so on; similar howling was heard respecting the gigantic tunnel of Box on the Great Western Railway, and yet both the one and the

other have been carried to a successful issue; there they stand, durable monuments of the ignorance of the learned, and the possibility of every thing to money and Brunel.

In truth, the Londoner is not to be deterred from any work, however gigantic, by the timidity of theorists. He knows, by experience, that few difficulties are insurmountable by mind, muscle, and machinery, and he has money to buy all three; difficulties and discouragements only call forth his unbounded resources, and his unrivalled energy. He goes to war with the whole world, and not only finds money to pay his expenses, but can spare plenty more to set other nations by the ears; in peace he is at war, tyrannizing over the rebellious ocean, or rending the bowels of the reluctant earth. He is not only enterprising in himself, but the cause of enterprise in others; his capital is sunk in the coal mines of Northumberland, and the gold mines of Brazil; his capital, like his own steam-engine, propels the great and little wheels of industry, at all corners of the earth. Nothing is too great for his enterprise, or too little; he dashes at all in the ring — to-day investing his thousands in settling colonies for the living, to-morrow sporting a few thousands more in providing genteel and airy suburban accommodation for the dead!

The root of the enterprise of a Londoner, is in having a correct idea of the use and value of money, in which he differs chiefly from provincial people. When he accumulates a trifle of thousands, say a hundred or

two, he begins to think himself able to earn a little; instead of buying land, enclosing a park, stopping up public footpaths, and sitting at quarter sessions, he sets his wits at work to double his capital; money, he will tell you, is like muscle, growing by exercise, and wasting by repose; and he puts his money in training accordingly. The more money he has he is not a richer man, but only a larger adventurer; his thousands are not the *end* of his industry, but the means to an end, and that end is extended speculation. In country places, on the contrary, men fail from having an erroneous idea that money, that is to say, coin, is *positive* wealth; that a certain number of guineas keeps him from starvation, a certain number in addition renders him comfortable; doubling this sum, he becomes, as it is called, respectable; and doubling this again, he may be considered wealthy; thus he forms his rule of life upon putting every guinea he can lay his hands on into an old stocking, and keeping it there. It need hardly be added, that this is fatal to enterprise, and consequently to the rapid return of profits and speedy multiplication of wealth.

Wherever this hoarding principle is strong, commerce is little, and credit none; it is clear that the first principle of commercial enterprise is wanting; money, its life and soul, being considered not the means, but the end. In town, a guinea is considered a little machine, which, properly set agoing, may reproduce itself, with sixpence or a shilling to boot; in the country, a guinea is a guinea; and unless, by

taking it out of the stocking, another guinea can be made, the proprietor of the (*per se*) worthless dross will not part with it for a moment.

When we talk of the commercial enterprise of Londoners, we must be understood to speak as well of all other places imbued with the liberal principles upon which metropolitan traders have been long accustomed to act: the analysis of these principles, and a description of the rules of business practice in the metropolis, we do not purpose to pursue: speculations of this sort demand a depth of thought, and a comprehensiveness of view better suited to the political economist than to the cursory observer of men and manners.

CHAPTER XI.

It will be desirable, before proceeding farther, that we take the trouble to recapitulate briefly the portion of our task already completed — the better to assist the memory of our readers, and our own.

The vulgar errors prevalent among provincial people, which we have already satisfactorily refuted, are ideas of town with regard to,—

I. Sociality.
II. Expensiveness.
III. Splendour.

The general ideas apt to impress the reflective stranger, already illustrated by a few examples, are those of the World of London in its —

I. Vastness.
II. Industry.
III. Enterprise.
IV. Economy.
V. Comfort.
VI. Association.

We now proceed briefly to notice another striking peculiarity of London life — the absence, namely, of a concentrated, determined, or concentrating unity of PUBLIC OPINION.

In a thousand ways this privation of common consent in the expression of public opinion may be illustrated; but it will be better understood by contrasting London with other places, wherein an expression of decision upon matters of public interest is constant, permanent, and tangible, such as Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, and others.

The public opinion of London varies its tone and character with a thousand clashing and conflicting interests; extreme ends of the town represent extreme opinions, ever changing their extremes; the centre of this mighty motive power remains permanent, revolving steadily in a moderate but decided course; in the *City* alone has the public opinion of London any weight of authority — and the opinion of the city of London has materially influenced, and continues materially to influence, the public opinion of the empire.

This effect, however, is produced rather silently and imperceptibly, than by what are called demonstrations. These are few and far between, nor are resorted to save on occasions of overwhelming national interest. Matters of ordinary importance are left to take their ordinary course; and the grand distinction between the world of London and the world of the provinces, is in the extreme general indifference, wherewith in the former objects of particular interest are regarded.

The violence of expression upon political matters, characteristic of provincial places, and of them characteristic in the inverse ratio of their importance or intelligence, has no place in the city of London. No party has time or inclination for rampant speechification, for the organization of bludgeon-men, or instigation to riot and disorder. Habits of business in their private relations, have taught them how public business may be carried on; and they carry on their public business accordingly.

Not in politics alone, but in all minor matters, social and personal, is the absence of pervading interest, or universal impulse apparent: in truth, it must be manifest that, when occasions of great national import produce so little general excitement in town, lesser matters must be noticed with almost general indifference, or, at the most, blaze up for half an hour into topics of general conversation, and be extinguished for ever.

When Sam Scott, the American, suspended himself upon Waterloo Bridge, we happened to have occasion to walk up the Waterloo Road about ten minutes after the untoward event; the crowd had already dispersed, but some stray sentences dropped by the passers-by induced us to imagine something interesting might have occurred. Laying down sixpence to pay our toll, while awaiting the change, we took occasion to inquire of the gate-keeper what was the matter. "Only a Yankee diver hanged hisself on the bridge, sir—all right!" replied the functionary. Whether the

"all right" referred to the propriety of poor Sam acting as his own hangman upon this occasion, or to the correctness of the change tendered us by the gate-keeper, we cannot say; however that may be, we could not help censuring the folly of Sam Scott in executing himself in London, where not merely the manner of his death, but his previous existence, was forgotten in some seconds less than five minutes; whereas, had he only taken the trouble to strangulate himself in Edinburgh or Dublin, he would have been talked of for a week, and remembered for a fortnight. Songs would have been sung, and sermons made, about him; public meetings would have been called to petition Parliament against capital punishments. Scott would have become a household word, and his effigy would have been seen in every shop hanging in mezzo-tinto; we would have had the Sam Scott quadrilles, and the Sam Scott magic strop, and the Sam Scott cravats; in short, if Sam had any sense, he might have been not only notorious in himself, but the cause of notoriety in others.

It is, therefore, sheer folly in intending suicides to think of creating a sensation by performing their antics in London. Coroner Wakley, sitting in judgment on half a score corpses a-day, or thereabouts, cannot confer upon all an immortality: tumbling from the Monument, even, has lost its novelty, and is now considered by the town a very "slow" way of cutting one's self off. No suicide, therefore, who cannot strike out a new line of bold, dashing, and original *felo de se*, has

the chance even of seeing his inquest headed "Suicide Extraordinary." We therefore recommend all daring spirits, ambitious of immortality by hanging or otherwise, to take themselves off to the country, where a sensation is worth any money, and where they will have twelve columns of inquest in the county papers.

There is no *town's talk* in London: there is no use coming to "star it" in our milky way, where ten thousand million *nebulæ* are lost and confounded in general brightness. Your lion is here a very tame beast, and must roar "as gently as a sucking dove, nay, as 'twere a very nightingale;" let him roar never so loud, not a soul will think more of his roaring than of the rumbling of a cart. Though he roar "that it would do any man's heart good to hear him," what shall he have where all men are busy blowing their own trumpets like mountebanks in a fair? Though he cry out like wisdom in the streets, he will have the auditory of wisdom, "no man regarding him."

In the provinces your lion must go roar; he is sure to find an echo. A peripatetic philosopher, purblind, his hair depending from the back of his neck like the *tentacula* of a cuttle-fish, with a bundle of manuscript lectures, a box of apparatus, and three letters of introduction, is a made man, a lion in his glory; provincial philosophers abuse him, provincial ladies adore him; he is talked of for a month or six weeks, and is hardly forgotten when the caravan of wild beasts introduces another lion, equally renowned and remarkable.

Provincial folks live on lions. Like the ocean, the

country receives fallen stars, which turn out after all to be mere molluscous animals; every adventurer is welcome to a country town, save an adventurer of their *own* town: *him*, if he be successful, the inhabitants run down, ridicule, and hate with a hatred surpassing the hate of women. They discover that when he went away, twenty-five years ago, his father was in the work-house, and his mother got her living as a washerwoman; they hear he made his money by usury, or in the slave-trade.

The gentry of the neighbourhood combine to *cut* him, because he has more money than they, with the additional honour of having earned it: he is a stranger in his own land, a prophet without honour in his own country. If, on the other hand, he returns "buffeted by the storms of fate," poor and unfortunate, he is worse than hated; *pity* is his portion, and pity is half-brother to contempt. His best friends have a bad story to tell of him: he was always, they recollect well, a dull boy at school, and was once in trouble for robbing an orchard: he went bail for his brother, who ran away, and served him right: he married when he was young, and no better could be expected of him: he lavished his money on worthless characters, under pretence of relieving the unfortunate: he has seedy habiliments and a shocking hat, and although they think him an honest poor fellow enough, their wives have commanded them not to be seen with him, and their daughters "wonder at his impudence" when he ventures timidly to salute them. In a word, he is the

victim of the universal conspiracy of the respectable against the unprosperous.

Itinerant adventurers, on the contrary, are never more at home than when from home, or, properly speaking, never are at home but when away.

A corn-law lecturer, tragedy queen, prize bull, philanthropic Quakeress, wandering Jew, collecting money with a view to his conversion to Christianity, Hottentot Venus, flower show, marching regiment, live lord or crocodile, man in the stocks, flock of turkeys, Radical meeting, bull-bait, scientific association, or learned pig — one and all, or each after other, take your country town by the ear any hour of the twenty-four, filling all ears, mouths, paragraphs, and tablets of the brain, to the utter exclusion for the time of "baser matter."

There is nothing of the kind in London: no spouter will be listened to save in the streets, and then he is listened to only to be laughed at; marching regiments march in and out again, and that is all any body knows or cares; Hottentot Venuses may be seen for nothing, so there is no great curiosity about; live lords are abundant about town, as also blackberries, in the season.

A scientific association might jump bodily from Somerset House into the river, with the comfortable assurance that not an individual member would ever be missed. A political meeting, composed of an assistant Poor-law commissioner, three policemen in

coloured clothes, two placard-bearers, a little boy and a Chairman, occupying twelve and a-half columns of a morning paper, and headed "Grand Demonstration," in letters as long as your thumb, will have been held in the back parlour of the "Three Blind Mice" in Little Britain, the landlord, good easy man, imagining all the while, that the proceedings are in the nature of a master and his men settling the rate of wages. Learned pigs in broad brims, spectacles, and clump soles, are met with at every corner:—try how you will, it is as impossible to astonish us, as it would be if you were to exert your abilities in that line upon the fossil elephant.

One or two men may have been known *to* London, but for how long? The Emperor of Russia was alive just three days: seventy-two hours his Imperial Majesty was a household word. Another hour, had he been decapitated, he had lived only in a paragraph, we having totally forgotten his august existence.

The Lord Mayor lives between Guildhall and Blackfriars Bridge, only while his gingerbread coach passes our doors to take his lordship to Westminster: he is then dead as turtle to the world until next year, when the gingerbread coach reappears again. After all, the Lord Mayor is not known to us; we know the coach and the City Marshal, the Recorder in his big wig, and the two fools who sit in fur caps poking long poles out of the carriage windows, but the *man* we do not know; some faint notion have we that his lordship is either a

skinner or tallow-chandler, but beyond the courts of Aldermen or Common Council, who ever heard or cared to hear his name?

At the west end of the town, things are just the same. Prince Esterhazy, lord of ten thousand vassals, over whom he has the power of life and death, and of a diamond jacket, from whose folds drop some hundred pounds worth of brilliants every time the Prince condescends to have it placed upon his serene shoulders, must yield precedence upon occasion to a costermonger's cart, the proprietor whereof, if his Highness kicked up any "*bobbery*," would think as little of "flooring" him as he would of "*walloping*" a donkey.

Thousands and tens of thousands of individuals are known *in* London, but it is curious enough that there is one, and only one man now in existence known *to* London; to the City, the West End, Marybone, Southwark — every point, in short, of the metropolitan compass.

Much of this notoriety the illustrious individual in question owes to his glory, and much also to his nose; nor would he perhaps, with all his victories, have been enabled to achieve this signal conquest over the indifference of universal London, if his features were not, in some sort, the heralds of his fame. When this distinguished person appears out of doors, there is a general commotion: well-dressed people, forgetting their business or pleasure, run after him, like little boys trotting at the heels of a showman; "hats off" is the word wherever he makes his way; carriages stop

without orders, that the ladies, coachman, and John may have a stare: equestrians wheel about, and follow his footsteps: "there he goes," you'll hear the people say, but nobody asks who goes there, for to every one he is as well known as the Monument; when he proceeds to the House, crowds assemble to await his coming, and crowds await patiently to see him coming away. How he looks is the general topic of discourse, and he is the only person in London or the world, who, for twenty-five years, has occupied the same large portion of the public eye without fatiguing the sight or escaping the memory; without diminution or decay of a respect as universal as extraordinary. Need we say, that there must be more than popularity in this? When we said the illustrious person in question is as well known as the Monument, we forgot for the moment that he is a monument himself; a living, moving trophy of the might and majesty of England, of her bravery and her glory. We do not name him — to name were to detract from that universal fame that accompanies his footsteps; let it be enough that every one knows, and no one can mistake him. He is the solitary exception to the general rule we have laid down, that no living man is large enough to fill the universal eye of so vast a body as London.

This universal obscurity, enveloping more or less every man who plunges into the great ocean of London life, is not without many advantages, positive and negative. In the first place, a great moral lesson is read to the self-sufficient, the conceited, and the vain,

who, do what they can, can here only do little more than nothing: the desire of supremacy is vain in this vast republic, for no supremacy will be admitted to exist, nor can be practically asserted. He who would gain the limited renown, and circumscribed reputation a man may attain to here, must learn to rise rather by respecting, than by undervaluing the capacities opposed to him in the hand-to-hand struggles of London life.

We wish every provincial agitator, popular preacher, eminent physician, or pushing lawyer, a brief sojourn in London, were it only to return them to the distinction of their native town, satisfied in their hearts how little London feels their loss, and how excellently well she can do without them. The consciousness of their utter insignificance in our great world, might perhaps inspire them with diminished vanity, increased humility, or extended charity; and, at the least, lead them secretly to acknowledge, if they do not candidly admit, that it is possible even in their own town to discover a little merit in some one individual besides themselves.

Again, although the influences of rank, position, and fortune, may set in a strong current against an humble son of merit or genius, yet, if he possess the qualities by which superior abilities are ballasted and made available for steering successfully through the rocky channels of life, he cannot be overwhelmed. In the country, a virulent lord, or spiteful commoner, may put a man out, and put a man down; in town, no

man can destroy another. The blessing here is, that, let power, influence, or authority, be great as it may, the sphere where it is exercised is out of all proportion greater; and in every case a man of merit will, sooner or later — we say sooner or later, for it is altogether a question of time — be measured according to its deserts. London is remarkable for setting an exact value upon every thing; and whether in a broker's shop or the senate — whether at an auction or the bar — whether in the prize ring or the pulpit, you will find every article, animate and inanimate, ticketed as near as may be to his or its exact value; for the value of a man as of a thing, is, the money he or it will bring.

To conclude — there is no greater advantage to a man of humble fortune in London, especially if, at the same time, he be a man of merit or education, than the apparent equality of condition derivable from that obscurity in which each individual is enveloped, outwardly at least, in the immensity of London.

Whatever may be the differences in our social or domestic positions: whether we repose under the roofs of palaces, or enjoy a slumber broken by the tom-cats caterwauling outside our garret tiles; whether our pocket-book suffers under a plethora of banknotes, or it is our worse luck to wander along the street jingling three-halfpence between our fingers; whether we are engaged to dine with Prince Albert at the palace, or Duke Humphrey in the park; whether we walk about in search of a dinner or an appetite — fore

gad! so long as we are not out at toes or elbows; so long as we can keep the nap on our hat, the grease off our collar, and the gloves on our fingers, we are equally citizens of the great republic of London streets, and eligible with the first man in town to the highest honours of the *pavé*.

Well, sir, and pray what more would you have? Can the Duke of Northumberland eat more than a pound of beef-steaks at a meal, or imbibe at a draught more than a pot of mild porter? Can Esterhazy wear more than a shirt at a time, though he may have dozens in his wardrobe? Could D'Orsay himself venture to sport three hats, one on the top of the other, like our friend Peter in the *Tale of a Tub?* Can Cecil Forester put on more than a pair of primrose kids in the forenoon, and one of white *dittos* in the evening?

Contemplate, then, with the spectacles of good-humoured contentment, how artificial and extrinsic to happiness are the superfluities of this life. Thanks to a discerning public, we can command, while heaven spares us the use of this right arm, as much food as satisfies the cravings of nature, which is all that the great or affluent can consume: while we have one shirt on our back, and *the* other at our washer-woman's, we have no occasion to make an inventory of our wearables. We contrive to procure, by hook or crook, a good suit of clothes every year; and, unless a man chooses to roll himself in the kennel, he cannot wear out a suit of good clothes in less time.

We surmount our caput with *our* hat, (while D' Orsay does the same with *one* of his hats,) and, to all outward appearance, our heads are equally furnished. We cannot rival Cecil Forester in primrose kids; but, while the Earl of Wilton wears well-fitting blacks, who shall quarrel with us who follow the fashion of the Earl of Wilton?

Then, again, recollect with thankfulness the manifold blessings that await poor devils like us, who have nothing to lose, compared with those who are embarrassed with luggage on their journey from this world to the next. How much have they not to pay for carriage, porterage, over-weightage, custom-house officerage, and they know not what; how much of their superfluity is lost, how much stolen, how much destroyed, how much packing and unpacking for things that, when found, are not wanted, or that, wanted, are not to be found: how much confusion, embarrassment, and delay, unknown to us, whose knapsacks are slung on our shoulders, and who having little to lose, have little to fear.

Again, how fresh and vivid are our sensations,—how sweet the sunny glimpses that *will* cross, now and then, the most gloomy prospect of life, lighting up some distant spot of the landscape with the hues of the land of the blessed!

We have still something to live for, pleasures are in store for us, hope tells us we are yet to be happy, and we are willing to hug the dear deceit: easily are we pleased who are unaccustomed to make pleasure our

business: necessity impelling us to labour, and labour giving us the means of repose, we groan not under the oppression of the idle hour, for the idle hours allotted us are few, and descend upon our souls like dew upon the flower. Contemplating both sides of life, we learn to distinguish between the splendid and the *happy* lot. If envy of great wealth or greater station, for a moment disturbs our gentleness of soul, we turn our regards upon the miserable, and conscience rebukes our impiety. Content with what we are, the end of our pilgrimage is served by our struggles to be better. We journey pleasantly on, through smooth and rough, taking all things easily, yet not indifferently, and thanking the great God for what he has given, and for what he has withheld.

Alas! how much worse off are too many of our betters! *Who* can be called rich, whatever may be his rent-roll, who has exhausted life, principal and interest; whose association with horsebreakers, panders, jockeys, pimps, and blacklegs, has compelled him to forego the society, as he dreads the superiority, of men of genius and learning; who, in the contemplation of public profligacy, has lost all belief in, and respect for public honesty and manly virtue; who, in intercourse with the abandoned and unfortunate of the other sex, has long since learned to deride and contemn, save in his own exclusive clique, the nobility of virtue in woman!

Who can be called happy whose fate exempts him from the necessity of labour, yet fails to provide him

with resources against idleness; who must fly to the gaming-table, or the bowl, for oblivion of intruding thoughts; who languidly lives on without hope or aim, mistaking pleasure for business, dissipation for enjoyment; who, reversing the ordinary course of life, begins where others end, and has no more to do than to precipitate his own decline—prosperous without exertion, rich without enjoyment, miserable without misfortune!

CHAPTER XII.

It is folly to suppose the world we are contemplating great only in extent. It is every way great: there seems to exist some indescribable relation between moral and physical greatness, and moral and physical littleness. Little places are every way little, and it is because of this moral littleness that no man, whose head is not filled with boiled cabbage, will stay longer in a little town than the time that it will take to change him post-horses. Can any thing be more lamentable than the condition of an intelligent biped in a country place, especially during rain, hail, or storm, say ten months in the year? The very geese that gabble o'er the green are in as good case as he; they gabble and waddle, and pick grass, and he can do little more. Then there is no society: the great man, local lord, or squire paramount, scowls at him as he passes, and seems to consider a passing glance of scorn the modern way of exhibiting old English hospitality. The parson, unless he is very poor, is equally distant; the village doctor being the only accessible person, and, fortunately, often the person best worth knowing of the three.

Where, in such exile, are your resources? Your inn boasts, in a drawer of the sideboard, a twopenny cookery-book, the moiety of a *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1796, a list of persons qualified to vote for beadle of the parish, a roll of ballads, and a last year's almanack. There is an old gun; but mine host has hid the lock for fear it might come to the ears of the squire that said gun is in effective, that is, in poaching condition. There is also an angle butt, with a broken reel attached, but no middle or top; for your host, although a miller to boot, dares not so much as carry a walking-stick by the side of his own mill-race, for fear there might be a hook at the end of it.

The poor resource of a pack of dirty cards, or a well-balanced carving-knife, spun on the table by way of extemporaneous *roulette*, is all that is left you wherewith to attack the enemy. Imagine day after day of unmitigated bad weather in such a condition; the rain falling and falling, the rivers rising and rising, the wind moaning and whistling; the only solace in your misfortunes comes piping hot from town, and town you have to thank for it — the daily paper. With how many consignments to the infernal gods do you not welcome the postwoman, three hours and a half behind her time, and well if no worse: with what haste your fingers, trembling less with cold than anxiety, and without waiting to have your paper aired, do not you proceed to devour the leading article. Foreign intelligence next attracts your attention, but you read sparingly, like a *quidnunc* at a coffee-house,

lest you should finish your paper too soon, and be left to return to your habitual employment of wondering under what evil planet you were seduced from *life* in town to *vegetation* in the country.

A provincial genius, on a time, thought himself both wise and witty in justifying his preference of a little place, by saying he lived there lest it might become less. Upon this principle we recommended him to take up his domicile in a rat-hole, lest by any means it might degenerate through time into a receptacle for mice; but, the truth is, no man willingly buries himself alive, or, what is just the same thing, goes to live in a village.

The proprietor, lord of the manor, or squire, to be sure, is, and must be an exception; *him* universal respect, undivided deference, and unceasing toadying, compensate for the disagreeabilities of his position. If he is a good man, and above pitiful displays of local consequence, he can be the instrument of Providence in diffusing many blessings and increasing the sum of individual comfort within the sphere of his authority: in a thousand ways he may make his residence upon his paternal acres the means of earning Heaven, and what would he have more?

The clergyman, who serves a kingdom not of this world, and is conscientiously pursuing his noble purpose, has no need of regret to whatever worldly obscurity he may be consigned: his heart is with his flock; their wants, desires, and hopes, are his own; he wanders at their head through the thorny ways of

life, comforting the failing, assisting the weak, and trusting that they will reward his earthly care, by participating with him an eternity of heaven.

But the aspiring, uneasy soul, which, if it *wear* not out, must *rust* out; confident in its own power, and restless in that confidence, which is, as it were, the *instinct* by which nature impels noble minds to action; impatient of a narrow sphere, and eager to measure the depth and height of his own capacity by that of congenial spirits; such a one *must* leave his native place, and find his level at last in the mighty wilderness of London.

A few, and only a few of the advantages that the outward apparent republicanism of London life affords to individuals who make it their sphere of action, have we touched upon; but it is not to be denied, that there are many and serious disadvantages, resulting from this peculiar attribute of general isolation and obscurity.

There is no control over men in London: the salutary *espionage* of society is wanting — the violation of all laws not clogged with human sanctions — the neglect of all duties not prescribed by acts of parliament — the abandonment of all social relations, and a life of continuous profligacy, are here unnoticed and uncared for — as if every man were at perfect liberty to commit what negative outrages against society pleased his peculiar humour. In a provincial place, the *mauvais sujet* is a marked man; if not openly reprobated, he is, at the least, made to feel

his punishment in his isolation; he is outlawed, not by proclamation, but by the silent concurrence of well-conducted people. London then becomes his hiding-place, his hermitage, his great desert; here his peculiar vices may be indulged to what excess he pleases, so long only as he does not *annoy* his neighbour, or rather the neighbourhood of his neighbour. He may do as he please, commit what crimes he please, but he must commit no *nuisance;* decency forbids where religion and morality are laughed at; but one virtue is demanded of him — the virtue of concealing his profligacy; to be as well esteemed as the worthiest and best, it is only necessary *not to be found out.*

Thus the extreme of civilization approaches, in this respect, the extreme of the savage state: moral ties are loosened, natural relations disregarded, morality scoffed at, religion derided; a hollow crust of conventional decency and hypocritical assumption of exterior propriety, cover thousands moving in tolerable credit through London life, who, if known in the country as to their private relations, would be silently driven from the neighbourhood; or who, if they resided in a village, might think themselves happy in escaping the martyrdom of St Stephen. While missionaries go to the circles Arctic and Antarctic, and pagan lands between, the paganism of London is left to increase and multiply; paganism, did we say, we humbly beg pardon of unconverted savages, who, though their worship be of stocks and stones, have at least a sort of blind ignorant religion. If they do not see, it is not because

they *will* not see, but because their eyes are not open; while assuming infidelity, learned impiety, philosophic atheism, and rational lasciviousness, proclaim with brazen front soul-destroying doctrines in every corner of the metropolis.

Oh, London, London! what a school art thou for unguarded innocence and unprotected youth; great, splendid, mighty, though thou art! Recollect, ye who would live beyond the beasts that perish, that this emporium of wealth, this nursing-mother of enterprise and industry, this battle-field of fortune and of fame, is at the same time the grave of virtue, principle, and honour—of trusting kindliness and amiability of heart: recollect this, and be satisfied with innocence and obscurity.

If you could penetrate our hearts, and find the universal leprosy that taints us here, you would turn disgusted from the appalling sight; you would fly the place where all that man has in common with the angels, must give way before the selfish worship of mammon, our god; you would return to the enjoyment of those luxuries of life which have nothing in common with fortune or fame—the sweet society of friends, the rapture of confiding love, and the solace of a cheerful and contented mind.

Happy, thrice happy, are they who have not listened to the voice of the charmer, or cast their lot amid the turbulence of mighty cities: creation's heirs, the earth is to them a goodly heritage, the little flower that lurks half hidden from the eye, is a familiar friend.

Cheerful are your smiles, children of nature, for your hearts are innocent and pure; light your slumbers, unbroken by the disappointments of the day, or the cares of the coming morrow; — uncorrupted by the vices of the town, your ignorance is truly bliss.

While we are absorbed in the vanity, that is, business of life, you pursue, more wisely, its enjoyments; while with us soul and body are absorbed in striving for the emptiness of a name, or the encumbrances of fortune, you are blessed in the pursuit of another and a better ambition — the ambition to live, not greatly, nor wealthily, nor wisely, but that which is at once one and all — of living *well.*

After all, gentle reader, the above paragraph is trash and nonsense, and ought to be left out. Men are happy wherever they are *content;* in town the contented spirit is happy, happier it may be in the country; to be happy is to be content, and to be *virtuous* is to be happy!

* * * * * *

Nothing lets you into the spirit of a locality like a newspaper — it is a reflex of the public mind; a *camera*, fixing upon its broad sheet the evanescent images of the day; by their newspapers shall you know them. The comparative littleness of provincial places, for with respect to them be it spoken, in comparison with London, the largest provincial place is little enough, is admirably shewn by the miscellaneous matter of provincial journals. Take a specimen —

"On yesternight, about two o'clock in the morning, our peaceful town was thrown into a state of inexpressible confusion by the alarm of fire, proceeding from the rere of Farmer Hodge's stackyard.

"On our reporter gaining the scene of action, smoke was observed issuing in great quantities from the farm-yard; the town engine was sent for, also the fire escape, but owing to the key of the engine-house having been lost, much loss of time was the result; when at last the engine arrived, it was found to be totally useless, having been neglected to be repaired under the late unreformed corporation, as might have been expected.

"With much difficulty, entrance was effected into the stack-yard, nobody for a considerable time choosing to volunteer so dangerous a service; when, however, a minute examination was made, it was discovered that the smoke emanated from the brewing copper of Farmer Hodge, the man who superintended the operation, by name John Brown; having gone blind-drunk to bed, leaving the fire burning.

"A troop of dragoons having now arrived, the populace quietly dispersed, and the military having had breakfast, and a vote of thanks from the mayor and corporation, returned to their quarters.

"For an account of the jobbing about the fire-engine in the 'good old times,' we refer our readers to our leading article of next week.

"We are informed that, in consequence of this calamitous occurrence, Dr Dioscorides Scamp, LL.D., F. ASS, H,U,M-B,U,G, who was to have lectured this evening at the Lyceum on

THE WRIGGLING OF LITTLE EELS,

has kindly consented to change his subject to

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION,

which he will illustrate by setting fire to, and totally consuming a dunghill of his own manufacture. Admittance, threepence."

Nothing of interest like this can be excited by a fire in London.

The neighbourhood may happen to know of the matter by accident, it is true, and the housekeepers on either side the conflagration may be alarmed; but to the population in general, the matter is only looked upon as the subject of an ordinary paragraph, an occurrence of every day in the year. When the bed and bedding warehouse, commonly called Painters, in Finsbury Pavement, was on fire, we happened to be enjoying our cigar and glass of old port with a friend in the immediate neighbourhood; our first intelligence of the calamity was derived from our friend's servant, rushing in with a face of unfeigned alarm, with "If you please, sir, Painters all a-fire!" "Very well, John," replied our *pococurante* host, "bring a light, and let us know when the fire comes *next door!*"

The important air with which your provincial paper introduces a precocious vegetable to the notice of its admiring subscribers, is highly entertaining. The paragraph may run thus—

"GOOSEBERRY EXTRAORDINARY.

"We have received from Adam Pumpkin, gardener to that highly respected gentleman, Gideon Flatfoot Clod, Esq., such a gooseberry! It is of the kind called Imperial Squash, is about the size of our head, and we are ashamed to say how many inches it measures round the waist, for fear our readers should think we are bamming. At all events, this extraordinary production of nature is big enough for two, and may be seen at the office of this paper 'daily, until farther notice.'"

Or the following may serve instead, taken from the notices to correspondents—

"Jonathan Green, gardener, Medlicott—You sent us a dozen of cherries, brother Jonathan, with a view of having them recommended to universal Europe, through the widely circulated columns of our valuable journal, as you properly style it: being very thirsty at the time your fruit arrived, we bolted the lot before we had time to determine whether they were red or black, dukes, queens, or morells; a wheel-barrow-ful will be acceptable this hot weather, and you may depend we will do your invaluable and unexampled products of the orchard ample justice."—Ed.

Take the following as a sample of the great provincial art of magnifying little matters.

"Town Hall.—On Saturday last, the mermaid, who has been exhibiting here for the last few weeks, was brought before his worship the Mayor and Alderman Gob, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with having assaulted her proprietor, who, in addition to the other attractions of his caravan, exhibited an artificial rainbow, in the shape of a black eye inflicted by the mermaid, the prismatic colours being beautifully displayed around his right orbit.

"The assault having been proved, the mermaid, who gave the name of Jemima Banks, was called upon by his worship for her defence.

"She declared, upon her honour as a mermaid, that the hours of exhibition being over, she had taken off her tail, (produced in court,) got out of the tub of water in which she had been immersed with the live crocodile, and was in the act of sitting down to some fried liver and bacon, when a new batch of visiters stepped into the caravan, and she, being called upon

to appear for the purpose of gratifying their laudable curiosity, refused to do so till after dinner, whereupon a row ensued, she was dragged and hustled, but totally denied having inflicted the black eye.

"Mr Gabble, who appeared for the mermaid, before calling any witnesses, took a preliminary objection to the jurisdiction of the court, quoting several cases to the effect that the mermaid, being a royal fish, in common with the whale, porpoise, sturgeon, &c. &c., was without the jurisdiction of the court, and that the Admiralty alone could take cognizance of offences committed under the circumstances, to which

"Mr Cheek, for the proprietor, replied, declaring that the law laid down by his learned friend, Mr Gabble, applied only to offences committed on the high seas, and had no relation to the case before the court, and seriously asked his learned friend whether he was not aware that this pretended mermaid was an impostor, rogue, and vagabond, to which

"Mr Gabble replied by saying, that upon his word of honour he believed his client to be a mermaid, if ever there was one, and staked his professional reputation upon the fact, whereupon

"The Town Clerk got up and said, that to his certain knowledge Jemima was no mermaid, or any thing of the sort, whereupon

"His Worship said, that he did not understand natural history, but thought the India-rubber tail a confirmation of the view of the case taken by Mr Cheek, whereupon that learned gentleman rose, and bowed profoundly to the court.

"Mr Gabble then inquired whether the India-rubber tail, referred to by his worship, was in custody as an accomplice, to which

"Mr Cheek having replied in the affirmative,

"Mr Gabble objected to the tail being received in evidence, and submitted that whether his client was a mermaid or not was the question before the court, and which he humbly

thought, after the admission of his worship, that court was not competent to decide, whereupon

"His Worship said that, as it was now nearly dinner hour, he thought it better to commit the prisoner at once as a rogue and vagabond, but

"Alderman Gob declared that having dined already, he would rather hear the case fully discussed, upon which

"His Worship the Mayor adjourned the hearing, and the court immediately broke up."

It is strange that the varying shades of life should not be of the same importance in the country as in town, for human nature is every where the same. The power of noting and fixing points of interest, and leaving unimportant matters to remain in deserved oblivion, is, however, the peculiar prerogative of the chroniclers of town, where objects of interest are concentrated, and where the facilities for selection are greater. The interest of provincial life is scattered over a large space, and flows in many channels; that of the town is collected and gathered together both in the event and the report.

To conclude this portion of our subject, we may observe, that while London boasts no unity of public opinion, no identity of public expression upon matters of great public interest, it never displays the pettiness of provincial tittle-tattle. The chronicling small-beer will not suit the public taste, stimulated as it is into fastidiousness by perpetual excitation; nor will the public mind, filled to repletion daily by objects of great and mighty interest, settle with complacency upon trifles.

CHAPTER XIII.

We pass now to consider another and not less striking generality of London life, one, indeed, of its leading features—

Competition.

The prevalence of the competitive principle throughout all shades of condition observable here, gives this great population a vivacity of action, with which the slow coach, jog-trot, do-very-well style of country towns contrasts to great disadvantage.

Life is twice as long in town as in the country: we do not mean as to years, for years have nothing to do with life: in the quantity of work we get through in the same given time, we make life twice as long as our vegetative brethren of the country. For this we deserve no credit, and we take none: needs must when the devil drives! The love of London is so intense, and so universally planted in the minds of men, that no one, tradesman or other, willingly relinquishes the metropolis for the provinces; hence the struggle to keep possession of town is desperate and

incessant. The multitude of customers afforded by London, is the life of tradesmen. The best customers are in London, because in London a portion of the superfluous wealth, or saving of almost every man, is now, or will be hereafter, spent. Your country gentleman will stint his table, rack-rent his tenants, and starve his cat, that he and his family may sport a job-coach, and the share of an opera-box, for three months during the London season. Your spruce ensign hoards his paternal allowance, and lives on his pay nine months in the year, to have a "spree," as he calls it, with some of his brother officers in London. Your banker's clerk, who bolts with the money of his employers, hides himself in the wilderness of London, spending his ill-gotten gains nearly as fast as he procured them.

One way or another, the accumulated wealth of all lands over which the British flag waves in any authority, finds its way into London, and is there wholly or partially dissipated. Therefore, a shop for which a man will pay three or four hundred pounds a-year rent, would become a fortune but for the intensity of competition. If customers are the life of tradesmen, tradesmen are the life of customers: watching opportunities, the customer takes advantage of the rivalry and necessities of the tradesmen. The tradesmen, in like manner, flourish upon the ignorance or carelessness of the customer; every where the principle between retailer and consumer is, that of diamond cut diamond.

In this way, while tradesmen break and customers are plundered, the prudent manager contrives to supply himself with whatever he requires at a reasonable rate. He adjusts the fluctuations of exchange, and the consequence is, the success of all business in London depends upon the extent of your connection; for the profits allowed you by competition with your rivals in the same line, as profits, never *can* pay.

The desperate rivalry of competition takes every form of deception to put down rivals, and establish supremacy; bankrupts, able to pay forty shillings in the pound, advertise their stock to be sold off at an immense sacrifice, which always implies ten per cent *above* the ordinary prices of the trade; damaged goods, fresh from the hands of the manufacturer, may be had for *half*—that is to say, *double* the value; *burnt out* tradesmen, whose premises are good as new, offer you their articles, "removed for the convenience of sale."

You pass a shop, large bills in the window announcing that the tradesman is "selling off;" you think you will buy, and find, after you have bought, that you are *sold* a bargain; passing that way six months after, you find your old friend still "*selling off*" as briskly as ever. If you venture to inquire what is the reason he puts up a humbugging placard of this sort, he will assure you with great coolness that every shopkeeper in London is "selling off" as fast as he can, and that he only imitates his neighbours!

Another will announce, by staring bills a yard long,

that every thing in his shop may be had for half nothing, "this shop closing on Saturday,"—a device that succeeds, perhaps, in hooking a great many "*flats.*" If any remonstrate, seeing these bills for a year or more, the clever tradesman will reply with a grin, "that he believes most shops in London *close on Saturdays !*"

A third, after filling a well-dressed window with high-priced articles, ticketed at low prices, in a manner peculiar to these gentry, and which, when we come to treat of London rogueries, we will take the trouble fully to expose, will desire one of his porters or shopmen to fling a stone through a pane of costly glass in the middle of his window: a crowd is instantly attracted to view the smash; customers cannot help seeing the tickets, and, remarking how cheap every thing is, rush in crowds into the shop to lay out their money, and get cheated for their pains. Some establishments break their own windows every Monday morning, and have them glazed again every Saturday night, and find it answer their purpose admirably. Manufactories of *new* second-hand articles of fancy ware, furniture, and the like, are established everywhere about town, and shops opened for their sale, where the broker assures you, with unusual veracity, that you will find every article he has to dispose of "as good as new." Pawnbrokers' offices and auction-rooms are chokefull of articles made expressly for these places; in short, there are twenty thousand laudable inventions for the purpose of bringing to their

senses those myriads of short-sighted persons who, instead of dealing with a respectable tradesman, pay double for every article they require, under pretence of getting it a bargain.

In one of his invaluable maxims, Sir Morgan O'Doherty has declared of books, that if you see a work frequently advertised, you may suspect it is a bad one; but if, in addition, you observe a puff or laudatory paragraph, you may be sure of it. Whenever, in like manner, you are invited to purchase articles for less than they can be made for, or paid for, you must consider yourself in the light of a receiver of stolen goods, or else the dupe of a knave, who professes to stand in a shop selling you goods for less than he must pay for them, which is absurd.

If, however, we were to take the trouble to illustrate the all-pervading power of commercial, professional, or fashionable rivalry in London, we should fill our pages from beginning to ending.

In short, whichever way you turn, you find man wrestling with man in the hand-to-hand struggle for existence: you have a vessel brim full, into which pours from above successive drops of human existence, while a continual stream is forced over the sides, and a perpetual change, immigrative and emigrative, continuously goes on, leaving the capacious reservoir — ever receiving, ever discharging, and ever full.

The rivalry of quack doctors is not more ludicrous than that of contending tradesmen, who, having no

established name or permanent connection, are driven desperately to adopt the only other means of obtaining notice, namely, *puffing*.

Take, as an illustration, the memorable affair of the four-and-ninepenny hat shops, or emporiums of that much-worn and economical description of *tile*, called gossamer. There appeared, about the commencement of the age of gossamers, vast numbers of shops for the sale of that light and elegant article, the four-and-ninepenny hat. Four-and-ninepence for a hat! — why, 'tis cheaper than going bareheaded. Four-and-ninepence! — who would wear a *shocking* hat? The reader will not fail to mark the supereminent depth and astuteness of the London trader in gossamers in affixing to his manufacture the economical figures of four-and-nine — close as the sum is related to royalty — almost a crown — the odd threepence makes all the difference.

Five shillings, a provincial hat-maker would have priced the article without ceremony: he would call it a *fair* price, and probably so it might be: it would, moreover, be a round sum, a simple multiple, a fixed coin, an easy figure. Your London tradesman knows a "trick worth two of that;" the reduction of the odd threepence, if you take pains to analyze it, is not only a masterly stroke of commercial genius, but is based upon the most accurate and profound knowledge of human nature, — that knowledge, namely, which is derived, not from communion with

books, but from the daily investigation, for the purposes of self-interest, of the passions, prejudices, likings, and aversions of men.

It would take a volume to illustrate fully the principle exemplified in the price put on a gossamer hat, and the illustration would be worth a volume, because the principle of a *tentative* price, as we may call it, regulates altogether the profits of the retailer in London, with the exception of those old-established and respectable houses, which have no need to do more than to dispose of to their customers, at the best price, the best article.

"Five shillings for a hat," says the knowing London trader; "it looks cheap enough to be sure, but it won't do: five shillings is a crown, and there is but another crown in half a sovereign; besides, it is a sum gone, and nothing out of it; no, no, make it *four-and-nine;* give threepence change out of the five shillings, and though your customer spend said threepence immediately after in beer, he will be satisfied he has got a bargain, and wear his new gossamer 'with a difference.'"

We might enforce this doctrine of a tentative price, if we chose to enter into the philosophy of retail trading, by a thousand illustrations: for example, a neighbourhood shall have purchased for centuries at the Magpie and Stump, or Cat and Bagpipes, beer at threepence-halfpenny per pot, with perfect satisfaction; when, lo and behold! a new house is licensed, which advertises foaming stout at threepence *farthing:*

the consequence of this revolution is, that those who formerly drank a pint of beer at threepence-halfpenny, now, for cheapness, consume a quart at threepence farthing, and those who did not drink beer at all, because of the halfpenny, now imbibe it pleasantly on the strength of the farthing: the Magpie and Stump together, or the Cat and Bagpipes, are obliged to shut up, while the proprietor of the new establishment, having secured his monopoly, repays himself the loss by giving his customers worse beer than ever.

In every article of dress, and indeed every thing else, the tentative price is the bait to catch gudgeons: the ticket in the windows hooks the flat-fish not by the jaws, but by the eye, which does the business equally well. When you enter the shop, to be sure, you discover, if you are not an ass, that the ticketed article is not only not worth the price ticketed, but to you, probably, not worth the ticket itself: however, you are now hooked, and in the landing net — that is to say, in the shop, and if some of the assistant anglers do not somehow or other get their digits into your gills, you must be a warier trout than we take you for!

There is a moral to be drawn from these cheap shops, ticket shops, bankrupt's stock shops, "great sacrifice" shops, burnt out shops, and the like, which we might descant upon at great length, and probably to some advantage. We have been long convinced, however, in our own person, that no absurdity is greater than that of wisdom teaching by precept; by

far the best way for our young and inexperienced readers is, to deal at the cheap shops until they discover how shocking dear they are, when, your life for ours, they will, without reference to the book of Proverbs for an authority, pass by them to the natural end of their shop-hunting lives.

To return, however, to our illustration of the cheap hat shops. Among the multiplicity of candidates for the dispensation of hats to the uncovered multitude, two more especially attracted public notice, by the marked and daring originality of their movements towards a flourishing business.

While others, treading in the beaten track, announced themselves as the "Original Gossamers," the "Real Original Gossamers," or the "Old Original Four-and-nines," the two establishments in question had themselves painted, like true Britons, one staring colour from bottom to top, not omitting roofs, chimney-pots, and gables.

One was the "Real Original Royal Sky-blue," the other the "Old Original Imperial Pea-green," Gossamer Warehouse: the former was patronized by the Royal Families of England and France; the latter, by the reigning despots of Austria and Russia. The proprietor of the "Real Original" had served twenty-five years with the first inventor of the redoubted gossamer hats; he of the opposite establishment had "visited the Continent," in his laudable exertions to bring this manufacture to the utmost pitch of perfection; in

which, he took care to assure his customers and the public, he had fully and completely succeeded.

From bepraising themselves, the rival gossamers got, by an easy and natural transition, to abusing each other; the most palpable libels were printed and circulated, on both sides, through all parts of the metropolis. So obscured were the walls with enormous pea-green placards and sky-blue bills, inviting customers to be covered at the respective warehouses, that you could not distinguish whether the structure of the wall was brick, stone, or timber: vehicles, in the shape of hats, painted the colour of the rival establishments, jostled each other in the public streets, to the imminent danger of the lieges. If you purchased at the "Real Original Royal Sky-blue," you were regaled, gratis, with a torrent of Billingsgate, showered upon the establishment of the "Old Original Imperial Pea-green;" nor was the proprietor of the latter at all sparing in returning the compliments of his rival, with more than the legal rate of interest.

Talk of the feuds of the Feudalists! the wars of the Capulets and Montagues, Guelphs and Ghibellines, Campbells and Macgregors, were all boys' play compared with the contests of the rival kings of gossamer. The feud, which at first had been amusing, now became quite a nuisance, and the whole neighbourhood, adopting the words of poor Mercutio, were fain to cry out, "A plague o' both your houses!"

However, what was that to Sky-blue and Pea-green?

The humbug was clever, and crowds of customers, pouring into the rival establishments, sufficiently attested its success. The best of the joke was, however, not discovered until long after, when upon some occasion it came out, that, in fact and in truth, the "Old Original Imperial Pea-green," and the "Real Original Royal Sky-blue," *were one and the same establishment, the property of one and the same owner!*

In another remarkable instance of the civilized ferocity of rivalry, universal throughout London, a tradesman made it the ambition of his life to ruin another in the same line, by opening an establishment in every respect precisely similar, and endeavouring by every possible trick, device, and lie, to destroy the identity of the shop of his rival, and to merge it in his own. The case became, at length, the subject of judicial inquiry, and in the course of evidence was elicited the fact, that, after all other attempts to appropriate to himself the fruits of the industry, good conduct, and perseverance of his victim, this unscrupulous personage actually set up, in large letters over his shop, the *name* of the party he wished to destroy, and justified himself by stating that he had given his infant son the name of his rival as a Christian name, (it ought to be remembered the worthy father was an Israelite!) and had taken the baby into partnership!

This, however, was too much even for the phlegmatic temper of the law, and the enterprising Mordecai was amerced in damages and costs, for his impudent attempt at piracy.

Another amusing instance of the intensity of rivalry in trade, was that of the ever-memorable and never-to-be-forgotten contests of the genuine and spurious Dirty Dicks.

The neighbourhood of the India House and Leadenhall Street will understand perfectly to whom we allude; but for general readers a more particular account of this important event may be necessary.

Passing along the right side of Leadenhall Street, on your way to Whitechapel, you will observe a pot and pan shop of the olden time, filled with copper kettles, gridirons, and every variety of culinary implement. In the window may be observed a remarkable portrait of a very ugly man with a very dirty face: this is the original shop, that the original portrait, of the original Dirty Dick.

Dirty Dick was a sort of Jemmy Wood in hardware. From low beginnings, or rather from no beginnings at all, he contrived to scrape together, by intense industry and perseverance, one of the first, if not the very first, retail businesses in London. Nothing was good that did not come from Dirty Dick: all Dick's iron was Swedish, all his brass Corinthian! And although the old fellow was as great a bear in his way as Abernethy the surgeon, every body dealt with him, and would deal nowhere else, probably for that very reason.

Prosperous as was Dirty Dick, however, he was not permitted to remain on the sunny side of life. When in the fair way of converting his brass into gold, and just when he began to think of washing his face, and

retiring from business, the vision of a shop precisely similar to his own in every outward attribute, exactly opposite his door, struck his astonished view; but judge his amazement and despair when at the door appeared a man with a face at least as ugly, and much dirtier than his own, who, stepping across the way, put into his hands a staring bill, announcing himself as the "Real Original Dirty Dick," and informing a discerning public that all others were spurious!

The little blackguard boys who were accustomed to infest the emporium of the genuine Dirty Dick, and who were as good to him as a thousand advertisements, were now cruelly seduced away by his dirtier rival. Customers were perplexed and confounded; and as the business of a customer is to lay out his money to the best advantage, the public soon transferred their business to the dirtiest face. In vain the undoubted original Dirty Dick protested and paragraphed — in vain he applied his oil-rubber, and polished his face and hands up to the blackness of Erebus: impudence, novelty, and the carelessness of the public carried the day, and the spurious Dirty Dick transferred the business of his rival to his own side of the way.

Turn which way you will, piracy is the order of the day — so easy and pleasant to human nature is it to steal!

Where every thing, even art, and very often science, is a trade, it will readily be conceived that shopkeepers are not the only pirates, or that the expedients of

petty rivalry are not confined to the category of Dirty Dicks. No, by St George! but quite the contrary. The Dirty Dicks of science, literature, art, politics, theology, fashion, far outnumber the Dirty Dicks of trade: the town is full of dirty doctors, dirty authors, dirty physiologists, dirty publishers, and hordes of similar vagabonds, who go about feeding on dead or living brains, and the whole employment of whose nasty existence is filching, forestalling, or begging an idea, to be put forward as the natural product of their unfurnished skulls, or to be traded upon for their paltry, selfish purposes!

If a man, for example, conceive an original work, and, in conjunction with some enterprising and respectable publisher, give it to the world, every abominable lane of Fleet Street pours forth its penny imitation, or rather reprint, with clerical errors enough to keep the thieves who utter the forgery from the Court of Chancery.

If an eminent physiologist should make a discovery in his particular department of science, before the ink wherewith he communicates his discovery is well dry, at least a dozen of wretched translators, compilers, or abridgers, are upon his back, proving that each and every one of them made the same discovery years ago, and that modesty alone prevented them from recording their prior claim.

If an ingenious man get a patent for some valuable application of science, or modification of mechanic powers to purposes of the arts, a thief is ready on the

instant to make some alteration, merely nominal, but sufficient to keep his iniquity from the fangs of the law, and to appropriate to himself the fruits of another's labour; if an invention, on the contrary, is generously given to the public, and unprotected by patent, rival borrowers take all the profit, and government leaves the inventor to the honour of an invention that yields him nothing.

There is nothing, not even an idea, in the possession of a modest, unpretending man of genius, as most men of genius unfortunately are, which the thieves of London are not ever on the watch to steal, except his virtues, if he have any — these the literary, professional, and scientific "*prigs*" are too knowing to have any thing to do with, being well aware that in London articles of that description are rather slow of sale. The cause of this universal thievery is obvious in a great, luxurious, and satiated city like London: originality, which is but another name for novelty, will bring any price; and as originality is one of the rarest attributes vouchsafed to the mind of man, the only alternative is for the entire "rookery" to pounce upon and pluck a man of original genius the moment he appears. To create is difficult — to steal, is level with the meanest capacity.

Hence, scientific and literary periodicals, the reader will not fail to observe, abound with controversies of the right of discovery, resulting from the thefts of these purloiners of ideas, to whom nature has given, in lieu of brains, a compensating thickness of skull, impenetrable to any other conviction than that of the

knotty end of a cudgel—the only argument that should ever be resorted to with this numerous and irritating species of vermin.

To return—the overflowing of London life, the surplus multitude, the pushed-off population, meets you at every turn, and affords you the most striking instances of the tenacity with which men cling to London, as to life.

Enter the parlour of any respectable tavern in the evening, you will there find men of capital and respectability out of business, finding, probably, that competition is too strong to enable them to struggle against men of larger means than themselves, or that the times are bad, or business on the decline; yet, although the world is open to these men, and though in some one or other of our colonies a fortune might readily be made upon their capital, or, at all events, an ample subsistence secured, yet you see they will rather lead the miserable lives of frequenters of a coffee-room, hugging their pipes and pots, than consent to quit London.

Indeed, few quit London without regret; the fortunate and happy look back with fond remembrance upon the scenes of their happiness and good fortune: the unfortunate know no place where they can with the same ease avert that worst and most debasing consequence of misfortune, the affected pity and sincere contempt of friends. The ambitious man looks on London as his proper sphere, and regards leaving it in the light of going into exile; the man of business considers his

quitting London a confession of his incapacity to make his way there; the man of pleasure can discover no other place where the prying eyes of his semi-idle neighbours are not upon him. All men, too, look to London as the great lottery in which there are so many prizes, that each is willing to flatter himself that one day or other one of the prizes may fall to his share. There is, in short, a strange unreasoning fascination about the place, which is the root and origin of the excessive competition we have been at the pains shortly to illustrate by the few preceding examples.

Among the lower walks of life, the intensity of the competitive principle is as apparent as in the higher; every house of call has its room full of poor hungry expectants of toil; every "rookery" has its swarms of unemployed creatures, wandering about looking for work, and supported by the charity of those one degree less helpless than themselves.

But it is when we descend to the professions that competition becomes most desperate, and produces most fatal results; we say *descend* to the professions, for what is a profession (*per se*) in the competition of London life, but a passport to poverty, and probably starvation? Contemplate the myriads at the bar, or coming to the bar; in the church, or coming to the church; studying the profession of physic, or already dubbed M.D.; regard the redundant swarm of educated young men and women, we beg pardon, young *gentlemen* and *ladies*, tenderly brought up to the fashionable employment of doing nothing, doubly helpless and

imbecile from the very refinement of mind superior education is calculated to produce.

This class abounds in London, and a more unfortunate set of wretches does not exist — the newspapers show us emphatically what they come to at last. Take the following hap-hazard from the *Times*:—

"ONE SHILLING AN HOUR. — Morning Governess. — A lady, daily engaged in tuition, has her morning hours at present unoccupied, and wishes to devote them to a private family. Her course of instruction comprises *history, geography, with the use of the globes, writing, arithmetic, French, Italian, music, dancing, flower-painting.* The *highest* references can be afforded. *Single* lessons given in any of the above studies. — Address, postpaid, to B. B., at Mr T. Goodhugh's, fancy stationer, 72, Lamb's Conduit Street, Foundling."

God help thee, poor thing, thine is indeed a melancholy lot! Yet such as it is, thine is the lot of thousands. Let us pause a moment — let imagination have the rein — yet why, when we know the truth? — Here you have possibly an orphan daughter of a gentleman, bred up in elegant retirement, whose accomplishments formed her employment and her parents' pride. They are dead, and in the wilderness of London she pines alone at some mercenary boarding-house — her music and her sweet voice are the equivalent for her bitter crust, and her beauty, faded though it be, the attraction of the inmates; but she is penniless, and her occupation is never hinted at without a sneer; the bright days of what ought to

be to her a joyous youth pass away in the packhorse drudgery of tuition, at a shilling an hour: she will give, ay, even a single lesson — poor miserable girl — a shilling is an object to her, and for this shilling she is prepared to afford the "highest references!"

This, ye shabby-genteel families — ye accomplishment-perfectionizers — ye useful-knowledge-mongers, this is the fate that awaits your daughters at last. Instead of making a decent provision for your miserable offspring, you give them an education, as you call it, and a *shilling an hour* repays your unhappy daughter for this proficiency in your odious flower-painting — your inveterate piano-forte strumming — your profane geography, and your impious use of the globes!

Oh! for an hour of Jack Cade, to hang the lot of ye, with your pens and ink-horns about your necks!

Take up the *Times* again:—

"To Gentlemen of Education. — Wanted, in an Academy in the healthiest part of Lincolnshire, a gentleman to undertake the whole care and superintendence of the senior classes under the Principal. The course of instruction comprises Greek, Latin, French, Italian, with the usual University preparatory course, and it will be desirable that candidates should be graduates of Cambridge or Oxford.

"As the situation will be permanent, *salary will altogether depend upon the exertions made.*

"None need apply who cannot recommend one or two pupils. The strictest moral character absolutely necessary. Apply by letter, post-paid," &c.

The hard-hearted impudence of these advertisements passes without notice, because, in a country where thousands of educated persons cannot get work at wages, tens of thousands will be ready and willing to work without; and, indeed, the advertising columns of the public journals afford examples every day of persons who are ready to pay to be allowed to work for nothing. It is true, that artisans and labouring men are not yet come to this pretty pass; nobody thinks of employing a bricklayer or carpenter, and giving him no other remuneration for his services than the credit of the job; yet this is the course adopted, wherever practicable, with persons of education in the world of London.

The young physician, going about in a suit of unliquidated sables, and paying twice as much as he is worth for a foot square of a hall door in a genteel neighbourhood, whereon his name is engraven in letters of brass, is glad to go round doffing his hat and bending his back to a hundred or more guinea subscribers to some fifth-rate dispensary, soliciting, as if life and death depended upon it, the "sweet voices" of a set whose brains are most probably in their breeches pockets, and whose vulgar insolence is the only tribute that does not smell of the shop. By these, or less or more of them, this man of medicine is huffed and scuffed about, because he solicits the distinguished honour of attending their pauper *protegés* for nothing.

The young lawyer, in like manner, is bilked of his

fees by a rascally attorney, who thinks he does wonders by giving the young man a chance of distinguishing himself: the fellow would be ashamed not to pay his chimney-sweeper, but will feel no scruple in withholding the hire of the other gentleman, who may be obliged to put his head into much dirtier concerns.

The poor clergyman about town is rejoiced at the opportunity of preaching, out of the season, a half-guinea sermon for some wealthy incumbent, who goes off with his family every autumn to one or other of the watering-places: the condition of wretches engaged in tuition we are already familiar with; while literary history, ancient and modern, is but a litany of the miseries of men whose subsistence depends upon the precarious and exhausting produce of the brain.

The cause of this depreciation of intellectual labour is obvious — over-production: while first-rate men of business are far from common, while respectable artisans are hardly to be had, doctors, lawyers, parsons, tutors, and literary persons of all denominations, devour one another, and their wages fall to nothing accordingly.

The plague of schoolmasters is upon the land: hands are out of fashion, and nobody will condescend to work but with their heads: the example of the Clerk of Chatham has been lost on this perverse generation, and every man's child now comes into the world with an inkhorn round his neck, a quire of foolscap under his arm, and a pen behind his ear. He

must be a lawyer, forsooth, as if the world was only a larger Court of Chancery, and all mankind were at loggerheads therein; or a doctor, or some pernicious animal of that sort.

The daughters are to be what they call *accomplished*, which means, in English, to be able to do nothing useful; and the upshot of the infatuation will be, that in a little time we shall have neither butchers, nor bakers, nor tinkers, nor tailors, nor sempstresses, nor cooks; the living will devour the living, and the dead bury the dead. As it is, every third man you meet is sure to be one of those worse than useless creatures called professional gentlemen; and *who* now-a-days, I should like to know, is acquainted with any young lady who could tell you how long a leg of mutton will take in boiling, or who understands any earthly thing save flower-painting, arithmetic, piano-playing, geography, waltzing, or the use of the globes?

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If any imagine that we are at the trouble to indite these papers for the purpose of mere amusement, or to raise an evanescent laugh, they mistake us altogether, and we desire no more of their acquaintance. We have a higher object in view; and if we occasionally indulge in innocent jocularity, it is that we may carry our young and inexperienced readers more pleasantly to the moral of our history.

We are old in the ways of London life, and would be a Mentor to many a young Telemachus, if they

will only listen to us. We ask the young man, who thinks education — mere education — will carry him through the world of London, to consider, before he transplants himself hither, whether he is about to fix himself in a congenial soil; we tell him, and that not ignorantly, that in this world of brick and mortar, his education will only render him more susceptible of the universal contempt, dislike, and distrust that will be sure to meet him at every turn: —

> "Nil habet paupertas in se durior ipso,
> Quam quod facit homines ridiculos;"

but poverty does not only make men ridiculous in London, but hateful; it is looked upon in the light almost of an unnatural crime, and at station-houses and police offices, is treated with but small courtesy or commiseration.

We tell the unfriended young man of talent who meditates the miseries of a London life, that, be he as well principled as he may, there is one crime he will be sure to commit — the crime of poverty — than which, in the calendar, none is more relentlessly pursued in London.

Avaunt, poor wretch! you have no business here; nobody can make any thing of your flesh, nor will the tanners give a farthing a pound for your skin: your teeth, probably not having been much in use, may be worth a guinea to the dentists; or, if you happen to be a governess with a good head of hair, a Jew will give you at the rate of three shillings a pound for it.

Avaunt, I say! what are you worth to a rascally tradesman, a skinflint lodging-house keeper, or a huxtering Jew? *who* can cheat, or cozen, or swindle you out of that which you have not, good-for-nothing varlet that you are! If, famishing with hunger, you refresh yourself by gazing at a cook-shop, you are ordered to "move on:" if, by prayers and entreaties, you obtain permission to sleep under a hayrick, or by the side of a brick-kiln, the patrol seizes you *vi et armis*, and drags you to the lock-up, a charge being entered against you of "found *destitute*." In the morning you are brought to the bar with a horde of other vagabonds, and probably sent to the treadmill for fourteen days; or, if you choose to inform the magistrate that you are a poor scholar, his Worship, after looking round the court with an air of salaried stupidity, and inquiring of the officers, whether you are "known to the office," or whether the present is your first "*offence*," will probably, in his great mercy, let you off with a severe admonition, not again to be guilty of the horrid crime of sleeping in the open air.

But you will not listen to reason; you are a man of talent, your grandmother says so, and the albums of a dozen young ladies in your neighbourhood attest the fact; your foolish old father says, that "learning is better than houses or land," and you are mad enough to believe him; you have got on your tongue's end a cuckoo cry of "knowledge is power," and off you go to London to give yourself the lie.

Surely you "bring your wool to a fine market." As

soon should we expect to see the trembling aspen rise to maturity on the naked peaks of the Himalayas, or to stumble upon the modest violet in the desert plains of central Africa, as to see the unprofessional man of education and talent rise to any thing above the miserable chance of the precarious subsistence of the passing day. Suppose you come to London with a poem, like Thomson, or like Johnson with a tragedy in your pocket: why then, you will want a pair of shoes like the one, or a dinner like the other; and probably, as your conceit will not lead you to measure your intellect with such men, you will ere long find it advisable either to turn your attention to some *useful* occupation, or else go to New Zealand, Australia, or the backwoods of America.

That scholarship may serve a man in some recognized avocation, we do not scruple to admit, (although we believe that if he have pushing and tact, or perseverance and common sense, with a dash of impudent self-conceit, he will get on much better without it;) but then it will only serve him as subsidiary to something the world stands in need of, and, because it so stands in need of, is ready and willing to pay for and to honour; but so sure as a picture, however well finished, is a bare and naked looking affair if not provided with a frame, so sure is scholarship, especially in London, a miserable chattel if not set in the golden round of some lucrative profession.

Need I refer you to the *Calamities of Authors* for the certain fate that awaits you if you turn your ener-

gies to the trade of literature? for a trade you must make it, if you would live? If, in fine, you are a scholar, that is to say, a poor scholar, go from door to door among the cabins of Ireland, where you will be received with universal sympathy and respect, and have the best seat and the mealiest potato; or travel, as Goldsmith did, from university to university on the Continent, where the measure of a man is not altogether taken from his pocket; but of all curses, avoid the cursed indignity you will meet with in London, where insolent and vulgar wealth knows no restraint, no decency, no shame; and where every '*cad*' with a pocketful of silver, is more respectable than you—while his pocket is full. London is a trading place, and whatever you are, if you come to London to live, you must be a trader; literature is a trade, law is a trade, and even religion too often is made merchandise.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER marked and decided characteristic of London life, and which must not be passed over without observation, is that of the minute

DIVISION OF LABOUR

observable in the multitudinous avocations of the metropolitan population. This will naturally follow as a corollary from the magnitude of the place; but it may safely be averred that the division of labour in London is out of all proportion greater than in other metropolitan cities, either in the Old World or the New. Where else will you hear of a fellow realizing a competency as a waterman of a hackney-coach stand; or of the sweeper of a crossing leaving a legacy of five hundred pounds to the daughter of an alderman; or of a ballad-singer making, by the sale of his chants, at a halfpenny each, somewhere about a pound a day, which is by no means unusual, and occurred repeatedly within our recollection, the last two memorable cases being those of the execution of Courvoisier

the murderer, and the self-suspension of the unlucky American Samuel Scott?

Nothing evinces more fully the immensity of the resources of our metropolitan world than the fact, that an able-bodied man can support himself, and it may be a large family, by the sale of an article which in the country would be of no value whatever. Take for example, the trade in periwinkles: tons of these shell-fish are imported weekly from the north, where children gather them by pailsful; they are sold by the bushel to the retailers, who boil them with salt, and hawk them in public and private houses, and every where about the streets: one fellow in particular, who frequents the neighbourhood of the Row, and has a peculiar musical cry, is supposed to have something considerable in the Savings' Bank, by help of his voice and his periwinkles.

Another fellow will make a good thing of the sale of shrimps. We recollect conversing with a person of this class, one Sunday afternoon, at one of the suburban houses of entertainment resorted to by citizens: the day happened to be wet, and the company not very numerous; the shrimp retailer, however, assured us, that in the event of the evening brightening up, he would be sure to take twenty-five to thirty shillings before night by the sale of his commodity!

The Duke of Wellington was right, at least as far as London is concerned, when he said, that no place in the world afforded a nearer approach to a certainty of an humble man gaining a respectable living, or, if he

pleased to deny himself the ordinary enjoyments of his station, of accumulating wealth. In no place that we know of is the amount of human misery so small in proportion to the population; in no place that we have yet visited are resources so abundant in proportion to the population; and in no place do the generality of those who have some ostensible useful employment, and who have not the curse of the schoolmaster upon their backs, live so comfortably and well.

In trades, the minute division of labour is wonderful — such as you observe nowhere else. In other places you will have tailors, for instance; but in London alone will you have top-coat makers, waistcoat fitters, and trouser cutters, living by pursuing one particular branch, and one only, of their avocations, and making fortunes by attending to that alone.

In no other place will you see a woman keep a respectable house over her head, employing sundry assistants in cutting carrots, turnips, and parsnips into fantastic figures for decorating the dishes of the wealthy, and having a professional brass-plate upon her door with the high-sounding title, "CULINARY ARTISTIC DECORATOR!"

The result of this minute division of labour, in itself the result of the requirements of the place, is, it may be easily imagined, to stimulate every branch of science, manufacture, and art, to the highest possible pitch of perfection.

Hence, the London trade-mark is a guarantee of superior quality; the London article has every where

a superior price; and, notwithstanding the immense number of rivals engaged in every department, one or two in each line, most generally but one, make a name for themselves in business — which is only another word for making a fortune.

"What's in a name?" may be asked in the world of Shakespeare, but the answer there recorded will by no means be apt in the world of London. In trading, professional, and public life, name is fame. Where there is no time or means of making minute inquiries, a name stands for character, and expresses responsibility; a name is security, and commands respect. A Baring, a Rothschild, a Masterman, a Wigram, a Goldsmidt, ring like silver in one's ears; every one belonging to them, or to their houses, from the powdered confidential clerk, with his bent attitude of earnest attention and his quiet smile, down to the house-keeper or gate-keeper, plume themselves upon partaking of their principal's respectability. The names of Burghardt, Nugee, and Stulz idealize a coat; and even reflected, as we see them in every corner of town, in gold glass letters — as, "SNIP, ten years cutter at STULZ'S;" "SELVAGE AND TWIST, from BURGHARDT'S;" or "GOOSE AND CABBAGE, late foremen to NUGEE" — compel us to bow, despite ourselves, before the might and power, even of a tailor's name.

Tea is no tea, if not Twining's; turtle merely the scrapings of a broth-pot, if not Birch's, or the London Tavern; twin turbots will not taste alike unless Grove purveys them; who will sit on a saddle if not of

Laurie? or handle a whip, if not by Swaine? Jupp for a hat, Hoby (if he chooses) for a boot, Manton for a gun, Moore for a rifle, Nock for pistols, Tilbury and Clarke for a cab! But if we go on in this way, we may be suspected of having a private arrangement with these "top-sawyers" of their respective trades, and of touching a handsome per-centage on the profits to accrue from an amateur advertisement!

Every way you take it, whatever you are or wish to be, nothing great can be achieved without a name in London. In every line there are one or more great names, whose names *alone* will carry all before them, and whose business you could not, even by the grossest neglect, for a very considerable time destroy; as nobody would believe, until they experienced the contrary, that a house of long established character would forfeit its extensive and profitable business by carelessness or neglect.

Nor, indeed, is it in the nature of things that they should do so; for houses once established under a well known and respectable name are so many estates, and are capable of bringing, without difficulty or trouble, the exact number of years' purchase they are worth in the market.

The medical practitioner who has got a name, when he wishes to retire from the profession, can transfer his patients, for an adequate consideration, like so many flocks of sheep; the attorney can dispose of his interest in the causes of his clients to another of his profession. From the banker of Lombard Street to

the street-sweeper at the corner, every business is regarded as a property, bought and sold like any real estate.

As an illustration of the value of establishments with a name, we may take a well-known tavern near Threadneedle Street. The late proprietor, on his death-bed, disposed of his property in this lucrative concern in such a way, that each of his children, according to seniority, should be the possessor of the place, until he or she should have realized, in the ordinary course of business, the sum of fifteen thousand pounds, when the next in succession was to assume the reins of government, and so on; the reversion to the entire being vested in the eldest son, when the provision for the younger children was complete.

Some idea of the business done at this place may be formed from a knowledge of the fact, that *three* years were found sufficient to complete the provisions for each child, shewing a clear profit in the business of the establishment of five thousand pounds a-year.

We have not merely an aristocracy of rank and money in London, but we have an aristocracy of trade, whose honours and revenues descend from generation to generation by the strictest entail, and whose title to this enjoyment, like that of the nobility of rank, is derived from the exertions or good fortune of some distinguished ancestor, who still lives in the respectability and credit his praiseworthy industry has long ago created for his heirs.

From the intensity of competition, and the absolute

necessity of getting a name in whatever avocation or profession, arises the extraordinary efforts made to attract public notice; a few remarks, therefore, on

THE ART OF ADVERTISING,

as at present practised in the world of London, may be acceptable. Our remarks, the judicious reader will have long since perceived, are intended to be less historical than observant; the scope and purport of these papers is the delineation of what *is*, rather than the relation of what *has been*. The history of advertising, had we leisure to pursue it, would form an amusing inquiry; the rude attempts to attract publicity in the earlier epochs of our commercial struggles, when our merchants and retailers resorted to bazaars or markets, as the orientals do at this day, and when the bellman went about to announce, in *vivâ voce* advertisements, the merits of some newly arrived cargo of merchandise. The quaint phraseology of the announcements in the public prints, when their columns were first opened to the service of the trader, are highly entertaining, shewing what an important affair an advertisement was considered in those days.

In our own day, however, things are altered; there is but one way of attaining business, publicity; but one way of gaining publicity, advertisement; the newspaper is the fly-wheel by which the motive power of commercial enterprise is sustained, and money the steam by which the advertising is kept going.

Advertising has been an art, at least since the days of Puff—"Professor of the art of panegyric, at your service, or any body else's." Puff first reduced the chaotic elements to order, and gave to advertising the dignity of an art.

"PUFF. Mystery! Sir, I will take upon me to say, the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

"SNEER. Reduced to rule?

"PUFF. O lud, sir! you are very ignorant, I am afraid. Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts; the principal are, the puff direct—the puff preliminary—the puff collateral—the puff collusive—and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of—Letter to the Editor—Occasional Anecdote—Impartial Critique—Observation from Correspondent—or Advertisement from the Party."

Such was the condition of this noble art sixty years since, and although even then in its nonage, its importance, especially to the George Robinses of the day, may be estimated from the eloquent, and no less eloquent than just panegyric of the professor.

"Even the auctioneers now—the auctioneers I say, though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit theirs! No, sir; 'twas I first enriched their style,—'twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other, like bidders in their own auction-rooms! From

me they learned to inlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor; by me, too, their inventive faculties were called forth. Yes, sir, by *me* they were instructed to clothe ideal walks with gratuitous fruit — to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves — to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil; or, on emergencies, to raise upstart oaks where there had never been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour, or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!"

Who, looking upon the advertising columns of the *Morning Herald* or the *Post*, will not confess the force of the great authority of the immortal Mr Puff, in the auctioneering announcements of our day?

The newspaper is, of course, the grand medium of publicity; your *Times*, your *Post*, and your *Herald*, are to London what your gossips are to the country; they will drop in upon you about breakfast time, and, in addition to putting you in possession of the news of the day, like other good-natured friends, will put you in the very best way of getting rid of your money. They inform you where every thing you do or do not want may be had, if you believe them, cheapest and best; and even if you are not disposed to purchase what you do not want, the odds are ten to one the flattering announcements you see in the papers will infect you with the itch of spending.

Are you of the vagabond order, and infected with the peculiarly English vice of gadding? what a Para-

dise of locomotion does not the *Times* open to your astonished view! Northward to Hull, you are invited to travel for four shillings, being at the rate of the fourth of a farthing a mile; southward to Havre, you are carried from Southampton for half the money, to be returned if you are not landed before the opposition boat arrives; every where you can go for something, and somewhere, thanks to the intensity of competition, you can always go for nothing.

Are you a man of fortune and influence? How many claimants are there for the honour of your vote and interest, from the post of director of the India-House, down to that of physician to a dispensary or matron of an asylum. How many THANKS may not the exercise of your interest in behalf of some person desirous of a permanent mercantile appointment, or situation under government, obtain; how confidential the communications, and how inviolable the secresy that will be observed! Are you a capitalist? How easily, by simply communicating with X, Y, Z, Peel's Coffee-house, Fleet Street, may you not have possession of the whole or part of the most wonderful discovery that ever the world wondered at, of vast utility and "universal application!" Are you in want of employment? You may be settled to your heart's content, completely taken in and done for, by addressing a line to the "Metropolitan Swindling Commercial and General Agency Company," who will take your last guinea without remorse, leaving you otherwise exactly as they found you.

Do you desire a house, chambers, lodgings, furnished or unfurnished, board and lodging, partial board, breakfast and bed, dinner and bed, tea and bed, or supper and bed? the only fear is, that out of the number of captivating announcements submitted to your view, you will never be able to make a selection, but will remain a second wandering Jew to the end of your natural life.

Do you meditate matrimony? A dozen at least of the very lowest houses in the trade desire your custom, with the most disinterested earnestness, and not only this, but each will give you, *gratis*, his advice as to what you will require, and the dangers you run by purchasing at any other house than his own. He will furnish you, moreover, *gratis*, with a catalogue of articles, marked upon the principle to which we alluded in our observations on the rival hat-manufacturers, namely, that of a tentative or *ad captandum* price; when you come to purchase, you will discover that you should not make calculations of expenditure upon the strength of the tradesman's catalogue, as he will either refuse to let you have the articles at the price marked, or will take care to give you such as will be of no use whatever.

It may be assumed, as a general rule of all advertising shops, that the cheapness so prominently put forward in their advertisements, is merely a ground-bait to draw gudgeons to the place; when there, a more tempting and expensive article is placed under their nose, and they will be sure to snap at it.

Are you in want of domestics? Cast your eye over the two hundred and fifty praiseworthy individuals, all with unexceptionable characters from their last places, soliciting the honour of being allowed to enter your service; contrast with the multitude of these three-and-sixpenny announcements, the one or two "*wànted* a cook," or "*wanted* a housemaid," in another part of this paper, and you have an additional illustration of competition in London. It is not very long since the public was made merry at the expense of a sober citizen in Fenchurch Street, who, having lost his better half, advertised for a respectable widow to take charge of his establishment; the consequence was, that so great a multitude of respectable widows assembled before the worthy citizen's door in search of the situation, that the police were compelled to interfere for the preservation of the public peace!

Nothing is so well established as the fact, that advertising will do any thing. No imposition is so glaring, no quackery so apparent, no humbug so gross and palpable, which may not be turned to account, by an enterprising fellow, through the medium of the newspapers. Not only do the trades, but the professions, use this mighty letter of introduction: your lawyer puffs his book, and the physician his treatise, as you imagine, but the fact and truth is, the learned gentlemen are advertising themselves: the sale of the book is not the object, but the sale of the *man*.

As an illustration of the extraordinary power of advertising in effecting an object, we may take the

memorable case of a late London Assurance Company, well known to Sir Peter Laurie and the public. This infamous concern was got up by a servant out of place, aided by one or two other desperate men "upon town." By some means or other, forging references in all probability, the adventurers gained possession of a good house in a highly respectable neighbourhood; the bait offered that many-headed gull the public, was some considerable abatement of the usual premium of similar establishments, which it was easy for those to promise who never intended to pay. The light artillery of the newspapers did the rest. Indifferent as the public may be to a few announcements in the public prints, the reiteration of advertisements is ever sure to succeed; succeed it did, in this particular instance, so well, that the miscreants, after plundering unfortunate creatures to the tune of some eighty or a hundred thousand pounds, decamped beyond the reach of the law, and are now laughing at the simplicity of their victims.

It is upon the newspapers that the various tribes of quacks in medicine depend for their subsistence; what they offer for sale, though it be the genuine *elixir* of the alchymists, or dirt pills, does not matter a jack-straw; the point is, how much can they afford to spend in advertising. Advertising is like law — the longest purse wins all.

Of old, the advertising gentry were content simply to announce that they were ready to offer such and such articles for sale on reasonable terms; that

straight-forward mode of introducing their wares would now-a-days no more attract the public ear than the report of a pop-gun in a thunder-storm: if you mean to do business, you must try something startling; the *puff portentous* is an invention later than the days of the *Critic*.

Suppose you have a quack medicine, or any other poisonous compound to let off, you dash at the public thus:—

"SLAP-UP HALL.—We have the pleasure to announce, that Lord Tweezer, accompanied by a numerous and distinguished party, arrived at the above named splendid seat, on Wednesday last, for the shooting season. It is *quite true*, as reported, that each of the justly celebrated personages there assembled, carried down with him several hundred dozens SNOOK'S ETERNAL SMASH SPECIFIC FOR DISEASES OF THE CHEST, as also a large quantity of the CORDIAL BALM OF BOTHERATION, and INTERNAL DISEASE PILL! Beware of counterfeits."

Or you may try another, thus:—"WAR, WAR, WAR!!!—Keshen has been cut in several halves, not a doubt of it, by the celestial Emperor Twangti. Chusan has been abandoned, and the war which has just ended, is again about to begin. ELLIOT, &c., has, with immense difficulty, smuggled several chests of tea by proclamation, which enables the BRITISH SLOE AND BLACKTHORN LEAF, AND REAL SAW-DUST COFFEE COMPANY, to offer the public the boon of three farthings per pound (light weight) reduction on the sloe, and

five farthings on blackthorn leaf (Souchong flavour.) Copy the address."

The *puff philosophical* is immensely in vogue, owing, probably, to the schoolmaster being abroad; we will suppose the article to be puffed a new fashioned gridiron, a hydraulic spitoon, waterproof castor, or easy-chair, it is all the same, care being taken to head the advertisement with an appropriate quotation; if Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, all the better, as it will astonish the more the less it is understood, ignorance (with great respect to Edmund Burke) being grandmother, at least, to the sublime.

"ALERE FLAMMAM.

"The mysterious law of the radiation of caloric equally on all sides as the squares of the distances, discovered by that distinguished chemist Doctor Black, and lately confirmed by Dalton, has given rise to a surprising application of science to manufactures, in the invention of the canulated or grooved gridiron by Squid, of King William Street, Strand. This sublime discovery preserves the cellular tissue and adipose substance, and precludes altogether the incandescence of the carbonaceous material used in culinary combustion, so deleterious to the accurate frizzlefication of the graminivorous muscular fibre. Be sure to remember to ask for Squid's grids."

A very taking puff may run thus:—"BY AUTHORITY.—The highest price for old bones, rags, and

stores, at the sign of the Jolly Young Nigger, Gravel Lane, Shadwell."

To this is usually added the gratuitous advice, "You can't do better." "STOP," is a capital heading, but rather worn out. "STOP THIEF" is better, because every body thinks he will be sure to catch him, and so read. For any puff in life you cannot have a better beginning than "A THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD;" but it will be judicious not to forget to omit, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

CHAPTER XV.

THE reader, who may have travelled with us as a traveller should, observing, combining, and reflecting as he goes along, will by this time have justly concluded, that the subjects of this series are so many corollaries deducible from the magnitude of the place, and that all our observations upon life and character are so many involutions of the great problems of extension and space in the world of London. It is to the magnitude of the banquet set before us, that we are indebted for the opportunity of culling, at our pleasure, the most tempting dishes; it is the breadth of our canvass that enables us to work our lights and shadows with a bold and liberal pencil, and to give distinctness and individuality to the characters that form the foreground of our picture.

To-day, reader, we are about to set out on our travels: we purpose visiting Ireland, Scotland, Wales, without stirring from our easy-chair; we behold these nations through the medium of their representatives, sitting in the great congress of this vast metropolis. We observe their physical and moral characteristics, habits of life, modes of thought, and turns of expres-

sion, with such modifications only as result from their transference from their country to ours; and although we are able to form no ideas of the aspect of their country, the magnificence of their public buildings, their church steeples so many hundred feet high, their galleries of pictures, their palaces and gardens, or their great men, we can yet approximate somewhat to an estimate of their national character; since no man, of whatever country, when thrown abroad into the world, fails to retain more or less of the individuality which distinguishes him from other members of the great human family.

In contemplating these exotics, we must make certain allowances for change of soil and climate, and we must also beware how far we identify the national character with the examples afforded us in London life, since, when we turn to the contemplation of strangers in London, we must necessarily see numbers of adventurers: of the men of any country, unlike her commodities, the most favourable samples are not always selected for exportation.

One of the most striking—if not, indeed, *the* most striking proof, at once of the immensity of London, and of its resources, is the general asylum it affords adventurers of all ranks and countries.

London is not only large enough, and rich enough for the support of her own children, but is enabled to supply the means of life to thousands upon thousands "of little adopted" denizens of all lands, whose children have any thing, whether of hands or head, to

furnish, which can minister to her necessities, luxuries, or enjoyments. We have, on a former occasion, likened the "*city*" to the *heart* of this great body corporate, and the circumjacent neighbourhoods to the extremities: for the purposes of our present inquiry, we may borrow an illustration from the parent country, represented by the heart, and her thousand colonies, gathered round her for protection and convenient intercourse, represented by the borough districts of London.

The character of the population differs materially in the city and surrounding metropolitan districts; the hereditary Cockney flourishing in the former, while the transplanted provincial finds his abiding place in the latter. The franchises, privileges, and immunities of the city of London, although less valuable to individual members of the several corporations than formerly, have still sufficient attraction to induce the natural born citizens to remain within the walls, where strangers from the provinces, or from other countries, obtain a footing with difficulty.

Without the walls, however, the case is reversed; there you find three-fourths, at least, of the professional, trading, and labouring population are contributions from the provinces. Enter a dozen shops and inquire the *natale solum* of the occupiers, you will find one or two from Kent, one from Essex, one from Norfolk, three or four, perhaps, from the midland counties; one from Scotland or the border, and the remainder native-born metropolitans.

Impelled from all quarters by their several ambitions and necessities, but chiefly from the all-absorbing desire of gain, adventurers from all quarters, and of every class, are attracted to the metropolis. Of these, many succeed in establishing themselves here, but many more failing, retire again to the provinces, where, since they cannot gratify the darling wish of their heart to live in London, they contrive to borrow some distinction even in leaving it: if it be not their fate to remain there, it is something to *have been* there, as the inscriptions over the doors of the shops of provincial traders abundantly testify.

We have heard and laughed at the anecdote of the provincial *snip*, who, finding his genius unappreciated in this vast metropolis, where, probably, he never rose higher in his profession than the manufacture of military inexpressibles at fourpence a-pair, returned in disgust to his native village, where his presence was sufficiently indicated by a capacious sign-board over his door, bearing the inscription, in flaming yellow—"SNAGGS, tailor, from LONDON." The veteran aboriginal *schneider* of the place, who had never stirred more than a day's journey from his native village, stared through his tear-dimmed barnacles, at this, to him, signal of a speedy transference of custom to his learned friend on the opposite side.

Nor was he disappointed: the tailor "from London" for a time carried all before him, when a happy idea struck his discomfited rival. Procuring a board of the shape and dimensions of his friend over the way, the

veteran had *his* denomination painted upon it in letters of the like size and colour, thus—"BAGGS, tailor, *never was in London!*" The villagers enjoyed the joke, and, what was more to the purpose, returned to their allegiance to their native "king of shreds and patches."

Not having the particulars of the recent census before us, we cannot inform our readers in what proportion the several counties of England and Wales furnish their migratory quota to swell the full tide of human existence in the metropolis. The counties bordering London, however, do not contribute in the like ratio of those at greater distance: this may probably result from the population of the immediately suburban counties being chiefly agricultural, and therefore less adapted to administer to the wants and requirements of town life: it is from those parts of the country abounding with towns that London is mainly recruited, the natural tendency of the labourer, artisan, shopkeeper, and professional person, being to escape from the narrower to the wider sphere of action.

From the manufacturing towns, for example, the *elite* of the workmen in their respective handicrafts migrate to London. Birmingham and Sheffield furnish workers in brass and iron: Bristol, hatters, and sugar refiners: and all other places in like manner, which produce in common with the metropolis, send forth their first-rate hands; these, together with the vast numbers of home-manufactured artisans, who are

usually of a superior class, have raised the character of London manufactured articles wherever British enterprise has carried them — that is to say, to the farthest ends of the earth.

There are minute traces of provincialism notable in the natives of almost every county in England, and although the asperities of manner may be rounded off by collision in London, still some trifling marks of their characteristic peculiarities will remain. The accent betrays in an instant the man of Yorkshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Somersetshire: the first, moreover, is distinguished by his attachment to broad brims and brass buttons, and by his lamb-like innocence in all matters relating to driving a bargain, especially in the article of horse-flesh.

The Norfolk man is characterized by his devotion to dumplings — the Cornish man, on the contrary, glories in his proverbial attachment to pies: these last pride themselves much on their personal strength, and have annual Olympic games at Chalk Farm, where extraordinary feats of strength and activity are performed. The Welsh — now that they have got a prince of their own to brag of, it would be little less than treason to omit from our catalogue — preserve even in London the distinctive traits of the ancient Briton. Irascible and peppery, as are all primitive nations, the Welshman is generous and hospitable — fond of cherishing remembrances of the ancient glories of the bards and heroes of his country: the adventure of Fluellen and his leek is sure to throw him into an

ecstasy, and he is decidedly of opinion, that the two greatest men in Europe are Sir Charles Morgan and Sir Watkyn.

Of mere strangers, foreigners in fact, though not in law, the Irish in London have the numerical majority, amounting, as near as we can guess, to about two hundred thousand: giving them the benefit of precedence, we shall find an interest in observing their peculiarities, individual and national.

The Irish in London may be divided into three classes or denominations — the high Irish, fine Irish, or Irish absentee; secondly, the middling, intermediate, or adventuring Irish; and thirdly, the low, labouring, or mere Irish — this last being the class that determines, in the eyes of the Londoner, the character of the entire nation. The high or absentee Irish abound in London; it is calculated that at least four millions of pounds sterling are withdrawn from their native country by this class, a considerable proportion being of course expended in the metropolis, the remainder dissipated upon the continent, and at the watering places throughout the empire. The only national distinctiveness of this class, is their anxiety to avoid the suspicion of nationality: you may detect them in society, by their extraordinary exertions to convince you that they are not Irish, in the same way that you may identify a suspicious individual, by his protestations of his honesty of purpose and integrity of character.

One of this class is also easily recognized by his

volunteered hostility against his countrymen and country, if that man can be said to boast either the one or the other, whose chief object is, to revile the former and deny the latter. Conscious of his neglect of those natural duties imposed by Providence upon the possessor of property of whatever kind — much more that particular property with which the comfort, prosperity, and even existence of his fellow-creatures are entwined — he justifies himself by affecting to believe, that those who depend upon him are unworthy his paternal care. They are ignorant, therefore they are to be left uneducated; filthy and squalid, therefore they are to be deprived of the benefit of resident examples of tidiness and comfort; turbulent and riotous, they are therefore to be abandoned to turbulence and riot, instead of being led through the paths of plenty into pleasantness and peace.

Many of these Irish, in Saxon clothing, never cease to earn contempt for themselves by bespattering their country. They are Irishmen, they will tell you, by maladventure; by accident, not choice; nobody, they say, can help his misfortunes, and to have been born in Ireland is one of them. With a thinly disguised brogue, redolent of Munster, they will discourse of the barbarous accent of their compatriots, and with a face of the symmetry and complexion of a pink eye potatoe, they will animadvert upon the defects of Milesian physiognomies.

This class of persons have much to answer for. They complain as bitterly of the state of their country as if

its pre-eminently wretched condition is not in a great measure attributable to their desertion and neglect of that country: they expect that their dependants should regard with respect and affection those who, with education, station, leisure, and the finest field for the exercise of practical patriotism that ever lay beneath the eye of man, choose to forget that they have a country; who imagine that, while neglecting their own duties as the natural protectors of their people, the government of the country shall be enabled to supply their places, and render Ireland prosperous, contented, and happy. The contrast between the English and Irish landowner, is by no means favourable to the latter. Whatever may be the political or religious opinions or prejudices of the landed proprietor on this side the water, he is never found to indulge in expressions of contumely or disrespect towards his own countrymen. He does not carry vindictive antipathies to the parish school, the cottager's fireside, or the bench of justice: he does not consider that the whole duty of the tenant consists in making the rent, and the sole obligation of the landlord in spending it as soon as he gets it.

The Irish aristocrat in London is distinguished only as an aspirant to the paradise of the exclusive—a distinction he rarely attains. The world of science or of letters owes him nothing. He is great in horse-flesh, a keen hand at the whist and hazard table; although never taking a decided position as a man of *ton*, he is tolerated as a capital *raconteur*, jolly good fellow,

and boon companion. With this success his poor ambition is satisfied, and through an undistinguished and useless life, he clings with desperate fidelity to the outskirts of fashionable society.

The middling, intermediate, or adventuring Irish abound in London, not only from choice, but of necessity; their own country affording no facilities of getting a livelihood.

In a country where, by some strange infatuation, every sort of practical business-like education is considered mean and derogatory, it is not wonderful that gentlemen of talent, as they are called, should become a drug in the market; nor, in a country where the patronage of government is to the educated classes what the possession of land is to the peasantry, the means, and the *sole* means of life, is it to be wondered at that there should be multitudes of gentlemen of talent upon whose heads the patronage of government should fail to fall. These multitudes find their way to London; and in the whole range of London adventurers there is probably no style of man so ill adapted for success.

He seems altogether to overlook the important truth, that London is not a literary, but a commercial city. Without the slightest pretension to a commercial education, without commercial experience, without ever having been initiated in the art of buying cheap and selling dear, pre-eminently the art of London life, he throws himself into the midst of the great bazaar; and

when we add that he is without capital, the *life* of London life, we are at no loss to draw our conclusions as to the causes of his non-success.

He is a martyr to the impracticable education in vogue with his countrymen. Latin and Greek, wit and humour, he has in abundance, and those are almost the only articles for which there exists, in London, no demand. You need not be at the trouble to inquire what your adventuring Irishman is doing in London —he has but one ostensible occupation, which he seems to think the only pursuit worthy his extensive talents—the pursuit of the bar. He is always *coming* to the bar, and subsists, *ad interim*, by reporting for the public press, for which he has established a reputation. Occasionally he makes his way, with difficulty, to the sub-editorship, or even editorship of many of the provincial, and a few of the metropolitan journals; but as his habits are understood to be convivial, and as his means are rarely more than adequate to the necessities of the day, he seldom rises to the dignity of a share in the proprietary.

He is, moreover, a labourer in other departments of periodical literature, contributes to the magazines and reviews, and is an important personage in rummaging that great intellectual cemetery, the Library of the British Museum. It is true, the literary resurrection-men, who swarm there in multitudes, countless as musquitoes, are of all nations, climes, and even colours; nor do they carry on the trade of depredation in the silence and darkness of night, like their more

modest brethren, the purveyors of the dissecting rooms; but may be seen, in the full blaze of the garish day, scraping away at the bones of monkish chroniclers, dragging from their graves compilers of musty manuscripts, putting an old poet bodily into their bag, or scooping the brains out of the skull of a Scottish metaphysician.

If the originality of these gentry was in any thing like the ratio of their industry, what treasures of literature should we not soon possess! Here, you see an attendant trundling a wheel-barrow full of books to the feet of a transcribing author, busy getting up, at fifteen shillings a-week, the materials of a penny magazine. There, a genius of high intellectual powers, phrenologically developed in the smooth expanse of his *os frontis*, sits in the midst of a pile of ponderous tomes, like another Marius, looking round the room with poetic frenzy. A third, unwashed, unshaven, in a seedy suit of black, lays down his pen, while he scratches the shrubbery on the top of his head for an idea; a fourth, smelling intensely of onion, furtively munches the bread and cheese deposited in the pocket handkerchief in his lap. Here and there you may see, thumbing some trashy novel, a literary lady, (ugly, of course, and usually with a hole in her stocking,) who takes this desperate mode of recommending herself to the notice of the surrounding literary hodmen. Here we may be permitted to observe, how utterly perverted from its purpose is this valuable place:—if an old woman has forgotten how to make black

puddings, she flies forthwith to the British Museum, and writes an order for a cookery book: if a parcel of boys desire to study "Little Red Riding-Hood," or the "Adventures of Mother Goose," they must needs squat themselves down in the British Museum: if a forlorn *blue*, verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty, wishes to peruse the "Comical struck Cobbler," or some other interesting new work of fiction, instead of paying twopence for that privilege at a circulating library, she is off to have a spell for nothing at the British Museum.

The consequence is, that what with the mob, the noise, and smell of cheese and onions, no scientific, professional, or literary man, who may require works of reference, and for whose use and benefit the Library is intended, can abide the place: and if they do venture, the odds are ten to one the transcribing authors, boys, old women, and literary ladies, have not left the poor man a seat to sit down on. Yet, in the teeth of all this, do we find the editors of newspapers pestered with epistles from "Pedagogus," and "Vesperus Scholasticus," and "Philobookus," to implore the Trustees to turn the reading-room into an evening school for all the "*tutorers*" and twopenny-halfpenny a-week schoolmasters of the metropolis. Why does not Lord Brougham establish a dispensary for these houseless and destitute book-worms, where trash adapted to their tastes and constitutions may be administered *gratis*, whereby the treasures of that noble library may be rendered accessible to those who

require, and who know how to use them? If a benevolent institution of this sort were set agoing, and a workshop, with scissors, paste, manifold copybooks, calculating machines, pewter pots, and the like suitable apparatus, provided for the transcribing authors, where the good old English of our classic authors may be conveniently translated into the unknown or Cockney tongue, and if all persons were excluded from the reading-room *who have no business there*, we should soon see the effects of this blessed change on our national literature.

Here, as they have little else to do, we find your adventuring Irishmen in abundance; here some study and others kill time, the implacable and unrelenting enemy of the unemployed of London.

In another defect of Irishmen in London, you may discover the effects of their impracticable and unbusiness-like education: we allude to their disposition, the result of circumstances, to make their way to fortune by the by-roads and crooked paths of life. One hears that Corney Mulligan (whose father is no more than a poor huxter in Tralee) married a tailor's daughter with thirty thousand pounds; our hero, considering himself as tall and proper a man as Corney, sees no reason in life why *he* should not marry another tailor's daughter with another thirty thousand — as if tailors' daughters with thirty thousand pounds were as plenty as plums in a dumpling.

Another sees Vincent Macsweeny, who qualified as member for Ballyragget, out of ten acres of turf-bog,

sporting a blood bay in the Park on Sundays: he *has* heard that Vincent "shakes his elbow" to some purpose, and thinks, *if he had any luck*, he might be able to sport his bit of blood as well as Vincent Macsweeny.

A third hears that Jack Maguire is getting on famously at the bar, and forthwith resolves to emulate the fame and fortune of Jack Maguire. We, however, who know Jack better, are aware that the poor fellow has spent a snug little property in the pursuit of his profession, his emolument therefrom consisting in a guinea a circuit for the defence of some unlucky delinquent; the profits of his practice at Westminster you might put all in your eye, and see none the worse for!

For the steady contemplation of his prospects in life, for a severe calculation of probabilities, or for a self-denying determination to select and pursue, with English perseverance and English industry, an humble but lucrative line of life, our too well educated friend from the sister isle has no talent whatever. His education, while giving him much that a gentleman should not want, deprives him of the faculty of stooping to conquer that which a gentleman *must* have, namely, a gentlemanly independence. Rendering him keenly sensitive to slight, the ideas he has imbibed at home deprive him of much of the inclination, and of all the power, to put himself in those worldly circumstances upon which the world looks not slightingly; he has his pride, and it may be a worthy pride, but it is a pride

opposed to the pride of an Englishman, and therefore *here* it is in many cases offensive, and in all ridiculous.

Hence it is that you hear so many complaints, from Irish gentlemen, of the aversion and hostility with which they imagine they are regarded by Englishmen; to hear the former talk, you would imagine that all England was in a conspiracy against them to crush their rising talent, and to put them down. Never was prejudice so unjust. An Englishman deals with the adventurer of other countries in a spirit worthy his commercial character;—he examines him; if he finds he suits the market, he buys him; if otherwise, he will have nothing to do with him.

Now the fact is, the great majority of the class we are considering do not suit the English market; the Irishman is ardent, vivacious, enthusiastic, impulsive; the Englishman calm, sober, deliberative, persevering. The pride of the latter is his industry and enterprise, that of the former a less practical pride; but it does not follow, that because men or goods will not suit a certain market, that they are therefore either hated or despised. A dolphin is a noble creature in his proper place; but his gambols and vagaries give him no title to estimation when mingling in the society of whales.

We could adduce many creditable instances of Irishmen taking a highly respectable rank in various phases of London life; but we know not one solitary case wherein the character of such individuals was not either originally akin to the English character, or tamed down by observation, judgment, and discretion, to the

sobriety of character pre-eminently the characteristic of the people of this country.

He who would get on in London, be he of what country he may, must not only have a character, but an Anglicised character; it will not do that he is hospitable, generous, warm-hearted, open-handed, capable, quick; qualities like these, although leaning to virtue's side, are apt to be counterbalanced by corresponding disqualifications, such as improvidence, intemperance, unsteadiness.

In London, men must do as men do in London. You must be sedate, industrious, economical, persevering to the end; cautious in your dealings, hard in your bargains, prompt in your payments; punctual in all your engagements; modest in dress and deportment, not a loud dogmatic talker; unskilled in tavern politics and pothouse theology. You must put on a pair of moral winkers, so that you may only see straight before you in the path you have chosen to pursue through life: be you of what country you may, we tell you, despite the grumbling of gin-and-water tavern-haunters, you will be well received and well esteemed in London; and with health, strength, and the blessing of God, you cannot fail to obtain an honest, which is an honourable, living.

If, indeed, you would be distinguished and eminent; if you aspire not merely to independence, but to independence with renown, you have proposed to yourself neither less nor more than to climb a precipice. Ease, repose, and leisure must be strangers to you; the

tender domesticities of life you must eschew, the delightful intercourse of friends you may not indulge in; toil by night and day, unintermitting toil, must be your portion; and, in addition to all this, you must be gifted in no ordinary degree by nature. But

——— "Whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flight beyond the pole,
Or, darkling, grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious *self control*
Is wisdom's root."

We must not be understood, in our advice to strangers either now engaged in London life, or meditating a trial of fortune there, to mean, that it is either necessary, advisable, or right to de-nationalize themselves, and to endeavour to forget that they have a country. We should no more inculcate such infamy as this, than we should advise the perpetration of any other unnatural crime: your citizen of the world is generally a cold-hearted, selfish, good-to-nobody-but-himself sort of fellow: what we would insist on is, that if a man wishes to succeed, he should adapt himself to the constitution of the country wherein he desires adoption, so far as that adaptation may be consistent with good taste and honesty.

Another defect, observable in the conduct of Irishmen in London, which we have often heard severely animadverted upon by Englishmen, is a propensity to indulge in a low, backbiting vituperation of the

character and conduct of any of their countrymen who may happen to come upon the *tapis*. We have heard an Englishman — a sincere and warm friend of natives of the sister island — declare that he never heard the character of one Irishman canvassed in a company where there was another Irishman, that the latter had not something to say against the former, in depreciation of his birth, family, or religion, or in vituperation of his political or social behaviour — and this, too, from the lips of those who made themselves conspicuous as the loudest and most dogmatic eulogists of their common country.

This we believe to be quite true; and we take this to be mainly the cause of whatever aversion gentlemen of the Emerald Isle may be regarded in this country. Surely, when you see two birds of the same nest bespatter one another, it is a fair and logical conclusion that they are birds of an unfavourable feather. The persons who indulge in this shameless conduct do not appear to know that a portion of that contempt they so liberally express for their own countrymen must fall upon their country, that is, upon themselves; and so sure as no man ever yet came off with flying colours in a quarrel with his own relations, so sure is it that he will reap nothing but his fair share of contempt, who expresses himself contemptuously or depreciatingly of those who are connected with him by the endearing relationship of a common country.

If serious in his libels (for in this course of conduct truth is a libel) he injures those who have never

injured him, by creating and perpetuating prejudice: if jocose, (for some of these vituperators are diverting vagabonds,) he propagates contempt. In either case, the course we have known to be attended with the most salutary effect is, to receive gentlemen of this stamp on the first or second floor, and when they commence operations, either as satirists or buffoons, to give them five minutes to *prove* their assertions, and, in case of failure, to assist them in making their *exit* with all imaginable velocity from the most convenient window.

Perhaps we are expected to give our readers some idea of the outward and visible man of the middle class Irishman in London: whether in a coffee-room, or on the street, you can hardly mistake him, if your eye has been accustomed long to the contemplation of national physiognomies. Tall, athletic, robust, he has not either in face or figure the breeding or feeding of the Englishman, through whose hereditary blood the nutritive and *chylofacient* roast beef and strong ale have been amalgamated since the days of Edward the Confessor. The Irishman is sometimes a good-looking fellow, but more frequently partaking of the raw-head-and-bloody-bones school, like his brethren the Picts. He rejoices in an amplitude of whisker, flourishing luxuriantly even to the corners of the lip, and growing halfway down the œsophagus, for all we know to the contrary; of this he is ridiculously vain, attributing to his hirsute luxuriance some capillary attraction with the fair sex, the nature whereof passes our powers of comprehension to divine: his gait is usually

a semi-military march, the hat cocked a little on one side, the wearer regarding you with somewhat of a *defiant* air: he is sometimes over, usually under, seldom well dressed, and his *tout ensemble* is generally that of a man not on the most familiar intimacy with the money market.

SCOTCHMEN are to be found in London, as every where else, but not in that proportion you would be led to expect from the immensity of the place. The practical shrewdness and intuitive plain sense with which natives of that country are so bountifully endowed, and which have become so interwoven with the national character, that one overlooks the advantage of their admirable system of education, and imagines that Scotchmen are *born* with a sharp eye to business, enables them to see, that unless they have a connection established, the capitalists of London are too heavy metal to contend with.

Accordingly, you see very few Scotchmen in proportion to other adventurers hanging loose upon society in London: in this particular they differ materially from the Irishman, who, when he quits London, thinks he quits life. The Scotchman regards London with a view to bettering his condition, or making his fortune: the Irishman regards it as a pleasant place to live in, and his ambition is satisfied if he earn a living, because a living is success to him who cannot get a living at home.

Sandy, however, is a long-headed fellow, and looks a great way beyond the end of his nose: he knows his

sound, worldly, hard-headed habits will gain him a living any where, but that does not satisfy him: his dreams by night—for he is wide awake in the day—transport him to some sweet little vale among the braes of Balwhidder, where he was reared, and where he means to return a nabob, like Jemmy Macpherson, and buy up the whole territory. His desire is to aggrandize Scotland in his own person, and therefore he looks upon the wide world as the field for the accomplishment of his purpose, indifferent whether his fate consigns him to the Arctic or Antarctic Pole.

No man is better calculated to rub along than your Scot: of a hardy race, inured to labour, and no way fastidious in his living, he is sure to fall upon his legs, wherever you fling him.

But it is to his education he owes every thing: he has it at his own door, under the keen eye and watchful care of educated parents; and when we say *educated*, let it not be understood to mean pedantical *humbugs*, inflated with Horatian metres, or stuffed up to the gorge with *catalectic dithyrambic-iambic anapæsts*, which, we are given to understand, are the nicknames of crippled syllables that hop up and down the classical world like beggars upon crutches; but men who have studied the philosophy of history in the heroic struggles of their fathers for independence, political and religious, who have acquired their proverbial habits of industry in forcing a niggard soil against nature to be productive, and whose rules of life, conduct, and conversation must be the best, since drawn

from the pages of that blessed Book given by God to man for his guide and instructor in his pilgrimage from this world to the world to come.

The independence of their country, secured by the indomitable might of men in whose eyes slavery was the worst of deaths, and death in resisting tyranny but the beginning of a better life, has given the sons of Scotland a moral elevation, which is their first and best letter of recommendation. The faculty of resistance to oppression and injustice, without which men and nations are neither respectable nor respected, has become to the Scot a second nature. Their mode of life, equally removed from squalid poverty which knows no hope, and luxury which enervates while it refines, adapts him for wrestling with the world, whether abroad or at home, while his system of early education is that best calculated to attain independence, and to teach him to enjoy with moderation and sobriety the blessings independence can bestow.

The Scot is never ashamed for a moment of his country; nay, we will go farther, and say, that we have never known a Scot indifferent to, or forgetful of, his country; he has a pride in his accent, his physical characteristics, and the garb of old Gaul. The bagpipe sounds in his ear like the voice of a clansman, and his penny is always ready for the brother Scot who extricates, from elbow-strictured bag, every variety of intonation from grunt to squeak, mellowed into tenderness by the rich luxuriance of the ever rumbling drone.

If you are skilled in the mysteries of the tartan, you need hardly inquire his name; for in vest, trousers, cap, or neckerchief, you will be sure to decipher whether he is a Mackintosh, a Macfarlane, or a Murray.

He dresses plainly, but with neatness, and always according to his means and station; he affects gaiters, and is fond of enveloping in weather-defying galligaskins the nether extremities of his visible man. Remembering his primeval attachment to the kilt, we always quote this peculiarity as one of the most striking examples of the propensity of human nature to run into opposite extremes.

Grave and sober in his general deportment, he is fidgety and touchy in the extreme upon every question, whether great or small, affecting the honour, character, and conduct of the greatest or meanest of his countrymen, in which he sees involved the honour and character of his country. If you wish to throw him into a nervous fever, you have only to observe, that from the *Pastor fido* Allan Ramsay may have derived the idea of the "Gentle Shepherd," or, if he be a Highlander, to hint a suspicion affecting the authenticity of Ossian.

He is accused of loving Scotland better than truth, and this, which was intended as a calumny, is one of the highest compliments we can pay him. The manual of his youth, the companion of his manhood, and the consolation of his age, has recorded for him the infamy and punishment of the son who displayed the naked-

ness of the father; he regards his country as he does his parent, and would as soon suffer imputation upon the one as upon the other. He lives rarely by his wit, for he knows that wit, like service, is no inheritance; still more rarely by his *wits*, for in addition to the objections of his bringing up, he is well aware that honest enterprise and continuous industry pay better in the long run. He has humour, but it is *dry*, and for that reason, probably, he is fond of moistening his humour with whisky toddy; whisky toddy, however, potent as it is, cannot overcome his habitual gravity; when he forgets himself so far as to get drunk, he gets drunk *soberly*, and with discretion.

As we have said, his spirit of nationality is evidenced alike in great and little things. Although living at the uttermost ends of the town, he will toddle through wet or dry, to attend public worship at the National Scots Church in Regent Square or Swallow Street; he will "cry tails" with you for a bottle of Edinburgh ale, and walk seven miles to drink it at the sign of the "Three Thistles."

His views being directed mainly to commercial pursuits, you will find him lodging somewhere in the city, at the house of a countryman, of course; but, as we have before said, you seldom find him the *habitué* of taverns or coffee-houses, for if he does not find a ready market in London for his services, he speedily transfers his services elsewhere. For almost every situation of active and business life he is well quali-

fied; but there are pursuits which he monopolizes, and makes exclusively his own.

He is the gardener and practical agriculturist of the eastern and the western hemisphere; he carries the art of production over the globe, and leaves a comparatively niggard soil to fertilize lands naturally more fertile than his own. He is the sheep-farmer of the boundless pastures of Australia; in Canada the pioneer of civilization; he is the confectioner and baker of the three kingdoms, and in London we are mainly indebted to him for our daily bread.

He is the working engineer, too, over half the globe; the gigantic power developed, nay, for practical purposes *created*, by one of his countrymen, he delights to subserve; he is the architect, the controller, and the *valet* of the steam-engine. He is a labourer, and a successful one, in science, literature, and the arts; trite and tedious would be the task to enumerate the catalogue of eminent persons who claim kindred with him in the range of the learned and other professions. In the church alone do we find Scotland tenacious of the talents and virtues of her sons; physicians, lawyers, merchants, she gives us in abundance, and even presents London with a Lord Mayor; her Chalmers, on the contrary, she refuses to part with, and retains for herself alone.

The Scot is great in trade and commerce; nor do the nobility of his country disdain to identify themselves with those pursuits from which so great a pro-

portion of our true glory is derived. We have seen with pleasure the name of the Honourable Mr Frazer figuring upon a brass plate on the door of an eminent mercantile house in the city; and we are vulgar enough to imagine the scion of a noble house looks quite as much to advantage in that place as on the steps of Crockford's, or in the profligate society of the Saloon.

But it is the excursive character of his enterprise that more than any other quality distinguishes the adventurer of Scotland:

> "All nations that the eye of heaven visits,
> Are to the wise man ports and happy havens."

He teaches his necessity to reason thus, for

> "There is no virtue like necessity."

The wide world to him seems only a great adventure, and nations merely objects of speculation. He goes from his home, an adventurer for fortune, and without fortune he will not return; *do* or die is his motto, and he sticks to the world like a limpet.

There are no such things now-a-days as desolate islands; every desolate island is sure to furnish its enterprising Scotchman. The coast of Africa has no terrors for him; Borneo is not too hot to hold him; he warms his toes on the banks of Slave River to the

tune of *Tullochgorum* and displays his Paisley shawl or Kilmarnock nightcap to the admiring gazers of Topinambo or Timbuctoo.

We happened to be in the tavern, hight Edinburgh Castle, one evening, musing, as is our custom, upon men and manners, when an original in pea-green coat, brass buttons, and thorough-bred plaiding trews, entered, taking his seat *vis-a-vis* to our bottle of ale; remarking, that he "kittled it was Embro'," and having upon tasting the liquor, pronounced it "unco guid," we fell naturally enough into conversation.

Our North British friend had come up to town in the hope of investing his little capital, amounting only to a few hundred pounds, in some mercantile speculation, but in vain: many were the tempting offers made, as he informed us, of so many hundred *per cent* for his money in this adventure and in that: he was too "far north," however, even for the matchless money-snatchers of London; and wherever a *bona fide* investment offered itself, the capital he possessed was no object.

"Hech me, sirs!" exclaimed he, "thae Lunnon lads talk o' hunners o' thoosans o' punds sterling, as if they were sae mony chucky-stanes! Hech me! it 's the place for thae moneyed whales to mak sma' wark wi' siccan a sprat as I am; sae, I hae jist made up my mind to work my passage till California, whar I hae a brither in the hide an' tallow business. Noo, as ye seem a douce lad, we 'll e'en crack anither bottle the-

gither; ye can pay for 't, and I 'll do the same for you the neist time we hae the luck to forgather."

The probabilities of success of adventurers in London may be estimated from the short, and for that reason imperfect, sketch we have given of their peculiarities. That their advancement can in any degree be accelerated or retarded by the fact of their being strangers here, we must be permitted to doubt: by far the greater amount of the London population is denizen: if there are here none of the neighbourly sympathies of citizenship, neither are there here its neighbourly aversions.

In insignificant or remote places the arrival of a stranger may be regarded with aversion, as taking the bread out of somebody's mouth: in London the success of every man depends not upon his neighbours, but upon *himself*. It cannot be denied that he has difficulties to contend with, but the difficulty of prejudice is not one of them. The graduate of Cambridge or Oxford settling in the back-wood of America, will find himself far outdone in his clearing operations by the native Yankee pioneer of civilization; so it will be in London, where the difficulty of the stranger will be found to lie in the want of the same knowledge of business, the same amount of capital, or the same enterprise as his London competitor.

It might be as well imagined that the turbot sold this morning at Billingsgate will not be eaten this evening in Bond Street, because taken in the net of a

Dutchman; that the butter we consume at breakfast will be rejected, because the product of the dairies of Cork or Waterford; or that the mutton expected to-morrow in Newgate market will remain unsold, because fattened north of the Tweed; as that industry and enterprise suited to the market, (*for every thing centres in that*,) will not find in London, as elsewhere, its just and legitimate reward.

CHAPTER XVI.

FOREIGNERS IN LONDON.

ENGLAND! home of the free, asylum of the brave, refuge of refugees, and so forth — in heroic prose, and yet more heroic verse, what fine things have, and may be, said and sung on this self-glorifying subject, to the great joy of the gods and goddesses, in one shilling and two shilling galleries! It is truly delightful to witness the ardour with which a British auditory compliments itself on these occasions upon its excursive humanity, transmarine benevolence, and free-trade philanthropy!

There is a disease well-known to opticians, wherein the patient can see distinctly objects a great way off, but is quite incapable of distinguishing such as lie immediately under his nose. The artist applies a spectacle of peculiar construction to remedy this defect; we think it would be a vast advantage to the public in general, if ingenious opticians would turn their attention to a remedy for that long-sighted benevolence, which, sweeping the distant horizon for objects

of compassion, is blind as bat to the wretchedness and destitution abounding at its own doors.

We confess we think there is an affectation in this gad-about benevolence, of which we see now-a-days so much, too much: there seems about it that sort of pitiful ostentation, which induces an Irish gentleman to ask every body he meets to dinner, when he has not dinner enough for his own family at home.

We confess we are of opinion that charity, though it need not end, should *begin* at home; and that it is time enough when severe distress has been relieved at our own door, to walk to the other end of the earth in search of foreign beggars.

There is, no doubt, a highly gratifying pride in seeing this free and happy country the asylum of fallen royalty and discomfited revolutionists—the home of the brave and of the knave—the polar star of wandering Poles and refugees of all ranks, climes, colours, and nations. But, with great respect for Lord Dudley Stuart, there is an order of precedence in charity as in nobility; our fellow-countrymen demand the *pas*, and there is quite enough of misery, if we look for it, within the scope of our visible horizon; when we have relieved the pressing necessities of our indigenous tribes, it is quite time enough to cast about for exotics, wherewith to occupy our overflowing benevolence.

We know, of course, that it is nauseous and emetical to be told that our fellow-countrymen starve outside our gates; such recitals of domestic misery interfere

with the process of digestion, and, like the sad realities of another place, should never be mentioned to ears polite. Nothing can be more vulgar, uninteresting, and anti-sentimental, than the distresses of Hicks, Higgins, Figgins, Stubbs, and all weavers or others who are neither rebels nor refugees — who are vulgar enough to work if they can get it — who wear no bristles between their noses and lips, and who have no names ending in *rinski !*

If you stroll down Regent Street, the Quadrant, and Waterloo Place, any fine afternoon, you cannot fail to remark vast numbers of exotics in glossy black silk hats, with *moustaches* and whiskers to match, hard, inexpressive coats, flash satin vests, unwhisperables plaited ridiculously over the hips, glazed leather boots, and a profusion of Birmingham jewellery and Bristol stones. These gentry smoke very fast, talk very loud, or rather chatter intolerably, and look killing and impudent at ladies as they pass.

There is a polished brass knocker at the corner of Grosvenor Square, which, when we have touched off with a burned cork, as we usually do when passing that way, seems the common ancestor of these gentry; certainly they are great fellows, and it is difficult to conceive that the town is not their own. Like Samson, their strength lies in their hair; flowing locks, well-oiled, brushed, and curled, form a fair proportion of their general stock in trade. By their fashion of wearing their hair, you may get at their politics. The Bonapartist is known by a short bristly *moustache* and

staring hair; *la Jeune France* is represented by young gentlemen wearing their hair clubbishly, after the fashion of the Jacobins; these posteriorly hirsute gentry are republicans to a man; partisans of the existing dynasty wear whiskers *à la* Louis Philippe, and *cut* the moustache; the Legitimists may at once be recognised by dressing like gentlemen.

The avocations of these capillary peripatetics are mysterious, and not to be got at without difficulty. It is to be feared, that the commodities they deal in are chiefly contraband, and, like themselves, very much in the fancy line; artificial flowers, ladies of pleasure, *rouge et noir*, smuggled lace, loaded dice, Chantilly veils, fiddle-strings, gamesters, *or-molu* clocks, and *Chevaliers d'Industrie*. The *habitat* of the animal, as naturalists would say, lies almost altogether about the Quadrant, Waterloo Place, and Leicester Square, especially the latter, where *Hotels Françaises* and *Cafés à la mode de Paris* abound, and where may be had *diners à la carte*, *vins a tous prix*, and *pain à discretion*. Hereabouts, moreover, are most of those inferior gambling-houses, or "silver hells," where so many young men about town get relieved of their superfluous cash; houses of no particular reputation, cigar-shops, where other commodities than cigars are saleable — cheap gun shops, trinkum-trankum shops; small shellfish shops, — and equivocal emporia of every description.

In the coffee-houses about this Frenchified neighbourhood, the gentlemen we have been introducing to the reader abound in such numbers, as to make it

necessary to set aside a "petty France" in each, for their particular accommodation. Here, under the auspices of a "Napoleon le Grand" in plaster of Paris, crowned with a wreath of *immortelles*, they play dominoes, smoke, read the *Charivari*, *L'Ami du Peuple*, and *Le National;* and may be heard any night of the week, especially on Sundays, discussing politics and things in general, somewhat in the manner and form following:—that is to say,

"*Parlons donc de la guerre?*—Vill you bring me *une demi-tasse café*, et von *grande circonference* de toast, buttered on de von side and de oder?—*le gros bête, Louis Philippe!—Ah! Bah!—Mon Dieu—Sacre bleu—Ha! Ha!*—have you never got two pennies to give me for von halfpenny?—*à bas les tyrans!—dem bad café!—apropos de bottes, parlons de—vous le trouverez, j'en vous assure, la Société d'Assassins du Roi, hommes pleins d'honneur*—shall it rain yesterday?—I tink it vash—*le grosse poire, Louis Phil—Sacre nom de—Too—too*, my littel deer, vill you not give me von littel kiss?—he! he! he!—*Chantons—tira la la—tira la la!—Savez-vous, mon ami, que la Republique toujours—parbleu!—que le dindon farcée aux truffes c'est la belle chose.—O Ciel! L'Empereur n'etait pas mort, ni serait-il jamais—quatre sous pour cette demi-tasse of* nasty *café—c'est épouvantable, tira la la!—Le National aujourd'hui dit, que Madame Munoz c'est—quelle aille aux tous les diables!—N'importe*, I have paid for you to-morrow before yesterday—*Shikspur, bah!*

le Grand Corneille était le seul homme du monde, — *tira la la, tira la la!* — *regardez-vous le diap*[illegible] *nisme de ce morceau de prin* — *Angleterre c'est,* [illegible] *doute, vilain pays pour la musique et la danse* — bri[illegible] me la change, *trois sous,* von halfpenny two penn[illegible] — *Vive la Charte!* — *Ecoutez, demidouzaine hui*[illegible] *de Cancale* — *bon* — *trois plats au choix* — *très b*[illegible] — *Vive la Revolution Eternelle!* — *A bas Louis Ph*[illegible] *lipe et les proprietaires de tous les Cafés de qua*[illegible] *sous!* — Hi! hi! — *J'en suis d'accorde* — I prescri[illegible] to dat," — So run they on until the hour of shutti[illegible] shop.

Italians do not muster sufficiently strong here t[illegible] enable us to depict their peculiarities *en masse;* no[illegible] is there any very striking individuality, still less an[illegible] marked nationality, giving them particular claim[illegible] upon our notice. The privation of a national characte[illegible] never fails to have a bad effect upon the character o[illegible] the individual; it is not merely upon the nation tha[illegible] oppression marks its brand of ignominy, but upo[illegible] every man, woman, and child, belonging to the nation which is enslaved.

When a people no longer boasts national interests their pride takes fire at the expense of their fellow-countrymen of the next province — and thus it is wit[illegible] Italy; the Milanese looks with dislike upon the Venetian, the Venetian despises the Bolognese, the latte[illegible] shuns comparison with the serfs of the Church. The Calabrian Highlander abhors the cowardly ragamuffinry of the two Sicilies, although reluctantly submitting to

eir dominion. The Florentine, rich in the fertility *his* country, pities and despises the other children fair Italy.

Yet Italy must ever assert her supremacy. Rome, ice mistress of the world, still asserts the shadow of sacerdotal sovereignty, triple crowned, seated upon er seven hills; forwarding legions of priests, monks, nd friars to every corner of the habitable globe, and ver striving to reconquer the spiritual domination she nce exercised over states and men. Italy, once glorious in the songs of Horace and Virgil, and again in he strains of Dante and Ariosto, now, alas! glorifies herself in the flexile trills of a cantatizing Signora, and finds her greatest and most renowned son within the girdle that embraces the vast circumference of the large Lablache. From the empire of the Cæsars, they have descended to the supremacy of cameo cutters—from the Metelli, we stoop to contemplate Mosaics—workers in tufa replace the Tarquins—Palladio is represented by artificers in cork—Dante and Petrarch by jingling *improvisatori*—the legions of the empire by multitudes of friars and priests—Michael Angelo is a man of alabaster images—Raphael the "divine," a copier of old masters for the American market.

Thus, mighty, powerful, glorious Britain, might it one day be with thee and thy sons—if thy sons consented basely to survive thy fall. Then might the representatives of thy master-spirits exhibit penny shows in the streets of foreign cities, and spout doggerel

verses at the corners; then might thy merchant princes wander, pedlars of petty wares, from clime to clime; then might thy nobility let lodgings, furnished and unfurnished, and thy daughters go for dancing women and singing women into all lands; then might thy national glory be represented by chaplets, wreathing the heads of *prima donna* Johnson, or *contralto* Smith; then might thy effeminate seamen creep along-shore, and give old ocean his own again; then might thy traffic lie in dancing-masters, sausages, brimstone, *bulls* and excommunications; then might the men of Kent find their poor ambition in reviling the men of Northumberland — the Yorkshireman and the Cornish man swear eternal enmity! This living without life, this non-existent existence, can never be *thy* lot; if degradation is to come, death must lead the procession, and whoever would enslave thee, must enslave thee in thy grave; the good ship Old England has weathered many a tough gale, and will weather many more than her crew shall live to fight against.

If, in the revolutions of empires, her day of decline *must* come, historians of the future will record of once mighty England—she broke who never bent — she sank who never would succumb — she left no willing slaves memorials of her shame. Like one of the guardian giants that once prowled along her coast, she fought to the last, as often she had fought before, against the aggregated might of hostile nations; with colours nailed to the mast, she gloriously descended into the bosom of her subject deep, while the blaze of

parting light that heralded her rest, lives along the wave, a terror and a warning to all nations!

If the native of Italy possesses no national pride, neither has he that flippant, cocksparrow-like licentiousness of manner characteristic of your modern Gaul; those poor men who carry about the streets of London casts in plaster of Paris, are remarkable for good-humour, courtesy, and patient endurance of hardship, hunger, and fatigue.

The Savoyards are noted as the monopolists of our out-of-door's music — the minstrels of the streets and lanes, the grinders of our extrinsic harmony. Hateful are they in the sight of porters of Inns of Court, and much beloved of little children and nursery-maids: frumpish old maids and bitter bachelors, who have no music in their souls, drive them away rudely from their inhospitable doors; but tender mothers, with many little ones, welcome them on each returning Saturday with halfpennies, crusts, and cheese-parings, pitying them, wanderers far from their friends and native land; while circumhabitant infancy and childhood congregate around the smiling minstrel, melted by the pathetic cadences of "All round my hat," or stimulated to saltatory exercitations by the toe-and-heel-inspiriting air of "Jump Jim Crow."

Their little rotund chubby faces beaming with smiles; the poor grinder, though hungry, perchance, or cold, responding to their merriment with a hop, skip, and jump, an accompanying whistle, and a good-humoured grin; the affectionate mothers in the back-

ground looking on with that look of mingled pride and tenderness, the mother's own expression — make a picture we often stop and gaze at, wishing for the pencil of a Wilkie.

The Savoyards, among whom, by the way, are comprised Tyrolese, Genoese, Sardinians, and Italians proper, have their ambitions like other men. One is happy in the possession of a pair of white mice — another glorified in the tricks of a mischievous monkey; all grades of mechanical music belong to them, from the discordant hurdy-gurdy to the organ imitative of a full band. The *ne plus ultra* of their art, however, is the conduct of their "*comedie*," as they call it, which, being interpreted, meaneth no more or less than a puppet-show. The popularity of these exhibitions, though considerable, never rises to that height of enthusiasm wherewith our populace receive the immortal Punch, now naturalized in our northern clime, and, to the manner of the people, adapted, if not born.

The poor Savoyards are eminently gregarious, huddling together in narrow courts and alleys on the northern side of Holborn, whence you may see them set out in groups, on Sunday mornings, for Primrose Hill, Hampstead, and Highgate, where, in the shady woods or sunny meadows, they idle away the livelong summer's day, indulging in fond remembrances of their far distant mountain home, and laying up in their pulmonary apparatus, as much fresh air as serves them for the week ensuing. It is truly miraculous how those poor creatures make out life, paying, as they do,

extortionate sums for the use of their music mills, to those who make a trade of letting them out for hire, faring hard, ill-lodged, and exposed to all weathers; yet do they struggle on in the hope of saving a few pounds, wherewith to support their aged parents, or settle themselves for life in the pleasant valleys they have left behind.

SPANIARDS we see little of in London; they form a very minute fraction of the adventuring foreigners who swell our full tide of existence. Incapable from character and habit of exertions of trifling ingenuity, and from the long and destructive wars that have desolated their country, indifferent to trade, manufacture, or commerce, they have neither great nor petty business, to attract them here. The wine, cork, fruit, and cigar trades, occupy a few merchants of no great note in the city; a few obtain a precarious subsistence by teaching their language, or the guitar. They have no peculiarities to distinguish them from other continental foreigners, except it may be the high feeling, grave deportment, and formal *politesse*, characteristic of their nation; whenever you meet a Spaniard in London, you may be sure, whether he be poor or rich, you come in contact with a gentleman.

GERMANS we have in abundance: clockmakers, musicians, teachers of languages, bookbinders, and artisans of various descriptions; mute, inglorious Stulzes in great numbers, attracted hither by the uncontrollable propensity of our indigenous snips to indulge in the striking absurdity of "strikes." By

the way, our native-born artisans of all sorts, give every encouragement to the inundation of swarms of foreigners, by reckless indulgence in suicidal combination against their employers, not seeing that every recurring "strike" brings into the labour-market hundreds of interlopers, who cannot so easily be got rid of, thus lowering the wages of the home artisan, and spreading distress among our humbler population. Your German in London resembles your German anywhere else; a heavy, dunder-headed, gross, beer-and-bacco-bemuzzed individual, but dogged and steady at his work, patient, and generally trustworthy.

Americans are to be found in the Commercial quarters of our world, but by no means in the numbers they contribute to Liverpool, where they may be found at every evening party. As we do not in these papers intend to inflict upon the reader descriptions of that which we have not had leisure and opportunity to contemplate, we cannot undertake to describe the American in England. Once, and only once, had we an opportunity of contemplating the native-born Yankee, at the hospitable board of a commercial acquaintance in the city.

The biped was certainly curious, we might say unique. Though, as we have said, we cannot undertake to describe the species, we make no scruple of identifying the individual, in the hope that our Zoological Society may secure the animal without loss of time. The genius in question, rejoiced in long dark hair and sallow dyspeptic countenance, was attired in

an amorphous blue coat, with huge brass buttons, a flaming vest, profusion of projected shirt and double ruffle, boots shaped like fire-buckets, nankeen unwhisperables fluttering about his limbs, resembling a purser's couple of shirts on a couple of handspikes, a white neckcloth with loose tie, and a churn-shaped castor under his arm. At first, we concluded he must be lunatic, but felt relieved upon hearing that he was only republican.

He ate much, drank deep, talked loudly and incessantly: his topics were varied, and, as we thought, somewhat tinctured with incongruity. From one subject he rattled to another, dogmatizing and soliloquizing: "free and independent — niggers; rights of man — Lynch law: fourth of July — slave breeding: civil and religious liberty — tar and feathers: John Tyler — Jim Crow: (these he called great men — the latter *may* be) — corn laws — loafers: shin-plasters — Van Buren: Congress — *locofocos:* civilization — Kentucky: ex-President Adams, and the puddings made of Cobbett's corn and treacle, which said Adams had every day for dinner: General Jackson — clam soup: canvass backs — Governor Biddle," and so on, from the beginning of the fish to the end of the Madeira.

On the retirement of the ladies, this extraordinary mammal called for brandy and cigars; which, being forthwith provided, he proceeded to imbibe and exhale, talking from between his teeth in a high nasal tone, expectorating, at short intervals, betwixt the bars of the grate, with the precision of a Chickasaw rifleman.

The impression produced upon the company by the conduct and conversation of this sample of transatlantic humanity, appeared to be, unqualified disgust with Christopher Colombus for having discovered America, and a general inclination to take refuge with the ladies.

We should be sorry indeed to suppose that this remarkable item represented his nation; on the contrary, we imagine him to have been a living caricature of the American citizen, who is no doubt modest, well-bred, Christian-like, and sensible, as becomes his British origin. These ridiculous stories of Lynch Law, tar and feathers, John Tylers and Jim Crows, we take to be merely little imaginary extravaganzas, in which men will at times indulge, who know that the listener must travel four thousand miles to be able to contradict them.

The Hebrew Nation next claims a share of our attention, as representing the most numerous, important, and wealthy body of distinct people in London. It may be considered strange, that we should include our notice of the Jews under the head of foreigners in London, since they are our fellow-countrymen, and fellow-citizens, as *Sir* Moses Montifiori and *Sir* David Solomons (by the way, *Sir* Moses has an oddity of sound about it, reminding us of the *father* of chemistry, and *brother* of the Earl of Cork) can abundantly testify.

Yet, when we reflect that this most ancient, curious, and surpassingly interesting people, not only refuse to

mingle or amalgamate with us, but maintain, with inflexible perseverance, not merely their religious tenets, but their distinctive character as a nation, we may be excused from classing a people so foreign in fact, if not in law, under our present division.

The man who can look a Jew full in the face without perusing in his oval phiz, high, pale forehead, dark, protuberant, flashing eye, a volume of the romance of history more eloquent than Josephus ever writ, must have no more association in his pate than a block of the New Patent Timber Paving Company.

Talk of pedigrees, forsooth!—tell us of the Talbots, Percys, Howards, and such like mushrooms of yesterday!—shew us a Jew, and we will shew you a man whose genealogical tree springs from Abraham's bosom—whose family is older than the Decalogue, and who bears incontrovertible evidence in every line of his oriental countenance, of the authenticity of his descent through myriads of successive generations. You see in him a living argument of the truth of Divine revelation—in him you behold the literal fulfilment of the prophecies. With him you ascend the stream of time, not voyaging by the help of dim, uncertain, and fallacious light of tradition, but guided by an emanation of the same light, which, to his nation, was "a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night." In him you see the representative of the once favoured people of God, to whom, as to the chosen of all mankind, He revealed himself their legislator, protector, and king;

who brought them out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. "Israelites," as Saint Paul saith, "to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises: whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen."

You behold him established, as it were for ever, in the pleasant places allotted him: you trace him by the peculiar mercy of his God in his transition states from bondage to freedom; and by the innate depravity of his human nature, from prosperity to insolence, ingratitude, and rebellion. Following him on, you find him the serf of Rome; you trace him from the smouldering ashes of Jerusalem, an outcast and a wanderer to all lands: the persecutor of Christ, you find him the persecuted of Christians, bearing all things, suffering all things, strong in the pride of human knowledge, stiff-necked and gainsaying, hoping all things, "For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet choose Israel, and set them in their own land: and the strangers shall be joined with them, and they shall cleave to the house of Jacob. And the people shall take them, and bring them to their place: and the house of Israel shall possess them in the land of the Lord, for servants and handmaids; and they shall take them captive whose captives they were; and they shall rule over their oppressors."

The associations connected with the history of the

Jews are oppressive in interest, and would lead us far away from the humble and unpretending picture of manners we have proposed to limn in our homely Dutch-like way; he who would bring out in colours of truth and nature the romance of Jewish history, must be the Raphael, not the Teniers, of the pen.

When you are awoke early in the morning by the reiterated cry of "Old Clo"—or when the cunning little Isaac, who frequents our court, seduces all the good housewives to their doors and windows by the dulcet strains of his accordion, only to poke them into an exchange of a suit of discarded wearables for a soup plate, soap dish, or some other article of his miscellaneous crockery—you have no idea of Jews or Judaism in London. You must pack up your "traps," make under our experienced tutelage a voyage into the East by 'buss or cab, when we shall shew you the Hebrew *quartier*, and initiate you into many of the peculiarities of Hebrew life.

The JEWISH QUARTER, then, is bounded to the north by High Street, Spitalfields—to the east by Middlesex Street, popularly known and called Petticoat Lane—to the south by Leadenhall Street, Aldgate, and the hither end of Whitechapel—to the west by Bishopsgate Street. This is literally the New Jerusalem: here we Christians are foreigners, strangers in a strange land: here, over the doors, are inscribed pot-hooks and vowel points, indicative, to those who understand them, that Moses Abrahams furnisheth "slops" for home consumption and exportation—this

we naturally conclude to be the meaning from the articles exhibited in the windows; for though the sign be Hebrew to them, we need hardly say that it is *Greek* to us. Within the area bounded as above described, but especially about Bevis Marks, Houndsditch, St Mary Axe, and Petticoat Lane, you might readily imagine yourself transported to Frankfort, Warsaw, or any place enjoying a superabundant Jewish population. Here, every face is of the shape, and somewhat of the complexion, of a turkey egg; every brow pencilled in an arch of exact ellipse; every nose modelled after the proboscis of a Toucan; locks as bushy and black as those of Absalom abound, and beards of the patriarchal ages. Here, and hereabouts, Isaac kills beef and mutton according to the old dispensation: Jacob receives accidental silver spoons, and consigns gold watches, now warranted never more to lose a second, to the crucible, kept always at white heat in his little dark cellar, and *no questions asked.*

Here, at the corners, Rebecca disposes of fried liver and 'tatoes, smoking hot, on little bright burnished copper platters, to all the tribes of Israel not prohibited by law to eat — that is to say, to all who possess the solitary "brown" wherewith to purchase the appetizing dainty. Solomon negotiates in the matter of rags: Esther rejoices in a brisk little business of flat fish fried in oil — a species of dainty in which the Jews alone excel; Moses and Aaron keep separate marine stores, where every earthly thing, furtively acquired, from a chain cable to a wine bottle, finds a

ready sale. Rachel, albeit a widow, dispenses from behind the bar "*short*" and "*heavy*" to the thirsty tribes: Ruth deals wholesale in oranges and other foreign fruits: Melchizedek dabbleth in Hebrew books and tracts: Absalom sells opium and Turkey Rhubarb: Mordecai is a "crimp," the vulture of seafaring men. Nothing is to be seen above, below, around, but Jewish physiognomies, Jewish houses, and Jewish occupations. The avidity with which this, in one sense, primitive people pursues gain, is not wonderful, when we reflect that gain is all that the, till lately, unrelenting persecution of the Christian has left them to pursue: with money, in the dark days of their history, have they purchased the poor privilege to live: with money have they secured for themselves in one country connivance, in another toleration, in a third citizenship: with money have they made war, and set by the ears hostile Nazarenes: with money have they negotiated peace — transferred from king to king diadems and sceptres — playing at chuck-farthing with the fates and fortunes of European and Asiatic nations. The same all-absorbing thirst of gold that formed the leading principle in the life of that pillar of the Stock Exchange, the well-remembered Rothschild, animates the merest Israelitish urchin who follows through the streets his bearded progenitor, esquire of the clothes' bag. To the pursuit of gain all their energies are directed with an intensity, unscrupulosity, and perseverance unknown to, and unattempted by, any Christian people: money they must and will have,

"rem, *quocunque modo* rem:" the lowest depths of knavery, chicanery, and extortion, are practised by some to accomplish this the end of their existence. For this the infamous "crimp" grasps the hard earnings of the unsuspecting seaman as soon as he steps upon his native shore, and then spurns him naked into the street: for this the marine store-dealers and receivers open their seminaries of theft: for this the current coin of the realm is clipped, and ingots and sovereigns perspire: for this the pander entraps, and the bawd opens wide the gates that lead to everlasting death, trafficking in Christian flesh for purposes worse than the worst of slavery.

We are no advocates for renewing the barbarities of the Edwards and the Henries, when a Jew's tooth was rated at a thousand pounds good and lawful moneys of our Sovereign Lord the King, or for making our friend Nasmyth extractor-general of the tusk-tax: yet we must candidly confess, that when we see the daughter of a Christian man patrolling the streets, decorated in the trumpery properties of a Jewish brothel, while the devil's dam, in the shape of a hideous Hebrew hag, follows the poor unfortunate, like the shadow of death, to clutch the wages of her shame, we really think a Christian government might, without any hazard of public odium, string up at the doors of their own dens, Mother Abrahams, Mother Isaacs, and Mother Jacobs. But, after all, perhaps it is better as it is: if this abominable traffic *must* be connived at, it is better that those should have the monopoly who have nothing in

common with us, save that which the weasel has in common with its prey: those who have made a god of mammon, worshipping the golden calf with the tenfold idolatry of their fathers.

There are various kinds of industry—the industry of enterprise, the industry of saving, the industry of toil; the industrial characteristic of the Jew, is industry of over-reaching; other men are content to do business, the Jew must do *you*. A curious instance of this irreclaimable propensity in the Ten Tribes to catch with instinctive claw whatever does not appear to be honestly come by, occurred no great while since in the city.

A respectable man, possessed of a considerable stock of an article which hung heavy upon his hands, and which happened to be particularly suitable to the Jewish market, offered his commodity to several of the nation at a great sacrifice, but without success; a happy thought struck him, that what their hard hearts might deny, their charitable avarice might afford. Accordingly, in the clouds of night, our trader repaired to the warehouse of one of the Moseses, noted for his constitutional *politesse* in abstaining from impertinent questions of the "how came you by it" form of interrogation: acquainting the Jew with his possession of a certain quantity of a certain article which he was obliged to dispose of under peculiar circumstances.

Moses jumped at the bait like a ravenous pike, and under the supposition, natural enough under the circumstances, that the goods were stolen, actually offered,

and paid, more for the articles than the fair market price. When the truth came out, poor Moses, who purchased the articles *bona fide* stolen, as he fondly imagined, was overcome with the agonizing thought that they had been honestly bought and paid for; the speculation, so foreign to his line of business, and his ideas of mercantile honour, overcame him, and taking a sharp razor, he cut his way through the jugular, as Dr Jonathan Swift would have said, *to his own place.*

Many and wonderous are the shows of London; but among all the London shows, there is not to the reflecting student of human nature a more remarkable show than the Clothes' Exchange of Cutler Street, Houndsditch, or, as it is popularly called, Rag Fair. It is a scene full of speculation — full to overflowing; a lively picture of the vicissitudes of sublunary things.

Here may the philosophic historian contemplate and record the decline and fall of a Stulz-built coat, the mutations of a military uniform, the anarchy of a cotton gown, and the revolutions of a pair of breeches. Hence, as from a great museum, could D'Orsay form a collection of fashions from the earliest ages to the present time. Here the political economist could illustrate tangibly his theory of vested rights, and the moralist find ample materials for an essay on bad habits. Here are turned coats sufficient for the clothing both Houses of Parliament. Here, as to a workhouse, all that is worthless and worn-out finds its way; here are represented, in their several discarded

skins or sloughs, the "out-at-elbows peer and desperate dandy." The "seedy swell" is here in a greasy Newmarket cut; the literary man represented by a rusty suit of melancholy black; the subaltern officer's second-worst uniform coat; the despairing lawyer's unliquidated gown; the discarded footman's tawdry livery; in short, here, and here alone, can you truly and fully, without affectation or disguise, contemplate the outward and visible man — man created by tailors.

You may behold the metamorphoses produced by their rising and their falling fortunes in the microcosm of Rag Fair; through it must pass, at one stage or another, half the second-hand habiliments of the empire. That chocolate silk dress, flung yesterday morning from a duchess to her favourite waiting-woman, in the evening is transferred, for a con-si-de-ration, to one of the tribe of Benjamin, and loud and angry may you now hear the contention between the purchaser and seller. Those crimson plush breeches we beheld a twelvemonth ago investing the limbs of a footman of the Marchioness of Cholmondeley; that venerable patriarch now holding them between him and the light is concluding the purchase from brother "Sholomonsh" for a shilling; before night they will be disposed of for half-a-crown, payable by instalments, to a dustman in Gravel Lane.

A foolish, extravagant, and mischievous term has crept into our dictionaries, which is productive of much detriment to the Christian, and great wealth to the Hebrew nation, when applied, as it usually is, in

derision of our faithful habiliments—the word "*worn-out;*" and a more dissipated word—a word more addicted to running up bills and running out money—a word more directly subversive of the liberty of the subject who is in the habit of encouraging it,—does not exist under the "W's" of any known vocabulary. It is a villainous word, and has been the ruin of many a respectable family.

Your child's clothes lately made are "worn out;" your wife's gowns, paid for only a month ago, are "worn out," though we know very well the gowns are good as new, the only thing worn out being the fashion: her bonnets are "worn out" in consequence of the changeableness of the weather—meaning of the *fashion.* Your servants' liveries and livery hats are *always* worn out, which is no way wonderful, considering that wearing out every thing belonging to their masters is the chief end of their existence: your harness is worn out, your horses are worn out, your carriage is worn out: last of all, your patience is worn out: every thing in your establishment is worn to a thread, and so are *you.*

Go study morals in Rag Fair; any hour of the day, from nine in the morning until six at night, will you hear eloquent sermons from the lips of Rabbis upon the wickedness and folly of supposing that any habiliment in human shape divine can *ever* be worn out. Go, dull clod, and behold the hats, coats, gowns, petticoats, bonnets, and shawls, which you and your wife, tempting the wrath of Providence, have sacri-

legiously sold as good for little, or benevolently given away as good for nothing. There may you behold the third best hat you presented to ourselves the other day, in regard to what you were pleased to call our distinguished literary attainments, and which you told your lady wife you might as well give away, being half a size too little for your head, *besides* not being worth three-halfpence, and which we incontinently trucked for twopennorth of Betts' patent brandy; to-morrow that hat, furbished into a second birth, new lined and banded, will be found ticketed in Holywell Street at six-and-sixpence, not merely as good, but, as Moses will tell you, clinching the asseveration with an oath, "more better*er as* new."

Regard that chaos of old boots—boots, did we say? old leathers rather: a bushel of boots for one-and-sixpence; next week, having gone through the hands of a score of renovators, you may behold these identical leathers black-balled to the *nines*, on a stall in Field Lane, sold for half-a-guinea a pair, and warranted to any thing—wear and tear only excepted.

Behold that venerable ruin of a coat; powers of tatters! is it possible that Mr Pobble O'Keefe, the Irish importer, is about to add that venerable remain to his dilapidated "properties?"

It is so. He has turned the vestment inside out, over and over again, looking for the right side, but in vain; the garment having been turned so often that both sides are *wrong* ones. Now he holds it expanded upon his arms between him and the light, which

streams in broken rays through sundry apertures. Anon, he exhibits a "joey" between his thumb and forefinger; Moses extends three digits in reply; the Milesian shakes his head; the Hebrew plucks his beard, dances about on his axis, uttering untranslatable imprecations. Mr Pobble O'Keefe, moved by the pathos of Moses, exhibits in addition a couple of "browns;" the bargain is struck, the "tin" transferred, and the rag forked into the wareroom above stairs, to be packed for exportation.

Thousands and tens of thousands of transactions like these, make up the mighty business of Rag Fair.

The adventuring tourist, however, who would see it in all its glory, must take care not to choose Saturday for his visit. This, the busiest, most bustling day of the week in other quarters of the town, is here, and hereabouts, the day of Hebrew rest, recreation, and devotion. On the afternoon of Friday, all business is suspended.

The men perform their weekly ablutions, and the women, having set their houses in order, put on their dresses of bright scarlet or staring yellow, and having decorated themselves with ear-rings, bracelets, and necklaces of the precious metals, or, in their default, of mosaic gold, bring forth chairs and tables, seating themselves before their several doors, in the true oriental fashion.

Then issue forth the male children of Judah, dressed in all their best, to exchange courtesies with Rachel and Rebecca. Tables covered with cloths of imposing

whiteness, upon which candles burn during the evening, are placed near the windows.

A Friday supper answering to our Sunday dinner is prepared, of the best each house affords, and if we may judge from the savoury steams that permeate the ambient air, provisions of the best are hereabouts in great plenty.

On summer evenings, when the weather permits to its full extent the out-of-doors relaxation in which this peculiar people delights, Petticoat Lane, swarming with black flowing locks, olive complexions, scarlet, crimson, yellow, and orange dresses, mosaic gold and imitative precious stones, realizes to a vivid imagination those oriental bazaars wherein Haroun al Raschid delighted to wander, unnoticed and unregarded, in search of the picturesque in human character and conduct.

Saturday, in the Hebrew *quartier*, is a day of devotion and of rest. The perpetual din of the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and the compulsory idleness of the Christian Sabbath, is exchanged for complete repose. Every shop is shut, every avocation suspended. If the traveller happen not to encounter the congregations in the way to or from the several synagogues, in the course of his perambulations, he may readily imagine the neighbourhood utterly deserted. It is truly a striking contrast between the almost conventual silence on that day of Bevis Marks, Houndsditch, and St Mary Axe, and the excessive noise and bustle of Whitechapel, Bishopsgate, and Leadenhall.

How our Sabbath is observed in the Jewish neighbourhoods, may be best estimated from the following notice, which we observed on our latest visit to the neighbourhood of Rag Fair, posted against the booth which the authorities have lately erected for the better accommodation of those engaged in "de ragsh bishness." The notice is as follows:—

"Business will commence at this Exchange on SUNDAY mornings, at ten o'clock. By order of the managers, "MOSES ABRAHAMS."

The toleration of Sunday trading, enjoyed by the Jewish community, is truly creditable to our city authorities. There is, it is true, the hypocrisy of half-shutters, but the real business of Rag Fair goes on as briskly, though more silently, on the Sabbath, (*our* Sabbath, that is to say,) as on any other day of the week. The reason for this exemption we must leave city Solons to define; but it certainly does excite strange and repugnant sensations, when passing from the Jewish quarter, in the plenitude of its exemption from the repose of the Christian Sabbath, we come upon a little ragged urchin of our own persuasion, with his forfeited stock of oranges and nuts, dragged through the streets by a stalwart policeman, an example to Sunday traders, and consigned to durance vile for the horrible crime of sacrilegiously attempting to earn twopence wherewith to procure a morsel of bread, for a bedridden father it may be, or a widowed mother.

There is surely something rotten in this.

If Sunday trading is an abomination, we cannot see why *we* are liable to penalties in the exercise of that profanation which is connived at among the Jews, only because they choose to observe strictly their own Sabbath, while openly violating ours.

The care which the members of the Hebrew persuasion take of their own poor, is highly creditable to them as a body, and worthy all imitation. You see many poor Jews, but never a Jewish beggar. Their hospitals, asylums, and benevolent societies, embrace every variety of distress to which their unfortunate brethren may be exposed. Instead of hunting, as we do, for paupers and vagabonds over the face of the earth whereon to bestow their benevolence, their laudable selfishness takes care of its own in the first instance, and their overplus only finds its way to general purposes of charity. The sooner we begin to imitate our Hebrew fellow-citizens in this particular, the better.

Our object in these papers being, as the reader will by this time have observed, less the delineation of the *physique* than of the *morale* of London life, we abstain purposely from any description of the public buildings appropriated to Jewish worship, or of the ceremonies therein performed; these properly belong to another division of our subject.

Gipsies we see little of in London: this nomade tribe seldom penetrate into our streets, or take up their abode permanently among us. We recollect once, and

once only, seeing one of their caravans pass along Cheapside, on its way to Fairlop fair, in all probability.

A tribe of wandering Arabs could not have excited more astonishment; the swarthy countenances of the men, the *mascularity* of the women, wrapped up in tattered blankets, with scarlet 'kerchiefs bound around their heads; the children barefooted, and all but naked; their moveable house, the chimney smoking as they journeyed along, rendered the group a show of the moment, to be stared at, laughed at, and forgotten.

Yet London affords to this extraordinary people a plenteous harvest; the suburban fairs, now happily limited in their noxious influences, gather together multitudes of simple holiday-folks, of whom the gipsy tribe reap a rich contribution for services rendered in anticipating the decrees of fate, and bestowing the favours of fortune, like the sunshine, equally upon the worthy and unworthy, the just and the unjust.

In regarding the multitudes of adventurers, foreign and domestic, to which London affords an asylum and a livelihood, of one sort or other, we cannot be insensible of the small amount of individual wealth they accumulate, or of the insignificance of their services. It is to the character of the native-born citizens that this mighty world owes all its wealth, all its influence, and all its importance.

How petty, in comparison with our London merchant, our London tradesman, our London manufacturer, appear the chattering Frenchman, the fiddling

Italian, the plodding German; in comparison with the magnificence of London industry and enterprise, how poor is the position occupied even by the tortuous, over-reaching, chicaning Jew.

It is to ourselves we owe all that we call our own. The supremacy of the law, based upon free institutions, gives us that tranquillity which is the parent of prosperity, and that prosperity which has enabled us to reap the rich harvest of our glory; hence the solidity of our national character; hence our aversion to rash, unconsidered change, the instinctive feeling of men who are aware that change produces disturbance, and who know that disturbance is but the portal to decay.

From the establishment and fixity of our institutions have we derived all that has made us avowedly, in the eyes of the most envious and hostile nations, the most powerful nation upon earth. Can we be more than the *most* powerful?

While other nations have spent their energies in the continual pursuit of actual change, and find that with every change all that they have attained is the necessity of further change, how careful should we be, lest that concentration of industry, enterprise, and perseverance, now employed in accumulating, at the uttermost ends of the earth, wealth to be diffused, converted, and expended at home, should be turned against each other, which is only in another way turning each man against himself, and lowering the condition of our common country!

With what intensity of feeling does not the humblest

Englishman regard the honour of his national flag, and with what indomitable energy does he not avenge an insult offered to that flag, the representative of his might and power. How intimately is not the prosperity, glory, and honour of his country mixed up with the very constitution of every one who belongs to this country.

Shall we then do that at home, in our folly, which others dare not do abroad in their hate — shall we wage a civil war, aiming suicidal blows at the venerable institutions under whose shade we have grown to greatness? Periods of distress and seasons of depression we must experience, in common with the rest of the nations of the earth; but if we preserve ourselves in peace, these distresses are casual, these depressions temporary; our resources are all but boundless; peace, order, and repose, have developed them hitherto: peace, tranquillity, and repose, must develop them still.

The unimportance of the foreign adventurers, who swarm in our streets, to the great interests of this great world, suggest contrasts favourable to our national pride, in contemplating the magnitude of the interests intrusted to the keeping of our countrymen by foreign powers. Englishmen organizing navies, and commanding them, for the Sultan and the Czar; Englishmen drilling and commanding the armies of Greece, and the auxiliary legions of Portugal and Spain. — This self-laudatory topic is, however, extrinsic to our subject, and we leave the vain-glorious reader to pursue it for himself.

CHAPTER XVII.

Homeless People.

Oh, the firesides of old England!

You are requested to imagine, if you have never actually experienced the luxury of the sensation, a continental tourist leaving behind, with small regret, the land of paved roads, walled towns, dust, glare, passports, stewed cat, and white wine vinegar, landed at Dover, comfortably seated in an easy-chair in one of those delightful sitting-rooms of the Old Ship —after a good old English dinner, a bottle of Madeira at his elbow, a dish of filberts within lazy reach, and a clear, gassy, sea-coal fire, puffing and fizzing in smiling welcome of the traveller's return to his native Albion. You are requested to imagine, I say, if you have any imagination at all, the thrice-happy man, implanting his feet on the fender, turning up the tips of his comfortable toes to the bars, welcoming the poker for old acquaintance sake, throwing himself back in his chair, and exclaiming in ecstasy, —

Oh, the firesides of old England!

"A good *sea-coal fire* hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the inward man, dries up there all the cold, moist, fogmatic humours that environ him: makes him cheerful, sociable, full of nimble, fiery shapes, which delivered over the *bottle*, which is the inspiration, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent *sea-coal* is the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but your *sea-coal* warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to *warm*: and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their great captain the heart, who great, and puffed up with this *caloric*, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of *sea-coal!*"

Thus far the puissant and most corpulent knight, Sir John Falstaff, upon this subject — with variations.

There is, in sooth, something more than warmth, welcome, cheerfulness, serenity, and society, in a good sea-coal fire, though these are much, and more than the steaming stoves and sulphurous *charbon à bois* of the continent can afford. There is a nationality in a blazing English coal fire, identifying itself with us, and us with our country. Is not coal the source of our material, as freedom is of our moral power? is not coal the tractor and domesticator of our iron, the parent of our copper, tin, lead, and steel? is not coal the great luminary of our age, before whose sparkling

light the *illuminati* of the schools, not to mention the old oil lamps, have for ever "paled their ineffectual fires?" is not coal the nursing-mother of our steam-engines by land and sea, the worthy representatives of our dominion over both?

Go as deep as you please into the causes of the magnificent position this scrubby little isle of Albion holds among the nations of the earth, do you not find coal at the bottom of it? and much as we confess ourselves obliged to old King Alfred, do we not acknowledge ourselves infinitely more indebted to old King Coal?

The aristocratic reader, peeping over the verge of this page at his warmth-dispensing fire, marvelling the while why the connection between individual comfort and national glory, suggested by its cheering blaze, never struck him before, will, mayhap, marvel what sea-coal fires have to do with homeless people — very little, in truth; but as there are reasons for roasting eggs, so may there be reasons for not roasting them, of which we take the not having eggs, nor fire whereat to roast them, of reasons the two most conclusive.

Some years ago, when we first adventured upon the great ocean of London life, we made our triumphal entry into the metropolis, the enviable possessor of a capital of sixteen sovereigns — a weight of metal, in our opinion, equal to the enterprise of taking the town by storm. Indeed, we had already planted, in imagination, our standard upon the loftiest ramparts of the "Row;" already we had feasted, by anticipa-

tion, with all the leading publishers in turn, and valued our yet unpublished MSS. at somewhat less than thirty years' purchase of the Waverley Novels.

Strange to tell, our appearance in town excited no particular sensation. Wandering through the Row with a bundle of our invaluable lucubrations in either pocket, we were surprised to find no rival publishers rushing from their establishments to contend for the honour of introducing us to a discerning public: nay more, we have a distinct recollection of offering our best bow and manuscript to all the bibliopolists of that literary locality, without so much as one invitation to dinner, or any other result than that of calling again with our best bow, to receive back our best manuscript as altogether unsuitable.

Of course, we were not a little astonished at the stupidity of the great men of the "Row:" we pitied the poor devils, slapped our forehead, wishing they knew what treasures lay dormant within the *dura mater* of our skull: determined in the heat of passion to have our revenge of the whole lot of them, and to expend our capital in publishing upon our own account. Without much difficulty we discovered a patron of literary men, who, charging us twelve pounds for the printing of a pamphlet which we afterwards discovered, cost him one pound ten, condescended to allow his name to appear on the title-page as publisher. Satisfied that our fortune was made, we expended the poor remainder of our money in advertising: the result may be anticipated — not a copy of the pamphlet sold!

Could it be possible, after all — after the certificates of our pedagogues, the prizes of our spouting club, the asseverations of our respected "governor," that Johnson was a fool to us, and that Burke could not hold a candle to our style — that we were a blockhead? *Could* it be possible, after all, that our father's son was no better than a goose? Whether or not, the money was gone, the pamphlet remained: the former went into the pocket of our literary Mæcenas — the latter found its way to the shops of the trunk-maker and butterman: the end of this beginning was, we were left homeless and penniless.

Knowing that towards a man in misfortune friendship assumes the airs of patronage, and that borrowing and begging are the same, we determined to "rough it out," and took up our abode, until better times should come, now at the Westminster Bridge Recess, now at the Waterloo Dry Arch Hotel.

Eternal blessings crown the benevolent architect who invented those little over-arched recesses upon the former structure, and those — we cannot with justice say *dry* — but those land arches beneath the latter! Here alone, in this inhospitable town, are open houses kept for the houseless wayfarer: here alone has the penniless shelter from the biting blast and the pelting rain: here, wretches abandoned by all mankind may claim a temporary refuge, and find, in the dreamy slumbers of exhausted nature, oblivion of that misery their wakeful hours deny.

Yet it is not so now: the dry arch has been bricked

up, lest the wretched might enjoy that shelter of the wretched: the benches have been removed from the recesses of Westminster Bridge, lest the over-loaded porter might deposit for a moment his weary burden, or the houseless wanderer of the night rest her jaded limbs. Nay, if you take up your rest on a door-step, having nowhere else to go, you are sure the policeman, if you have not wherewithal to treat him to drink, will belabour you with his truncheon, drag you off to the station-house, and "make a case" of you: nor is there in or out of the decalogue a crime upon which the metropolitan police-offices bear more hardly, than that which, God knows, would seem to call for all the force of forbearing humanity — the crime of him who has not where to lay his head!

Club People.

It is truly astonishing how the contagion of fashion, the ape-like imitation of our betters, swells the full tide of the homeless in London. There is not a man who, with or without pretensions to the title, calls himself a gentleman, who would not be ashamed to confess himself, by card, or word of mouth, a tenant of Lambeth, Paddington, Pimlico, or Pentonville: a gentleman must be *supposed*, at least, to live at the West End; and as every gentleman cannot possibly live in that enviable quarter, gentlemen club together for a common presentable address — hence the wise and benevolent institution of Clubs.

In the centre of the most fashionable and expensive part of the town, these societies of Communists purchase or erect a splendid palace, and establish themselves *en masse*. Here they lounge in the drawing-rooms, flatten their noses against the windows, write their letters on Club paper, seal them with Club wax, impressed with the Club seal: dine, if they have the wherewithal, on the one-and-ninepenny joint of the day, sip a pint of port in solitary dignity, then, lighting their cigar, wend their way home to a "three-pair-back" in some part of the town never named to ears polite, where they can be accommodated for seven shillings a-week, attendance inclusive.

If you ask where they live?—at the Club: how they live?—by the *carte* of the Club: what are their opinions?—the opinions of the Club: who are the best fellows in the world?—Tom, Dick, and Roger, of the Club: where is the best wine in London to be had?—at the Club: who have the whitest cravats and the reddest plush breeches in town?—waiters at the Club: where is the best letter-paper to be had for the pocketing?—at the Club: the best society?—at the Club: what is the most probable mode of obtaining terrestrial felicity?—become a member of the Club!

All this, however, is to be taken *cum grano*. The Club is a very good place—no better, for members of the wine committee, the dinner committee, the library committee, and the other committees. These people, who are usually "old soldiers" in the economical sense of the term, make their own of the Club: the waiters

understand them, the tradesmen understand them, the secretary understands them: they do whatever they please, and no ordinary member can do any thing, eat any thing, or drink any thing, but how and as *they* please.

To the committee the Club is a home—to all others it is only a place where they are tolerated: the committee are masters, the members guests: the committee are the decemvirs, the rest the populace; and although there are in every Club one or two brawling tribunes of the people, we never could find out that they made any thing by their grumbling agitation.

There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that, by being balloted for and admitted, you get into the society of a club. Whatever society there may be in the sparkling lights, the cheering fire, and the waiters in red plush breeches and white cravats, your subscription gives you the undoubted privilege to enjoy; if you are friendless out of doors, you are equally friendless in a club, where, in truth, you are regarded exactly in the *ratio* of the number of your friends. There is no worse place for making up to or scraping acquaintance with your fellow clubmen; there is a pride of repulsion among gentlemen in these societies, as if they should tell you by their looks, "If you have no friends, my good fellow, I have—if you want acquaintance, I don't—if you come here to fasten yourself upon me, your membership is no letter of recommendation."

This is disagreeable, but it may be necessary.

Where fifteen hundred men get together in any society, there must be many whose acquaintance is not worth having, and a few whom it may not be desirable to have any thing to do with; but we must look deeper than this for the anti-social propensities of Clubs. Your Englishman is of a blunt, honest nature, who would rather not know you at all, if he cannot know you intimately. He has not that plasticity of manner which scatters bows and grins, and interchanges pinches of reciprocal snuff with men he never saw before, and never cares to see again; his acquaintance is made with difficulty, because it is valuable when made: his friendships ripen slowly, and tardily decay.

PARLOUR PEOPLE.

When you have loitered long about taverns and coffee-houses, you will not fail to become familiar with the faces of another description of homeless people, who frequent these places, and become fixtures, as it were, of the establishment, living, and it may be dying, under the protection of the Green Man, The Cheshire Cheese, or The Marquis of Granby. These venerable votaries of Bacchus have a prescriptive right to the seat next the fireplace; a particular peg is consecrated to their hat and cloak; their cane occupies a customary partition of the umbrella-stand, and wo be to the unlucky wight who sticks therein his umbrella! With these the waiter is not the waiter, but "Thomas," the barmaid not the barmaid, but "Susan."

The evening paper is aired, and handed to them first, and the tap-room *Intelligencer* is always disengaged when they happen to require it.

No pains are spared to make them comfortable, by the host, hostess, and their subordinates; if any objection is taken to any thing they have, it is changed without a murmur. Their *negus* has always nutmeg fragrant on the top, and their beer is never without a plentiful dash of ginger. Theirs is the privilege to "how d' ye do, sir" the vulgar customers of the parlour, and to scan, with scrutinizing eye, the unrecognized interloper; for these elders of the pothouse look with great suspicion upon any incomer who is not a regular customer of the place.

When the venerable Nestor has imbibed and exhaled to his heart's content—and if you take his nose into the account, it blushingly confesses how much has been swallowed to produce its roseate hue—he deliberately takes down his cloak, puts on his hat, assumes his cane, and, with "Gentlemen, I wish you all a very good evening," takes his leave, the others, taking their pipes for the moment out of their mouths, bobbing their heads, and returning the salutation, with "we wish you a very good-evening, Mr Soak." Thomas rushes to the door, holding it ostentatiously open; Susan smiles, and curtsies from behind the bar, winking at the same time with the "*off*" eye upon her young man, who, lolling luxuriously by her side, divides his time between smoking and sipping brandy-and-water. The veteran toddles homewards to his customary

garret; Thomas, closing the door, puts his tongue in his cheek, and, after remarking to Susan "how uncommon muggy that old *file* is to-night," returns to wait upon the survivors of the parlour.

Of one of the numerous family of soaks thus presented to our memory, let us indulge in the remembrance. It was at The Goose and Frying-Pan, in Brokers' Alley—a very noted house, by the way, for the stronger ales, and not undistinguished in its gin—that we first encountered this venerable gentleman.

He might be about eighty years of age—he confessed to seventy-five—and was doubled up by ossification or lumbago, so completely, that when he would sit erect he was obliged to have both heels upon the table in the plane of the horizon of his nose, an attitude less graceful than picturesque. His profile was that of a parrot, his nose gracefully drooping over his lip, as if desirous to divide with the mouth the aromatic fragrance of the old gentleman's gin. His forehead was modest and retiring, but as smooth, and much whiter, than the palm of our hand. The absence of teeth caused a preternatural recession of the mouth, but his chin stepped boldly forward, to restore his equilibrium of face. He was dressed in the style of a small farmer of the last century.

His tone of voice was exactly that of a cock-sparrow, and his style of conversation precisely similar to that of the same perking, chattering, self-opinioned little animal. His good humour, notwithstanding his age

and infirmities, was unfailing. He knew by sight every body in the habit of frequenting the room; and whether they chose to listen or not, all one to him, he chattered away, "wetting his whistle" at short intervals.

Of the existence of the world since the commencement of the present century, he did not seem to entertain the most remote idea. This evening he would talk of the great frost, to-morrow of the failure of hops in 1763, the next day of the French Revolution, which he seemed to think was in full force at this day—in which, after all, the old gentleman was not much mistaken. He would inquire, with the greatest innocence, whether the King of France (meaning poor Lous XVI.) was not a well-meaning man, and would lament bitterly that "Farmer George," as he called him, should have lost his memory. If any one talked of the weather, he would bring a parallel weather case of fifty years ago.

When the room rang with botheration about Russell and Peel, he would turn to me, and with a smile of inexpressible good-nature, say it was all very fine, he dared say, but he should like to hear what Pitt and Fox had to say upon the subject. Altogether, his mind was a wreck, that might be contemplated without any other feeling than that of regret that so good a soul should have survived all who were near and dear to him, and be condemned to spend the winter of his days in the wilderness of a tavern; yet he seemed

perfectly happy, and, when we discovered the particular snuff he relished, we grew very familiar, and we thought he could never make too much of us.

From the parlour of The Goose and Frying-Pan he was never absent betwixt half-past four in the afternoon and eleven at night; but, although it was evident that his circumstances were easy, we never could observe that he had any friends, or was intimate with any one. On the contrary, we could readily remark with what skill and good-humour he contrived to "dodge" every particular inquiry respecting his domicile, about which some of the more forward *habitués* of the parlour used at times to press him. Indeed, he did not seem to live, or wish to live, at all for present men or times. His pleasures were in the past, his friendships and affections lay doubtless in the grave. In the past he loved to live, and we think the reason he preferred our snuff to that of others, was less on account of its flavour than that we were accustomed to humour the bent of his inclination, and to talk of Lord Chatham, Wilkes, George Washington, Alderman Beckford, "Farmer George," and the King of Prussia, as if we were to meet those distinguished persons at dinner that very evening.

One Sunday afternoon we strolled, as usual, to The Goose and Frying-Pan, and, strange to relate, the bird had flown. We should as soon have expected the parlour itself to have deserted the house, as our old friend. Gone he was, however, and as there is something in association, even of an old fool that warms

our beer and mellows our pipe, we felt we should not be comfortable; we took up our hat, and strolled into the city. Passing Pope's Head Alley, we were struck with a sign sufficiently familiar to us — The Goose and Frying-Pan. Another Goose and Frying-Pan! thought we, this must be seen into. Entering the parlour, who should meet our astonished optics but our doubled-up old friend of the last century, hard by the chimney corner, his "*go*" of gin-and-water before him on the table. We recognized one another on the instant.

Like ourselves, he had adventured into foreign parts, and penetrated as far as the city, when the long-accustomed sign of The Goose and Frying-Pan arrested his wandering feet. The magic association of sounds was too much for him — he had found another home, as it were, in another world — a Goose within a Goose, a Frying-Pan within a Frying-Pan!

"Some natural *thirst* he felt, but *quench'd* it soon."

We talked for the thousandth time of Wilkes, Lord Chatham, and the King of Prussia, but our venerable friend was evidently ill at ease; even our humble joke, that we had heard of out of the frying-pan into the fire, but out of one frying-pan into another was a new version, failed to restore his wonted equanimity. He found fault with the attentions of the waiter, censured the short-cut, and animadverted upon the gin; nor was it until we had, at his request, called a cab, and

that our friend had desired the cabman to drive to the old Goose and Frying-Pan, with especial emphasis on the *old*, that he was enabled to bid us good-by with his wonted equanimity.

We never saw him again.

Months passed over; our doubled-up friend at the old "Goose and Frying-Pan" had been long forgotten. Susan the barmaid had eloped with the gentleman of the bar, and Thomas, who it appeared had a sneaking kindness for the damsel, left the house in high dudgeon. We were all taking our customary glass in the often-recited parlour, when a respectable business-like gentleman, in a new hat, and highly-polished boots, walked into the midst of the apartment.

Having ordered the very unusual quantity of a pint of port, the unknown called for an evening paper. Finding it engaged, he became very fidgety, and amused himself scrutinizing the guests, as if he wanted some of them — a compliment which they liberally repaid in the same coin. It was evident he was unaccustomed to public parlours; in fact, he looked more like a man who had a parlour of his own, and as such we could not help regarding him with the highest veneration. It was not impossible, we thought, that he might take it in his head to invite one of us home to supper. When the gentleman, in a careless tone, inquired if any of the company present could favour him with a pinch of snuff, a dozen boxes leaped from their respective waistcoat pockets, and were officiously presented to him; the unknown graciously conde-

scended to take a pinch from each, and resumed his seat, but still seemed evidently uneasy. At length, summoning up courage, after a few preliminary hems and haws, the strange gentleman inquired whether any gentleman in that room was in the habit of using a *pewter* snuff-box. This was too familiar by half. Our worshipful company began to suspect in the stranger some west-end *swell* who might have come there for the purpose of quizzing the guests of the Goose and Frying-Pan.

"What's that to you, sir?" sharply inquired Mr Daggs the undertaker, one of the oldest frequenters of the parlour.

"Are we obligated to answer all your questions, sir?" observed Mr Griggs the umbrella-maker, a man of some acerbity of manner.

"*Tits—tits*," ejaculated, between his teeth, Mr Sidney Grist, the newspaper sub-editor, whereupon the favourite bull-dog of that gentleman, who accompanied him to all public meetings, and who, besides counting *ten* upon every division, is also reckoned an effective public speaker, rushed forth from beneath his master's chair, setting up an awful howl, and evidently meditating a solution of continuity in some of the nether garments of the unlucky inquisitor.

"I am afraid, gentlemen," observed the unknown calmly, "my question seems rather impertinent, but I assure you, my reason for asking it is not so."

"If that be the case, sir," we observed in return, "our pewter snuff-box and its contents are heartily at

your service; and, but that it *is* pewter, we should have done ourselves the honour to have offered it you before."

"I am truly obliged to you, sir, and would be happy to have a word with you in private, if your convenience suits at present," rejoined the stranger, whereupon we forthwith adjourned together to a private room, leaving the undertaker, umbrella-maker, editor and his dog, lost in admiration.

The mystery was soon solved. Eccentric to the last, our poor old parrot-nosed friend had taken it in his benevolent noddle to invite our remembrance of him, by the handsome legacy of five hundred pounds in the Three-and-a-half per cents; and, ignorant alike of our name and whereabouts, had tacked a codicil to his will, identifying the object of his posthumous bounty as the gentleman with the pewter snuff-box, frequenting the parlour of the *old* (thus is it described in the will) Goose and Frying-Pan.

Such are the strange and unlooked-for results of parlour acquaintanceship in London; and here, if we had any talent for moralizing—which we honestly confess is not our *forte*—we might observe, not impertinently, that respect and attention to age, and sympathy for its infirmities and foibles, which is the pride of a gentleman and the duty of a Christian, may not be without its recompense even in this world. And, although the unlooked-for and unusual reward of five hundred pounds in the Three-and-a-half per cents must not be considered the probable recompense of such

polite attentions, yet they never fail to repay him who bestows them, not only in the consciousness of the propriety of his conduct, but in the breast of the receiver, and of all who have the gratification of looking on, when age, in itself honourable, is for its own sake honoured.

When the reader (which matrimony and the fates forbid) has been as long homeless as we have, and as long accustomed to break forth from the whisperless solitude of his own romantic attic to the warm, cheering, and well-lighted, but heartless and unsympathizing parlour of a tavern, he will discover that every parlour has a character, company, and tone of conversation peculiarly its own; and if he makes the round of London taverns as often as we have done, he will discover that not two taverns have a character, company, and tone of conversation alike.

Some are of a higher, others of a lower cast; some are frequented by gentlemen, others by professional persons, others by respectable tradesmen, others again by tradesmen of a lower grade; but, in short, you have only to run over in your memory as many conditions of human existence as may occur to you, and for every one of those conditions you will find the licensing magistrates have providentially ordained a tavern.

You may choose your evening's entertainment at a tavern as you would a play. At the "STAR AND GARTER," for example, they are a rare tragic set, deep in love with Macready and Charles Kean. At the

"BELL AND CROWN," on the contrary, genteel comedy carries the day, and the most popular toasts are Vestris, Nisbett, and Rainsforth. At the "KING'S HEAD," lovers of the melo-drama are accustomed to assemble, where you may overhear the merits of the "BLOOD-BOLTERED BANDIT, OR HOW'S YOUR MOTHER," discussed with action suited to the word, and word to the action.

If you are an admirer of the fine arts, drop into a parlour any where about Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. There connoisseurs, and *cognoscenti* preponderate; there they talk of "Corregios, Raphaels, and *stuff*;" observe that the pictures at the last exhibition, and all other exhibitions, had been infinitely better painted if the painters had taken more pains; and although they do not now, as of yore, praise the works of Pietro Perugino, they are all open-mouthed in praise of the recent vagaries of Turner, affirming with all their lungs, that because a man in early life has displayed the highest powers of fancy and intellect in his compositions, the most exquisite harmony in his colour, and the most absolute mastery over all the conventionalities of art of any British painter, he shall therefore be at liberty to fill the exhibitions with things that are unlike any thing earthly, watery, or skyey, and are simply *tours de force*, as it would seem, of a great colourist run mad.

Although we should be sorry to see painting vulgarized to a merely imitative art, as we have often remarked to the *cognoscenti*, yet the greatest masters

have not disdained to paint natural objects *naturally;* dabs of gum, blads of orange, and lumps of putty, the engraver may make something of, but the spectator cannot. We have ourselves painted sundry pictures in this style: as, for example, the "BURNING OF BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT," by rubbing a soft brick-bat over a blackened pannel. The vagaries of an intoxicated whitewash brush over a yard and half of canvass, we propose calling a "STORM IN THE ADRIATIC:" and by blotching with burnt umber a back ground of ultra-marine and yellow ochre, we intend to exhibit a "BACCHUS AND ARIADNE;" if these works have no other merit, they are at least *as* like what they profess to represent, as some late pictures from the easel of Turner. Shall a man shake the alphabet in a bag, and when the confused mass, "than chaos more chaotic still," is disposed any how upon a flat superficies, call the unintelligible stuff an epic poem? We entertain the most profound respect for Mr Turner, and confess him one of the most original masters of our age and nation. He has power to astonish, and power to delight: he has astonished us enough: he did not disdain to delight us before, and we hope he will not disdain to delight us again.

At these artistic taverns, too, you will hear dark and mysterious accounts of undoubted original works of the great masters sold at extravagant prices, which, upon more minute examination, have turned out undoubted original copies by hands without pretensions to mastery, old or new. You will see pawnbrokers'

duplicates handed about, the property of some poor devil of an artist who has died of hunger, and who, while he lived, used to send his works to the pawnbroker wet from the easel. Great is the speculation and traffic upon these—some *patron of the arts* (!) purchasing them, perhaps, for a tenth part of their value. The picture dealers present, who have by them any works of the unfortunate deceased, will pathetically observe, that, "now the beggar is dead, they may venture to lay on a few guineas extra;" so that an artist of merit may die of famine to-day, and this day twelvemonth a price will be asked by the dealers for one of his works, sufficient to have kept him and his family comfortably in the interval.

In the neighbourhood of the great hospitals you will find professional parlours, the haunts of young gentlemen, whose poor deluded parents in the country fondly imagine their young hopefuls are attending lectures, dissecting the human body, and studying the practice and theory of their profession.

The erudition of these young gentlemen upon every subject upon which they should be profoundly ignorant, is only equalled by their enormous ignorance of every thing they ought to know. In the chemical composition, pharmacy, and therapeutics of gin, beer, and brandy-and-water, they are equally practised and profound. The anatomy and physiology of oysters, lobsters, mutton-chops, rump-steaks, and welsh-rabbits, have no difficulties for their digestion. In the theory and practice of wringing knockers, breaking bell-

wires, rioting in the streets, and battling with police-officers, it is impossible to imagine that they are not perfectly competent to pass any examination.

From their conversation in the course of a few evenings, you will not fail to become as expert in their profession as themselves. They will inform one another how they "*bilked* old Professor Glister's lectures half the season, but by the bribe of half-a-crown to the porter, made that functionary swear they never lost a day, and so got their certificate. What a pretty girl came into the fever-ward that morning, how they winked, and she smiled, and what a pity if she should die, and whether they wont see where she lives when she goes out convalescent. How they wrote down to the country, to the 'governor,' telling him what a many lectures and tickets they must take out, and how, instead of taking out lectures and tickets, they made away with the 'governor's' money. How the house-surgeon blew up the dressers about the old man they bled to death in mistake, how the dressers blew up the nurses, and how the nurses blew up the patients: how the governors got wind of it, and how it was all hushed up for fear of injuring the interests of the hospital."

The conversation will then take a turn through the surgical wards. "What fine operations they had that day, and what a fine sight it was to see that great surgeon, Slashem, cut out a fellow's upper jaw-bone, because he had a pimple under his eye. What a fine opportunity it was to perform that difficult operation:

how Slashem no how would let the operation be dispensed with, not knowing when he might fall in with such another promising 'case:' how the fellow struggled and roared, and how Slashem's knife slipping, half his eye was scooped out: how Slashem brought away half the patient's face in a piece, and the pimple along with it: how the actual cautery was applied, and how the red-hot iron hissed like ten devils when clapped to the bare bone: how the fellow cried murder, and how one of the dressers crammed a plug of lint, wet with his own blood, into the man's mouth, to stop his roaring. How the pupils applauded Slashem: how Slashem, with the bloody knife between his teeth, scratched his head with his bloody fingers, and made a low bow: how the patient fell back dead upon the table: how it served him right, for being so little of a plucked 'un: how one of the pupils said it would have been more kind to have cut off the patient's head at once, and how Slashem told him he was a disgrace to the hospital, and that he would stop his certificate. How a similar operation was to be performed next week upon another fellow with a *wart* on his face, and how Slashem was to do it, and what *fun* it would be: what a 'trump' Slashem was, and how he would cut a fellow's head off, and put it on again, to cure an earache!" with many other light and diverting episodes of the like sanguinary nature.

The social particularities of the profession will next engage the attention of these gentlemen. "What awful swells the pupils are at St George's, what *snobs* they

are at Thomas's and Guy's, what select young men at their own hospital. How the St Georgites smoked nothing but penny Cubas to four pennyworths of gin: how the St Thomasites and Guys never rose higher than swipes and short-cut: how *they*, for their own parts, despise any professional man who smokes any thing under a real Havannah, or calls for less than a shilling's worth of brandy and water. How no gentleman should go study at Bartholomew's, the sisters are so infernally cross and ugly: how the governors there will not permit the pupils to flirt with the female patients, and what a shame it is:" with much more conversation of the same sort to the same *no*-purpose.

In the vicinity of the Inns of Court, you will find numberless parlours devoted to the use and benefit of the gentlemen of the law — a class of men, who, living in a monastic sort of way, are especially homeless people, from the Benchers of the Inn down to the whipper-snapper attorney's clerks.

These last are a most irresistible class in their own estimation, emulous of the vivacity and coxcombry of magpies or jackdaws. How they will chatter—what a fool Denman is—how the Chancellor went wrong in the case of SWINDLER *v.* SIMPLE, and how the equity was altogether on Swindler's side; how in the Bail Court Williams went wrong, though every clerk could have set him right; how Coleridge snubbed an attorney at Chambers; how old Sergeant Bullyrag made reflections on the honesty of one of their fraternity for not paying over a fee to his (Bullyrag's) clerk; what a

beast Bullyrag is, and how they will put more than that out of his way. What a fine case of *crim. con.* is to come off in the Common Pleas in the sittings after term, and what fun there will be, to be sure;—whether any gentleman present knows any good *straw* bail, wanted by a fraudulent bankrupt, for which a handsome premium will be given. How an eminent pleader, in his last murder-speech at the Old Bailey, hunted ten metaphors to death, through all the moods and tenses; whether hunting metaphors to death is, or is not, cruelty to animals, with much argument and many cases cited thereupon; whether an indictment could be found. How one of the fraternity got very drunk, and was taken to his own home by Policeman X 95; whether an action for assault and battery would lie against said Policeman, for assisting a gentleman against his will—cases in point. How another of the brotherhood promised to marry a girl, and didn't, and how he kept to the windy side of the law, and how the parents of the girl turned her out of doors, and what a capital joke it was; how all these feminine matters are to be managed so as to avoid actions, and the like. Concerning used-up stamps, and how money may be made of them without any risk. Concerning a clerk who stole a pewter watch from another clerk, and a third clerk who made an elegant speech in his behalf before old STUPE, the police-magistrate; of the high compliment Stupe made him, saying,—what a pity it was that so promising a youth was not at the

bar; much argument what bar, and whether Stupe meant it as a compliment or not."

To the Grecian and Temple Coffee-houses, with others, the barristers are accustomed to resort. These learned gentlemen are, however, so silent and reserved, that it is not easy to collect specimens of their table-talk. It will be advisable, notwithstanding, to caution the uninitiated, that because there is nothing said there may be much to say, or to attribute that silence to dignity which should rather be ascribed to discretion.

We recollect haunting for a time a particular parlour in the vicinity of Pimlico, much frequented by fashionable young men, who might have passed at Dublin or Edinburgh for "swells" of the first water, and who would have been invited to dinner by gentlemen with families of daughters, on their own personal security —their rings, pins, black satin stocks, glazed leather boots, and other "toggery," evidencing at least an income of five hundred a-year. They could not deceive our practised eye, however; yet for a long time we could not make "head or tail" of them;—not stylish enough were they for the swell mob, and too well-dressed for omnibus cads off duty.

Accident at last let us into the secret of their occupation. Never did we hear gentlemen of a public parlour so thoroughly imbued with all the minutiæ of fashionable life, and fashionable people, as these. They were living peerages and baronetages, and could tell you to a halfpenny the yearly income of the Countess

Dollalolla, and the amount of the annual allowance made to her ladyship's younger son, the Honourable Tom Thumb. They knew to half an hour when the Lady Cecilia Ricketts was to be married to young Lord King's-Evil, and all who were to be there. The cause of the late separation between Colonel and Lady Jane Skittish, they could tell, if it were not indelicate; but made no scruple of mentioning the exact sum Earl Venom gave to the Reform Club for the purpose of impoverishing his eldest son. They were perfectly informed of the reasons that induced the young Viscountess Kick-in-Gallop to desert her octogenarian spouse the day after marriage, but of the subsequent close intimacy of the young Count Diddlerowski with her ladyship, they had rather not say any thing.

How a certain august personage looked—how she ate, and what exercise she took, was the daily subject of the discourse, upon which they descanted with a freedom somewhat indecorous. What a fine seat Albert, as they familiarly styled his Royal Highness, had in his saddle, and how particularly well he looked in full dress, just the reverse of her Majesty, who looked to greatest advantage in simple attire,—with countless chatter of the like category.

For a long time they mystified even ourselves; but at last the murder was out. One of them coming into the parlour one evening later than the rest, seemed rather excited, and having lighted his cigar and sipped his wine and water, broke out with,—"Demme, if I can stand that demned Buckingham Palace any longer!

Pedition seize my soul, if the *h*air aint too much for my nerves; that demned kitchen, too, a mile and 'alf from the Queen's side, with a couple of 'undred steps of stairs to go up and down. I say, demme, when you come to carry three or four kivers, and a dozen or so of plates between the two, may I be demned if you won't feel as if you had that 'ere *h*elephant at the 'Logical Garden a-riding 'top of your back.—Can any body tell me when the Court intends setting out for Vindsor?"

Lo! and behold, these fashionable people were the Queen's royal footmen!

Nor is it wonderful that these worshipful knights of the trencher should take upon themselves pseudo-aristocratic airs, when we reflect that they are permitted to sport the uniform, and even epaulettes, of captains in the army, and have the pay of subalterns, without the fatigue, the danger, the expatriation, or the duty.

To do them justice, however, they are very favourable specimens of the menial tribe, and we picked a great deal of fashionable life and conversation from them at second-hand, which we purpose inflicting upon the patient reader in the proper place: our series would not be worth the price of waste paper without a chapter of fashionable twaddle, culled, after the manner of the fashionable novelists of the day, from the scullery wenches, foot-boys, and helpers about great houses. This is the only way in which the poor devil public can get a blink at what is doing in

the higher regions: those who are in exclusive society, and could describe it, are not hungry enough to write; those who, like ourselves, have an appetite that way, have no chance of seeing any more than the outsides of the best houses.

However, we will do what we can: we observe, on looking over our MS. notes, "Observations of Hannah the Housemaid on High Life and Conversation," and as Hannah is an intelligent girl, who has lived in the first families, we do not doubt to be able to dress up, with her assistance, a dish of high life that will astonish the natives, and make the vulgar stare!

Parlours frequented by tradespeople, we delight in. Nothing gives a man clearer ideas of the vast superiority of London over provincial places, than the conversation we hear from such men, in such places. We recollect a country cousin pestering us, on one occasion, to shew him the "lions," and we carried him off, first cab, to one of our favourite parlours.

"Observe now, friend Bumpkin," we said to him, "the people you will see here, and let us know what you think of them: there are half-a-dozen gentlemen —listen to their conversation, and make what you can of them."

Bumpkin did as he was desired, and in the middle of the second pot informed us gravely, that from the style of conversation, he should conclude they were respectable gentlemen living on their money.

Presently, one of the party pulls a boot out of a bag, and hands it to another, who, examining it, says "he

must just put on a heel-piece, and a patch on the side, and the price will be two shillings, and he will do it directly:" another declares he wants a top-coat, and a third, the most erudite man in company, mistaken by Bumpkin for a fellow of Oxford, forthwith lugs out his tapes, and takes his friend's measure for the garment: a fourth, having finished his pipe and pot, takes a whitewash brush from under his apron, and declares "he must just go do a little job for one of his best customers." Bumpkin is in amaze, declares he would not have believed that men so well bred, well informed, sensible and moderate, could have been humble tradesmen, had he not seen it with his own eyes.

"But, what about the lions?" continued our country cousin.

"Why, you blockhead," replied we, "*these* are the lions: these decent sensible men, with observation of life and general information, that would put to utter confusion a gathering of Highland lairds, or a panel of Irish Grand Jurors, are the lions. These men, and such as these, with their pride of honest industry, their thirst of honest enterprise, represent in their social character the political grandeur and general prosperity of their nation: they are not only lions themselves, but the makers of lions, the maintainers of lions, and the keepers of lions in repair."

"You mean to say," observed our friend, "that the accumulated savings of the national industry of which these individuals are the worthy representatives, has made this country what she is, and enabled them to

have monuments to shew, worthy so greatly industrious a people."

"You may say that," replied we, "when you write home to your friends: and, if you see St Paul's, the Tower, the Abbey, the Treasury, and the like, say, moreover, that you have also seen the men who raised them, and paid for them, and preserve them."

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

DINNERLESS HOMELESS PEOPLE, ... 1

CHAPTER II.

UTTERLY HOMELESS PEOPLE, ... 15

CHAPTER III.

LONDON RECREATIONS, ... 23

CHAPTER IV.

SOCIAL RELAXATIONS, ... 44

CHAPTER V.

THE LUNGS OF LONDON, ... 56

CHAPTER VI.

EXHIBITIONS, ... 120

CHAPTER VII.

MUSIC, ... 147

CHAPTER VIII.

THE THEATRES, ... 162

CHAPTER IX.

PAGE
THE TOWER AND THE ABBEY, ... 199

CHAPTER X.

THE STOMACHS OF LONDON, ... 208

CHAPTER XI.

A MORNING AT BOW STREET, ... 218

CHAPTER XII.

LEGAL DIETETICS, ... 241

CHAPTER XIII.

KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING, ... 278

CHAPTER XIV.

WALKING THE HOSPITALS, ... 287

CHAPTER XV.

FUNERALS, ... 296

THE

WORLD OF LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

DINNERLESS HOMELESS PEOPLE.

Dinnerless Homeless People will next engage our attention. Their name is legion, and they have as many shades and varieties of character as any other class of men about town.

The great majority of persons engaged in business are of this class, the distance from their sleeping places, and the pressure of their avocations, requiring them to remain near their work the entire day. Many professional men are in the same category, comers and goers, and that numerous class of loose fish hanging on the outskirts of society.

For these there exists every variety of eating-houses

suited to their means and inclinations. There is, first, the respectable, well-established tavern, situated in some retired court or alley, as if it rather shunned than invited the promiscuous passers-by. Houses such as these, depending upon old connections, are generally of a superior class, both in the quality of the articles furnished to their customers, and the persons who frequent them. The landlords are respectable, the waiters are respectable, the dishes and wines are respectable; the charges also are *very* respectable.

There are few things in life more comfortable, on meeting with an old esteemed friend, than an appointment to dinner at one of these quiet taverns. There is something home-like in their arrangements. The great over-arching fireplace, with its low-set grate, and its bench at either side, the fashion of Shakespeare's and Ben Jonson's days, has something hospitable in it. The smoke-begrimed wainscot, the antique mirrors, and the jolly dark faces of former hosts and well-remembered waiters long gone to their last account, are the antiquities of the place. A goodly array of punch-bowls, long disused, sets off the windows of the bar; the only modern article in the place is the respectable young lady, the daughter of the host, who sits enshrined therein, at once the Hebe and Venus of the tavern. Your table is polished as the mirror on the wall; the old wainscot scrubbed till it emulates the polish of ebony; a well-worn Turkey carpet is soft under your feet; and the old oaken chairs whereon you sit, have snug cushions and backs of leather.

In this very room, for we are supposing one of our oldest taverns, Shakespeare and rare Ben Jonson may have ladled their punch out of that cracked china punch-bowl; Beaumont and Fletcher may have concocted some of their plots over a *magnum* of sack and sugar; old Jack Falstaff and Prince Hal may have swaggered in the course of an evening; Justice Shallow may have sat soaking in this very chair, until warned home by the chimes at midnight. Buckingham may have retired here to sup after the play, and over his wine meditated the fun of the *Rehearsal;* Addison may have sat where you sit now, while Steele wrote a *Spectator* in this chair; Swift and Bolingbroke may, in that corner, have settled the affairs of the nation; this very trencher may have contained a dish covered for the mighty maw of Samuel Johnson, by his obsequious shadow Bozzy; poor Savage may have gloried here in an unwonted good dinner, the first fruits of the pension allowed him by Tyrconnell. Goldy, doubtless, has dined here many and many a day; the luxurious Thomson has lolled in that corner, waiting the setting out of the stage destined to convey him to his classic retirement at Richmond. The associations of the place are in truth oppressive, but we have no farther time for reflection — dinner is on the table.

Dinner over, you are sure of your wine — there is no mistake about it; mine host would as soon lose his license as put down an indifferent bottle; your pipes and tobacco are of the best, or, if you affect the

modern cigar, they are the undoubted Havannah; in short, if you cannot make yourself comfortable here, with your bottle and your friend, the fault must lie in yourself or your company.

Next to these hospitable taverns of the olden time, come multifarious tribes of chop-houses. Of these many have earned an honourable fame, and are as good as real estates to generations of possessors. They lie city-ways, like the former, and in them is good substantial old English eating well understood. Need we say that their meat is the very best that can be procured for money; that in the cutting, not only the thickness that long experience has dictated as the best, is studied, but the very grain and dip of the individual fibre; that your steak or chop is done to half a turn before your eyes, or that your accessories, especially your pickles, mustard, bread, and so forth, are of the best description?

Who does not know these things? who is not aware, that although the chop-houses claim no particular excellence for wine, their pre-eminence in beer is acknowledged by all parties? The defects of these places are the crowd, the constant succession of guests, and bustle of the waiters; they have not that repose, that homely character, which sets the good old tavern on the old plan above all other houses of occasional entertainment.

There is a particular kind of chop-house, peculiar probably to London — that, namely, where each individual, as at the feast of Scarron, brings his own dish,

and where, though the feast is not united, every man has that which he has brought done to a nicety under his own eye, and transferred to a pewter trencher, with accompanying potatoes, hissing hot, and the usual *et ceteras.*

As we do not choose to make our observations the vehicles of puffing, or of individualizing particular houses of entertainment, we have abstained from alluding to the signs of those which we consider favourable specimens of each class. We cannot refrain, however, from stating that the description of chop-house we are now engaged in considering is a *lion*, and ought to be visited by the curious stranger.

There is, in Threadneedle Street, the sign of the "SUN AND FLEECE," perhaps the best conducted, and most respectably attended house of this kind in London: next door is a shop of the Queen's purveyor, where the customer may be supplied even with a single chop, or any quantity of cutlet or steak, with paper to wrap it in: if he does not disdain to carry it himself into the tavern, he will have an opportunity of beholding a curious scene. Placing his ration, whatever it may be — a chop, steak, cutlet, or even a spatch-cock partridge or pheasant, or any sort of grill or *devil*, within the compass of an expansive gridiron — upon a bench near the ample fire-place he takes his seat, if a seat remain, and although there may be twenty or thirty parcels like his own close at hand, and as many more upon the fire, he will receive in due course from the attendant his own portion, "which

the neat-handed Betsy dresses, "without any mistake," and will enjoy a rude but excellent dinner, served up scrupulously clean, though humbly, the charge in his bill for cooking, being *one penny sterling!*

If he be of a mechanical turn, he will not fail to observe the construction of the gridiron, by which the fat is saved from falling into the fire, thus more than repaying the entire cost of fuel and cookery. The ales and liquors are excellent; the culinary operations commence at one P.M., terminating at four, the remainder of the evening being devoted to serious drinking. The West-end reader is not to suppose, that in the visit to the East, he will encounter any thing low: we have seen at this chop-house, Directors of the Bank, of the East India Company, and some of the most eminent merchants upon 'Change, who, having their mid-day meal in this humble way, swallow a glass of sherry at the bar, return to their business, and in the evening drive in their own carriages to their villas at Hampstead or Camberwell.

The *Tables d'hote* of London bear no comparison with those of Paris in point of number, though they have vastly the advantage of the latter in their cookery. Here you know what you eat, and may be quite certain that there is no chance of dining off *a ragout de chat garnie aux cornichons*, or *a filet de cheval à la jardinière*, dishes which the researches of the police have discovered to be in great request among the Parisian tavern-hunters.

The few *tables d'hote* in London are chiefly adapted

to particular sets and classes: military and naval men, on half-pay, have established one or two at the West End, and sundry exist citywards for the convenience of mercantile people. We cannot conscientiously advise the unintroduced to attend them, although the viands and liquors are good, and the charges fifty per cent below those of the solitary dinner taverns. The reason is this, the men who attend these tables form a set, a family party, having their recognized topics of discourse, their established jokes, and their particular politics. A stranger taking his place at table is a damper upon the business of the evening: the recognized topics are shelved, the established jokes unuttered, the particular politics forgotten, in the united exertion to freeze you out of company; there is a constrained politeness about the guests, a frigid attention on the part of the waiter, more disagreeable than positive incivility. Deputy-Commissary-General Wervil, by courtesy called "the General," who is the great gun of the place, talks to his next neighbour, Brevet-Major Tough, in hieroglyphics: Lieutenant Muff, of the Newfoundland Veteran Battalion, with the local rank, in the tavern, of captain, observes to his opposite neighbour, while helping you, after the third request, to a slice of fish, that a great number of suspicious characters are about, and that it is next to impossible to discover by appearances, now-a-days, whether a gentleman *is* a gentleman or a pickpocket. If you ask a question about the news of the day, not one of the company has happened to look at a news-

paper: if you hazard the observation, that to-morrow may be wet or dry, or both, you are answered that "it may be so," or "that it is difficult to say," or "probably:" whatever you may chance to utter is replied to by an "echo of the speech," as the parliamentary people have it. However complimentary this line of conduct may be among parliamentary folks, it is extremely disagreeable to the casual frequenter of a tavern, being, in fact, tantamount to an expression of the company, of the sincere pleasure they will feel in never seeing you there again, in which the host, bar-maid, and waiter, fully participate.

It is extraordinary, nor do we know how to account for it, that Englishmen, with all their education and opportunities, should have acquired an European reputation for dogged incivility towards men who are strangers to them, never by any chance condescending to exhibit that sort of cheap politeness which, manifested in a look, a word, a smile, or even a gesture, makes men self-satisfied, and contributes materially to enhance the sum of comfort and good feeling, with which the sensation of comfort has so much in common. Our statute law supposes a man innocent until he is proved to be guilty; our social law, on the contrary, presupposes every man guilty until he is proved to be innocent.

This John Bullish stolidity is very high, and mighty, and great, we readily admit: John has plenty of money, and much better things than money, to be proud of; but no man should be proud of sour

looks, short answers, or uncourteous behaviour, because he happens not to have been introduced to another man. No man should be proud of keeping a newspaper an hour after it is bespoke, turning it upside down, or reading it backwards, simply because the gentleman who has engaged it is a stranger, and in a hurry.

This is an affectation of vulgar minds and vulgar men, and the reason they affect this line of conduct is, because they may have heard some footman of their acquaintance say that fashionable people are proud, and that proud people are sulky. Now, so far from the truth is this, that truly fashionable people, when they happen to be sulky or uncourteous by nature, go to school to get rid of this defect, as they go to a dancing-master to teach them a graceful carriage. Politeness is a part of their system, and one of the many graces cultivated assiduously by them to maintain their order in due respect, as we shall fully illustrate when we come to treat of this class in particular.

In the mean time, let no man, even if his pockets be full of money, his head of pomatum, or his hands of rings and trumpery, imagine that he is a gentleman because he stares impertinently at strangers, wears his hat upon the end of his nose, or abuses the waiters. The ignorant may tremble, and the servile be overawed, but gentlemen pity and despise him. Let no man say he is a plain honest John Bull, who can't stand any nonsense; we cannot afford to have the

last social, because we have the first *political* place in Europe. Plain honest John Bullism is no excuse for ill manners, but the contrary; inasmuch as it is not the power to be polite that is wanting amongst us, but the will. Civility is the small change of society, and we must have it as well as sixpences and shillings. Sterne understood this, and we should have his words ever in our memories. "*All hail, you small sweet courtesies of life, for pleasant do you make the way of it. Like grace and beauty, that attract us at first sight, 'tis you that open the door and let the stranger in!*"

Multitudes of the homeless have their principal meal at the eating-houses, or "DEAD MEAT SHOPS," as they are commonly called, in allusion to the peculiarly sodden flavour of their viands, which taste as if subjected to the culinary processes of the Tartars, stewed, that is, between the saddle and skin of their horses, which is neither more nor less than a rude plan of steaming or sweating the victuals until they taste as much like any thing as nothing, and may pass for beef, mutton, veal, lamb, horse, cat, or any other viand, as the market changes, and appetites vary.

Notwithstanding this objection, the eating-houses absorb by far the greater proportion of the homeless dinnerless. There is an appearance of economy about them; a plate of meat (by which they mean two ounces of their steamy "cag-mag," spread over a plate, dabbled with dirty warm water, tasting on both sides of the knife, and with a lump of congealed tallow,

miscalled fat) costs only some eight or nine pence. Every other article, such as bread, vegetables, tarts, cheese, is to be had at a penny a bite, so that by the time your reckoning mounts up to seventeen or eighteen pence, if you have been able to eat at all, you will find yourself beginning to be rather peckish, in which unsatisfactory condition all those poor devils must leave the house who cannot afford to eat their dinner four times over.

At these places they cook their meat at noon, and it is not to be denied that, if you are an "old soldier," and bribe the waiting-maid to tell you when the joints come up, you may get a plate of meat having the flavour of some graminivorous animal; at other times it is quite unnecessary to specify the sort of victuals you prefer, as all alike smell of the steam, taste of the knife, and are dabbled with the same dirty water. So invariably true is this, that we never hear the old soldiers order any particular description of meat, or the way in which they wish it done; all they say is, "Come, old girl, tumble up a ration of the '*steamiest*' you have got," which is done accordingly.

Every thing at these places is bad; notwithstanding the apparent economy, it were cheaper for a man who has a stomach large enough to hold a fig's end to pay his half-crown at a tavern, and satisfy the cravings of nature like a gentleman. Nevertheless, some of these "dead meat shops" have apartments calculated for the *half-starvefication* of one hundred, or one hundred and twenty poor devils. We suppose

that each lot consumes half an hour in bolting their tenpenny ration, and is replaced by another regiment of *hungarians*, and so on until eight o'clock in the evening, when the operations are complete. The scrapings of the pots and plates are then sold off to the poor, who gather in crowds about the doors—an exhibition that has often rebuked our national vanity, and led us to reflect whether at bottom we were altogether so happy a nation as we sometimes imagine ourselves to be.

Without entering into figures and calculations, there is no doubt that many of those "dead meat shops" whet the appetites under pretence of dining upwards of a thousand individuals *per diem*. Granting that each individual indulges in seventeen bites, which can hardly be called extravagant feeding, at the rate above-stated, he will have eighteenpence to pay—the waiters, (who are compelled by the dead meat men to *pay* for their situations,) expecting, naturally enough, the extra penny. Thus we have a daily return of a thousand shillings and a thousand sixpences, or seventy-five pounds, which, multiplied by three hundred and sixty-five, gives us a grand annual total of twenty-seven thousand three hundred and seventy-five pounds. The fair profit in such a greasy business cannot surely be taken under a fourth, or twenty-five per cent, so that you see in one of those skin-a-flea establishments, a real estate, as it were, of six thousand eight hundred and forty-three pounds, fifteen shillings per annum; so that it is by no means

wonderful if some of the proprietors have their country seats, and town-houses, their liveried servants, and their equipages.

Their success is altogether owing to the gentility-mongering which of late has crept down among all the young men about town, who were formerly called "prentices and shopmen," but who are now metamorphosed into "assistants" and "young gentlemen." These worthies must dine genteelly or not at all, and, although not born with silver spoons in their mouths, think themselves no gentlemen if they do not have one in their jaws at least once a-day. Since the *Penny Knowledge* people have got the upper hand, every youth is a gentleman, and nothing goes down but that which is genteel. The dead meat shops always sport German silver forks, which, although they would look better if the dirt were picked out from between the prongs, gratify the gentility-mongers, while the poor unfortunate stomach pays for all.

We often dine after the fashion of the homeless artisan, and a *right* good fashion it is. This, however, we are obliged to do in masquerade, as it is a rule in London to afford no accommodation to a person dressed like a gentleman, unless he submits to be properly plundered as such. Although public-houses were originally instituted as much for the convenience of persons disposed to eating as drinking, and indeed the hosts are still called licensed victuallers for that very reason, yet they have contrived to do away with the victualling department, and confine their accommoda-

tion as far as possible to potables. Artisans, however, still insist on having their dinners dressed for a penny; they bring steaks or chops from the nearest butcher, and either cook for themselves, or have their victuals cooked, according to the custom of the house, which usually supplies them with potatoes and bread. In this homely way, with a fustian jacket we don for the occasion, and a two-foot rule sticking out of our side pocket, we are accustomed to dine superbly for about half the sum the silver-fork school pay for their imitation of a dinner, which the ghost in *Hamlet*, or a pauper in a workhouse, would regard with profound contempt.

The number of peripatetic diners, or those who eat as they go, is beyond all calculation. We have not stood at the corners to count them, as is the custom with some great authors, but we can easily infer, from the number of baked 'tater apparatus, sandwich men, sheeps' trotter women, and the like, that vast numbers of our fellow creatures seldom or never indulge in the luxury of a fixed or sedentary meal, but are forced by their necessities to live literally from hand to mouth.

CHAPTER II.

UTTERLY HOMELESS PEOPLE.

THE *utterly* homeless or desolate people in London are always very numerous, the place being resorted to as a general refuge by the unemployed from all quarters; the amount of human misery congregated here from year's end to year's end would harrow the very soul in the recital, if it were possible for any pen to portray all its bitterness.

Some of the workhouses, that of ST MARYLEBONE, for example, will contain, at times, two thousand of these poor creatures, besides affording casual and out-door relief to twice as many more; and, when you consider the number of workhouses in and about the metropolis, some idea may be formed of the aggregate of unfortunates compelled to seek shelter within their dreary walls, or to accept at the hands of overseers temporary escapes from starvation.

A tour through the wards of a workhouse is a truly melancholy sight. You behold the wreck of toil-worn men, who, having struggled through laborious lives, augmenting the stock of general and individual wealth,

are left, in the evening of their days, to the homeless desolation of the workhouse. Many, no doubt, are those who have earned, by dissipation and improvidence in their youth, this poor asylum of their age; but many more there are who could not, by any human exertion of forethought or self-denial, escape their lot.

When the precarious and uncertain tenure of labour is considered — when we reflect on the tremendous competition for employment among all classes, especially the humbler, the extravagant prices poverty compels them to pay for every necessary of life, and the never-ceasing requirements of their families, it is easy for the educated rich to say, be economical, be prudent.

Economy is very easy for those who, without self-sacrifice, can afford to lay by, and prudence may be preached to those who have enough for their present wants, and something to spare for the future. Nobody who has not lived among the poor has any idea of the extortions and frauds practised upon them by all classes of little dealers. The poor man can afford but a single room, and for this he pays two hundred per *cent* more than he who can pay the rent of a house. He gets in his coals by pounds' weight, and for these, the worst of their kind, he pays a higher price than the Duke of Devonshire. It is the same with his groceries, his meat — every thing. The poor man pays more than the price charged to the rich, simply because he is poor.

How melancholy is it to reflect, that it was reserved ›r enlightened penny-knowledge times, and for men alling themselves *liberal*, to wage an unequal warfare ›ith the destitute children of labour — to bring into ›shion a "coarser food," for those whose best days ›ere spent in the service of the rich — to enact penal ›ws, imprisoning the heart-broken wife in one side of › prison, and the worn-out husband in the other; ›hile honourables and baronets, with eight hundreds -year salary, and we know not how many guineas a-›ay travelling charges, itinerate from bastile to bastile, ›auging water-gruel, testing "dog's-body," and gather-›ng up rags and empty bottles!

How admirably the spectacle of three Commis-›ioners, receiving each two thousand pounds a-year, ›nd their swarm of deputy-commissioners on salaries ›qually extravagant, contrasts with the damning fact, ›hat in one of the bastiles under the control of these persons, upwards of sixty per *cent per annum* of the ›hildren admitted have perished miserably, and the ›ate-payers have been called upon not only by the ›ommissioners for the wherewith to build these bas-›iles, in the form of a compulsory tax, but for ›ubscriptions to take their inmates out of them, to save ›heir lives.

Is not this most horrible! These be your Christian ›athers!

If we must have abuses in the administration of the Poor-Law, let us have those abuses that fill the ›tomachs of the poor, not swell the already bloated

pockets of the rich. If we must have extravagance, let it not be monopolized by commissioners. If we must have "coarser food," we do not see why the honourable and knightly paupers who administer the law should not have their share of it. A stipendiary aristocracy of pauperism is most revolting to decency, humanity, and prudence, and the sooner we have done with it the better.

It was a cold, cheerless, and desolate night — the partial thaw had left the pavement damp and sloppy, while a thin sleety snow fell thick and fast, giving a consistence to the slippery mass beneath your feet; at every doorway and recess stood thinly-shod females, shivering in their places of shelter, yet afraid to pursue their way. It was a night when one feels painfully for his fellow-creatures who may not have where to lay their heads: when the sense of one's own domestic comfort increases the feeling of our own unworthiness, and of our deep responsibility to that God who has graciously allowed our lines to fall in pleasant places; when we suffer pain from contrasting our own condition with that of thousands more deserving than ourselves, or when we feel that bitterness of heart which comes over us, when reflecting, that thousands at that moment want what we have not the power to bestow — the poor benefits of a morsel of bread, and a shelter from the storm.

Upon such a night we took our way, with the purpose of visiting an institution lately established for the nightly shelter of the houseless poor. In a poor neigh-

bourhood, near Whitecross Street, this truly benevolent society has recently opened an asylum, where, at the time of our visit, upwards of three hundred and fifty miserable creatures had found a refuge within the hospitable walls. The relief afforded is of the most limited kind—abundance of good, dry, warm, clean straw, disposed in compartments upon the floor, each compartment forming a separate sleeping place, numbered for the convenience of classification. In the centre of each ward blazes an ample fire, diffusing a comfortable temperature; order is preserved by inspectors appointed for the purpose, and as the punishment for misbehaviour is summary ejection, it is needless to say that there is seldom occasion to resort to this alternative.

On arriving at the asylum each poor person receives a pound of bread, and on leaving in the morning the like quantity. A detailed statement of the causes of his or her destitution, is transcribed for the information of the investigators of the society, who are appointed to make inquiry into the truth or falsehood of the statement of each claimant, to accompany them to their parish, or generally to aid and assist in replacing them in some way of honest industry. It is hardly necessary to mention, that the separation of the sexes is attended to, or that provision is made for the celebration of divine worship twice on the Sabbath day, at which the inmates belonging to the Established Church are expected to attend; dissenters are at liberty to go to their respective places of worship. There is no

distinction, in this truly Samaritan society, of colour, creed, or clime; to be houseless and destitute is enough for those who "claim kindred there, and have their claim allowed." The list of individuals relieved, comprises Americans, East and West Indians, Irish, Scots, Germans, and natives of almost every country on the face of the globe.

Of occupations, the number is equally various—labourers forming the great majority, as might be expected from the precarious nature of their employment. Hawkers and pedlars, or, as they are popularly called, "tramps," stand second in point of numbers; servants, a class peculiarly liable to casual distress, and by no means well calculated to contend against it, come next; charwomen occupy the fourth place; seamen the fifth; literary men and governesses, we believe, come next: and after them, but in vastly diminished numbers, artisans of various denominations.

The unhappy creatures who are compelled to seek refuge here, seem perfectly sensible of the kindness extended to them, and of its value. It is not merely the shelter and the morsel of bread that constitute the good, it is that they feel there is yet some fellow-feeling with the poor in the breasts of men. There is advice, interference for the ultimate good of the miserable, kindness generated towards the deserving by the recital of their misfortunes; the benevolent have a record before them of those to whom they can, without fear of imposition, extend their charity or countenance.

When we consider what an awful calamity homeless-

ness is — how the sense of utter desolation sinks, like iron, into the soul — how it generates all manner of crime, hatred towards the fortunate, contempt of life, and despair — arms the suicide against his own life, and disgraces by the memory of inhumanity and selfishness, all those who live and have looked on their fellow-man, when,

> "Homeless, beside a thousand homes he stood,
> And, near a thousand tables, pined and wanted food,"

it is folly to say more in the praise of such an institution. Let those who have done honour to human nature by establishing such, enjoy the consciousness of having earned Heaven, and let those in whose streets, while they lie warm in their beds, the destitute perish for the want of such, dread the just vengeance of God upon their cold-blooded inhumanity. We sometimes read of such things, and for the inhabitants of towns where such things occur, we feel a contempt amounting almost to hatred.

It is a sin and a shame to talk of free-born Englishmen, Glorious Constitution, Bill of Rights, and Magna Charta, while people are allowed to perish in our streets. Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, and, we hope, many other towns, have redeemed themselves from the charge of this damning disgrace. We don't care a rush for your public buildings, galleries of pictures, scientific institutions, penny knowledge-boxes, or whatever else you may choose to be proud of. We tell you plainly, *Messieurs* mayors,

councillors, and magistrates, of whatever *quorum* you may be, a refuge for the houseless poor you owe to God, who has given you so much and others so little; to your country, of which, while such things occur, you can no longer be justly proud; to humanity, of which you form, in your own estimation, no inconsiderable part; to yourselves, as liable in common with all men to vicissitudes of fortune no human foresight can predict, and no human providence avert.

CHAPTER III.

LONDON RECREATIONS.

"What is a gentleman without his recreations?"

Sports and pastimes form part of the character of a people, and are in a degree evidences of the turn and bent of their character. The serious business of life is reflected in the gay: the child is the father of the man at play as well as at work. There is a business in the idleness of a people from which the attentive observer will not fail to form a pretty fair estimate of their peculiar habits of life, tendencies, and characteristics.

No description, therefore, of any particular class can be considered complete, without some observations on their methods of amusement: the picture displeases the eye, where all is the deep shadow of worldly business and care; the sunshine of relaxation must be allowed to fall strong upon it, and we must exhibit the sunny side of life together with the shadowy.

Sports and pastimes are parts, and no humble ones, of history. Rude and barbarous, in rude and barbarous ages, they refine as we refine; in their transition

from exercises of brute force, from feats of arms, and vulgar debauchery, to pastimes in which mind participates, and the pleasures of the understanding mingle with the gratifications of the senses, you mark the successive epochs of advancing civilization. But it is not only the past history of a nation that is thus assisted by pursuing against the current of descending time these shifting scenes of their amusements, but the present: nothing in the character of a people is so distinctively national as their recreations. Take a Frenchman for example, or rather French boy; the first implement he is taught to handle is a penny pop-gun, whence he discharges pith balls with deadly aim against the noses of his tutor, nurse, or maiden aunt. The first *franc* he lays his hands on is expended at the shooting ground, where his ambition is gratified with the sight of a *real* gun, the smell of *real* powder, and the fingering of *real* bullets. His first "long tail blue" is a mimic uniform of the National Guard: his earliest song, and his latest, is some rattle-trap jingle, every line ending in "*gloire*," rhyming with "*victoire !*" his hand is ever on his musket or his sword, and he carries the warlike tastes of his infancy to the grave. Then, as to dancing: he dances into the world, pirouettes through life, and makes his exit in a caracole; existence to him is but a long-drawn *contredanse*, and, whether it go well or ill, rough or smooth, he takes it easy, laughs and bows if every thing goes right, laughs and shrugs his shoulders if any thing goes wrong, and has a knack of making himself happy despite philosophy.

"Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please.
Alike all ages, dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore."

The Spaniards — would not a man utterly ignorant of the melancholy history of that romantic and chivalrous, but unfortunate nation, after beholding one of their barbarous bull-fights, the arena reeking with the entrails of ripped up men and horses, yet *graced* by the presence and plaudits of nobles and dames of high degree, predicate, from the blood-thirsty *gusto* exhibited by old and young, high and low, rich and poor, at these national entertainments, a people distinguished throughout Europe for pre-eminence in the elegant accomplishment of cutting each other's throats?

And the guitar, too, — is it not the instrument of intrigue? — are its chords not made to blend their doubtful tones with the warbling of the gay serenader in ambush beneath his mistress's window?

"The tinklings of some vigilant guitars
Of sleepless lovers to a waking mistress,
And cautious opening of the casement, shewing
That he is not unheard; while her young hand,
Fair as the moonlight of which it seems a part,
So delicately white, it trembles in
The act of opening the forbidden lattice,
To let in love through music, makes his heart,
Thrill like his lyre strings at the sight."

In the dances of Spain, how much of the national character is there not portrayed? How much stately pride and subdued voluptuousness are there not developed in the inimitable *Cachuca?* How much romance in the erratic, capricious movements of the *Gitana?*

Germany has her heart set upon strong beer, tobacco, and the *valtz*—strange combination. The slaves of all nations, white and black, find their pride and solace in a fiddle, and what fills better than a fiddle the arms of a slave? Scotland has her bagpipe, her toddy, her golf, her curling matches, and her reels. Ireland her hurling matches, jigs, wakes, and football playings. England her cricket, her rural dances, sports, and fairs.

Recreation is the sleep of worldly care. Every where, and with every class, the bow must be sometimes unbent. With all its power, glory, wealth, unhappy is the land that cannot afford to be a little idle, and miserable the man who despises or disdains the small extravagances of time or money by which the wheels of life are oiled, and we are enabled to bowl merrily along in our pilgrimage from this world to the next!

The enjoyments of the Londoners are, like themselves, chiefly of a solid and reflective cast,—

"Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band;"

their very recreations have an air of business. Their mirth is not boisterous, nor their recreation devoid of

gravity; active or athletic sports their inclination is averse to, and although comparative privation of great bodily strength, attendant upon town life, sedentary habits, and advanced civilization, precludes their participating in, yet there is no people in the world so fond of *beholding*, athletic exercises.

The wrestling matches of the Cornish and Cumberland men at Chalk Farm in the summer is an exhibition of the most exciting sort. Forms of muscular strength are there exhibited that would not suffer by a comparison with the *torso* of a Hercules; while the extraordinary and apparently impossible feats of strength realize, to an active imagination, the Olympic games of Greek and Roman fame. Now that the demoralizing and debasing spectacle of men pummelling one another to a jelly for a purse of sovereigns, is shocking, only from the recollection that such things have been; now that the exploits of the "fancy" are confined to bruiseless, bloodless exhibitions of its professors, in the National Arena in the Westminster Road, we may calmly reflect whether or not one advantage has been gained from the encouragement, in bygone days, of what some call the "noble," but which may be fairly denominated the *manly* science of defence.

The vulgar of all nations must, we suppose, have quarrels, and some weapon or other must needs be used in their encounters. Some are notorious for the use of the knife, others fling stones, others again fracture skulls with sticks: we do not know whether

we ought to pride ourselves in settling disputes by any sort of violence, but we do think the weapons wherewith nature has furnished us are those most fitting for defence in any ordinary emergencies. Nor can we imagine that the education of the fist, for the purposes of protection from ruffianly violence or insult, if the disgusting spectacle of mercenary combats be strictly prohibited, can be more objectionable than the more gentlemanly, but certainly more deadly accomplishments of the fencing school or shooting gallery. The poor, like the rich, have their differences: they have, too, their pride, resentments, and points of honour; they give and receive satisfaction in their own off-handed way; and if any are disposed to put down poor devils of the fisty-cuff school, we say, let gentlemen mend their manners, and set a good example.

When wandering about the streets of London, catering, as in duty bound, for the entertainment of the indulgent reader, we sometimes observe a little knot of wranglers, senior and junior, at the corner of some unfrequented street. No snowball propelled along the playground by the lusty lads of Westminster School or Harrow, accumulates with half the rapidity of the encircling crowd. Our superior altitude enables us to behold in the midst two fustian-coated artisans interchanging short and sharp phrases of magnanimous defiance: declaration is followed by plea, replication by rejoinder, rebutter by surrebutter, with all the ingenuity, without the tediousness, of a special pleader.

At last, the *lie direct* is given, and issue being joined by a couple of "facers," right and left, the parties proceed to trial, and the encircling crowd impannels itself into a special jury to try the fact—which is the better man.

The ground being slippery, or the ring indifferently kept, the combatants usually close, after some hard hitting, and roll together into the kennel. The uppermost buffer, in the heat of passion, and probably unconscious that he is grossly violating the rules of the ring, deals his prostrate antagonist a thump on the head. Now, mark the moral of the tale—a yell of execration rises from the mob, as from one pair of stentorian lungs—*fair play* is the cry—the little urchins, who have deserted Punch and the hurdy-gurdy to swell the crowd, peering between the legs of their seniors, to catch a glimpse of the combat, squeak *fair play* round the periphery of the ring—the waterman from the neighbouring coach-stand, who is an amateur, deals the delinquent a lusty kick in the ribs, as a broad hint to mend his manners, and four or five cabmen simultaneously take off their coats, and offer in a breath to "to take the conceit out of the *cove* what offers to *larrup* a man *when he's down.*"

Up and at it again — foul play is no longer thought of, and both men prove themselves "trumps;" but, *warehawk!* — a policeman turns the corner, and in a twinkling the game is up. The combatants put on their jackets and caps, their friends, slapping them on the back, make them shake hands to shew that they

bear no malice — some rude words of apology are proffered and received, and a gallon of beer makes the combatants better friends than ever.

One fine day, after a heavy fall of rain, we were sauntering down Piccadilly on our way to the Park for an airing, when we observed a gent with a fast-trotting horse bowl a lady along in his gig; we call him *a gent*, for a gentleman, who is a horse of another colour, is never seen bowling ladies along in gigs. However, be he who he may or what he might, a scavenger's cart, employed in its daily avocations, was, contrary to all established rules and regulations, drawn up across the street. The gent, after a few words of remonstrance, which were replied to by a volley of abuse from the scavenger, gave the lady the reins, and descended for the purpose of pulling the filthy encumbrance out of his way. A fistful of mud was instantaneously projected at the gent by the refractory fan-tail; whereupon, to the great consternation of the by-standers, the former coolly took off his coat, hat, and gloves, tackled the fan-tail, demolishing his beauty in a handful of rounds, finally leading him by the nose to the head of his horse, and compelling him to remove his obstructive nuisance to its proper position in the kennel.

The cheers of the populace, who are ever admirers of what is vulgarly, but expressively, called *pluck*, and the smiles of the lady in the gig, rewarded our hero, who pursued his way rejoicing, leaving behind him in the minds of the spectators a lesson of manners

more practical than any to be found in Chesterfield's *Letters*.

Another instance of the corrective influence upon ruffians, of the impartial administration of the fist, we had an opportunity of witnessing not long since in Tavistock Square.

A poor aged foreigner, encumbered with bird-cages which he was offering for sale, was surrounded by four or five drunken butchers, who were taunting and abusing him, and injuring his little property. The fellows were evidently drunk, for even a London butcher in his intervals of sobriety is not exempt from that instinct of fair play which pervades all classes of Englishmen. The poor old man was in tears, imploring, in his broken English, permission to be allowed to proceed peaceably on his way — but in vain.

At this instant, two gentlemen entered the square — they looked like father and son; the younger stopped, and quickly handing his cloak to the elder, demanded of the ruffians a cessation of their unmanly persecution of age and infirmity. The reply was in the untranslatable language of ruffianism, and the rejoinder was equally prompt — levelling the most brawny of the butchers with the ground. In his fall, a tray filled with meat, carried on the shoulder of one of the party, was overturned, and in an instant the contest was decided. The blue-coated fraternity, perceiving their legs of mutton, sirloins of beef, and fillets of veal, scattered here and there, forgot their kindling wrath, and instantly abandoned the field to the bene-

volent stranger, who, putting a piece of money into the hand of the astonished foreigner, accompanying him a little distance from the spot to prevent farther insult, resumed his cloak, took the arm of his friend, and quitted the square amid the acclamations of the spectators.

We mention these trifling incidents, not because they have any particular connection with our present subject, but because they serve to elucidate part of the character of this people — a prompt redress of insult or injustice, without lurking ill-will, or heart-cherished, enduring hatred. The love of fair play, which finds its way even into the blackguard's code of honour, are not unworthy observation in forming our estimate of the spirit and courage of any nation whatsoever.

We have witnessed a few *impromptu* sets-to; never a prize fight — we never shall. We have had the pain of being compelled to assist at a few combats of the silver-fork school, called duels. We honestly confess, with profound deference to the silver-fork school, that we think a short "turn-up" in the heat of blood on the spot, and at the time, with the object of our resentment, and no malice borne when it is over, infinitely more satisfactory to all parties interested, than exchange of cards, foolish friends, Wormwood Scrubs, cold frosty morning, twelve paces, Mantons for two, a bullet in the thorax, and Wakley the coroner.

So long as the exercise of the manly science of self-defence is prohibited as a disgusting display of mercenary gladiatorship, and encouraged as an exhibition

of science and strength, under the proper restriction of the "muffler," so long, we may rest assured, the atrocities of the knife, the dirk, the paving-stone, or the *shillela*, will never be unknown to Englishmen, and fair play will ever be, as it ever has been, their "jewel."

But to return to our subject—from which we have digressed, just as we take up the gloves now and then, when we are brain-worn and weary, to promote the circulation of the blood—the robust and athletic sports are not encouraged about London as we could wish. The gradual enclosure of the open spaces and exercising grounds has contributed in a great degree to bar all opportunity of pursuing the more manly exercises; while the advancing tide of civilization has deprived them of much of their pristine power to please, and carried the popular mind towards modes of relaxation better adapted to a forced and highly artificial condition of society.

CHAPTER IV.

Social relaxations form almost the only amusement of a vast number of the inhabitants of London.

The fireside, the pipe, the pot, and the paper, are their amusements. The latter affords them a reflective prospect of whatever is going forward, without the crowd, fatigue, or trouble of assisting thereat. In the newspaper, sitting quietly by his fireside, the Londoner, after the business fatigues of the day, can form a better idea of the merits of the last new comedy, opera, or farce, than if he had put himself to the trouble and inconvenience of attending the performance. Whatever of procession, ceremony, or such-like, is going forward, is marshalled upon the broad sheet of the newspaper, as it was marshalled by the master of the ceremonies. The many good things that have been eaten, and the few that have been said, at a Mansion-house dinner, are recorded for him in the paper with an accuracy no inquiry of his own could ever approach. The names of the fashionables who attended at Almack's in the west, and at the Chimney-sweepers' Benevolent Annual Ball in the east, are catalogued by the newspaper with scrupulous

fidelity. In the newspaper, the most intimate affairs of his neighbours at large, are laid open through the medium of police reports, law reports, and Parliamentary reports, as it would seem merely for his especial amusement. Kingdoms change masters, empires rise and fall, dynasties are undone, battles fought, and long lists of killed and wounded published, merely to entertain him. Accounts of expeditions sent out, at the instigation of oily-tongued Pharisees, to civilize, by means of new rum and small-pox, the natives of Africa, wherein our brave countrymen perish by wholesale unpitiably, for the entertainment of the philanthropic reader. Accounts of banquets at Stafford House, and death by starvation in Spitalfields; statements of accidents, offences, bankruptcies, singular occurrences, and sudden deaths. Not only the mere record of passing occurrences, but the spirit of the events of the day, retrospectively considered, and prospectively, by able men, entertain the worthy citizen in his dressing-gown and slippers, with his heels on the fender. The world, its cares, business, amusements, are brought into his breakfast parlour, and having been well-aired, are laid upon the table in the *microcosm* of the newspaper.

It is nowise wonderful, therefore, that the Londoner, whose soul and body are absorbed in his avocations, should find his chief amusement in perusing this wondrous daily map of the revolving world; *he* would indeed be enamoured of fatigue who is not content to find all that is interesting, exciting, or amusing,

within the broad sheet whose treasures are daily unfolded before him.

The intense concentration of body and mind upon the business of the day, is another reason why the Londoner finds his greatest relaxation in complete repose; his clean-swept hearth, his comfortable wife, his prattling little ones, and the evening paper, make the best and most heartfelt pleasures—at least we imagine as much—that the laborious citizen can enjoy.

Then there is the blessed Sunday, when the mire and dirt of mind and body is washed off, and the brain cleared of the cobwebs of the week, and put in order for a day of peace and quiet: when those who are impressed with a sense of their religious obligations, delight in discharging them, and those who have no sense of religion whatever—and in London their number is not few—cannot help thanking God, in their hearts, that there is one day of the seven, when the shop is shut, the workmen discharged, ledgers, journals, and petty cash-books put to bed, and customers forgotten.

We often think—Heaven help us!—that on Sunday there is a sabbath in the air—we think the spirits that preside over the harmony of Heaven walk upon the viewless winds, and hush them to repose in reverence of the sacred day. The sun himself shines placidly upon the tranquil earth: the clouds hang in graceful forms from the vault of the firmament; the little choristers of the groves, to our ear, have something hymn-like in their sabbath song of praise. Peace

visibly descends upon the brute creation, and nature arrays herself in robes of brighter green: the heart of man participates in the holy calm of the day of rest, forgets tempestuous passions and worldly cares, and expands beyond itself, as it would taste, ere death, somewhat of the peace of a promised immortality.

Among the Sabbath virtues and pleasures, hospitality with the Londoners is not forgotten. The added pudding, and the supererogatory joint, are not produced for the purposes of solitary gratification,—cousin Tom and his wife and child are expected to join their friends on that day, from the unexplored territories of Bayswater, or the *terra incognita* of Camden Town. Aunt Martha, punctually at two, expects her favourite nephew and niece, who will take good care to be there to the minute, as they also, like aunt Martha, have *their* expectations.

The miscellaneous Mr Smiths engaged in the city, where they reside, with partial board, during the week, join their respective "governors" and anxious mothers at the suburban villages of Islington, Kensington, or Clerkenwell. Bank directors and eminent city merchants entertain a few friends at their country-seats round the metropolis. The fat fowl, now twirling suspended before the fire from a bit of string, hooked on to a fork stuck in the mantelpiece, and which, while we read a sermon of Jeremy Taylor, we take care to preserve in a rotatory motion round its axis, basting at intervals, is the subscription dinner of ourselves and Frank Standish, who is to be here

punctually at five, to eat his share of the aforesaid circumrotatory capon, and to entertain us with a full, true, and particular account of the splendid success of his last article in the Infernal Magazine, yclept, "The Spectre Tom-Cat, or the Haunted Wash-house," with the episode of the rat under the tiles.

At eight o'clock, D'Orsay, Sam Rogers, Moore, Edwin Landseer, and a sprinkling of titles, will sit down to a quiet dinner in one of the mansions of the nobility at the west end, and have an evening afterwards heathen gods and goddesses might envy.

There are some, however, who exercise the Sunday virtue after a different fashion. Our friend Dick Dismal is of the number. Dick, who was as gay as a lark, though not quite so early a riser, in our younger days, married into a serious family, and a very serious business the marriage turned out for Dick. We encountered him the other day, emerging from the Religious Tract Depositary, with a parcel under his arm; we inquired what he had got there—the poor fellow blushed, and said something about a small purchase he was making for Mrs D. On inquiring what day we could take dinner with him, he regretted to hear that Sunday was our only open day, but finally, summing up courage, he hazarded a provoke for Sunday.

On Sunday we went, accordingly, with the intention of spending the day; the door of Dick Dismal's handsome house in Tabernacle Place was opened by

a maid of such melancholy face and mien, that she might have sat excellently well for the Virgin *a los dolores*. Our first inquiry, stimulated by her funereal aspect, was whether all the family were well; having received a satisfactory reply, we were ushered into a cold formal parlour, the walls painted Quaker colour, and decorated with portraits in mezzotint, of prim-visaged, square-cut, black-a-viced fellows, whose physiognomies alone would have found them guilty in any court in Christendom.

Dick Dismal and his lady, entering the room, put an end to our investigation. Dick was glad to see us, especially as we could have a seat in his pew during the morning ministrations of the Reverend SOUR KROUT, while the lady congratulated herself that we should have an opportunity of comparing the pulpit oratory of the Reverend RASPER ROARWELL, who was to preach in the afternoon; but cautioned us not to be led away by his apostolic elocution, until we concluded the day by bestowing our best attention upon the Reverend FEROCIUS HOWL.

In the mean time, while she went to prepare for chapel, she put into our hands a volume of the "Missionary Martyrs," containing an account of the ceremonies observed by the Catawampa Indians, in cooking the Reverend JABEZ SMEDDUM, with the miraculous combustion of the body, evolving a supernatural smell of rum, by which the cannibals were deprived of their feast, and by the assistance of a fresh importation of new tracts and old Jamaica, were finally

converted to Christianity. Of the sermons we shall say no more than that they were impressive in the extreme, if howling, cursing, ranting, thumping, and convulsions, could make them so. There were three collections in the course of the day, for the purpose of diffusing primitive Muggletonianism among the natives of Boothia Felix.

Between the acts—we beg pardon—the devotions, we returned to dinner. A loin of veal roasted the day before, and untouched, a ham, and other substantialities, composed our meal; there were also a couple of dishes or so of *hot* vegetables; and although Dick Dismal and his lady assured us of their abhorrence of Sabbath cookery, we could not help thinking this was blowing hot and cold, or cheating the devil in the dark; we were content, however, to make our dinner on potatoes and greens hot, and veal and ham cold, saying nothing on the subject.

But imagine, truly Christian reader, you, whose dishes are as warm as your welcome, a loin of veal, choicest of good gifts, that should smoke in a red sea of delicious gravy, roasted the day before! reflect, if you can with fortitude upon the fate of the exquisite kidney, that should come to table nestling in its layers of semi-liquid fat, being suffered to congeal in untasted blessedness, and sent to table petrified in suet, like a toad in a cold stone! imagine the accompanying potables, parsnip wine and bad Teneriffe, and avoid, as you love your peace, the Dick Dismals of your acquaintance!

GOING IN STATE.

Processions, parades, and reviews, form one of the principal sources of innocent recreation to the Londoner. He is a perfect child in his admiration of *spectacle.* If you doubt it, borrow a drum and beat a *tattoo* at the corner of a street; in a twinkling you will collect the whole disposable force of the vicinity.

GOING IN STATE is, however, what mainly delights your true-born Cockney; his soul is in arms, and eager for the show.

When her Majesty or the Lord Mayor go in state, holidays unnoticed in the Almanacs are observed by him with religious scrupulosity; and although one of these shows are as like another show, as one egg is like another egg, yet your Cockney is the most miserable mortal in existence if he behold not all.

What a day is Lord Mayor's day! what crowds assemble along the line of procession, from the Mansion-house to the Bridge of Blackfriars! Gorgeous is the advanced guard; spirit-stirring the flourish of trumpets from the Horse Guards' band, borrowed for the occasion; magnanimous the City Marshal in his scarlet uniform, jack-boots, and cocked hat; magnificent the glass-coaches of the sheriffs, decorated back and sides with the plasterers' or curry-comb-makers' arms; the coachmen and footmen far surpass in gilding the gingerbread of Greenwich, and with the whiteness of their silk stockings and breeches, what among white

things can compare? Solicitous is the face of the City Solicitor, and that of the Remembrancer full of remembrances;—but when the gilded rattle-trap conveying the Lord Mayor, and which looks as if it were long since broken down, heaves slowly into view—what shouts—what a rush to catch a momentary glimpse—what multitudinous echoes rend the answering skies!

There the mighty man sits enshrined, bowing now to this side, now to that, like the Mandarin in his own china shop, the Recorder in his big wig staring his Lordship full in the face; the mace-bearer and sword-bearer poking their awful emblems of civic authority and power, sitting *dos à dos*, their state faces perked out of either window; the portly coachman, too, and the bunch of rapiered footmen hanging on behind, fat with scrapings of venison and turtle, must not be forgotten.

Let no profane spectator imagine the great civic dignitary, now filling the eye of countless thousands with embodied emanations of glory, a little, squab, duck-legged, four-square, pudding-faced ensample of humanity, with an eye for a hard bargain, and a paunch for a pail-full of turtle-soup: if his eyes insist that it is so, don't believe them, but let him run along at the heels of the procession to behold this Jupiter of the city metamorphosed into the Neptune of the Thames.

Oh! for a taste of the quality of honest John Taylor the water poet, or of Elkanah Settle, last of city laureates, to furbish forth to the fancy of the reader

the gilded pomp and magisterial circumstance of the aquatic procession from Blackfriars Bridge, where his Lordship, teetotaller-like, *takes water*, until, after diving under the arches of Waterloo and Westminster, he emerges, amphibious as a turtle, at Palace Yard Stairs, where he takes wine.

People talk of the Doge of Venice in his state barge going to wed the Adriatic: did they ever see the Lord Mayor of London in *his* state barge going to ask the Judges to dinner?

Going to wed the Adriatic! all mere romancing, trumped up by those good-for-nothing fellows the poets, for a night's lodging or a bit of dinner — we don't believe a word of it! We have heard of marriages sending a man to the dogs, but surely entering into the bonds of wedlock with a gulf is an infallible method of going to the fishes! No, no; there never was any such thing; it is all nonsense — an imagination of the poets, typical and mystical, like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. The Doge of Venice, we take it, represented an old bachelor, the Adriatic may have been emblematic of the lovely bride, lit up with smiles and sunshine — pale, tranquil, and interesting to-day; to-morrow lashing herself into a devil of a fury, and breaking all the china and crockery.

Would any poet of common sense compare the Doge of Venice to the Lord Mayor of London — the campaigns against the Turks to the exploits of the artillery company and lumber troop — Othello the Moor to the Lord Mayor's black footman in the yellow

plushes — the Bucentaur to the Maria Wood — the isle of Cyprus to the Eel-pie island at Twickenham — the Bridge of Sighs to the Bridge of Southwark? We wish poets in future would learn manners, and look for materials for epics, tragedies, and sonnets, leaving the Doge of Venice and the Adriatic, in the Lord Mayor's show!

But, to return: the parapets of the bridges are crowded to repletion with the show-loving populace: the barge of the worshipful company of Stationers, by virtue of superior intelligence — mind ever taking precedence of matter — sweeps proudly up, stemming the receding tide with twenty pairs of oars, band playing and colours flying, making its way to Lambeth, there to receive a hamper of wine, from time immemorial the dole of the archbishops of Canterbury: next come the fishmongers, the patten-makers, the barber-surgeons, the skinners, the ironmongers, and many more, in their barges, as like one to another as golden pippins floating in a pail: last of all comes the guardian angel of the Thames, the Doge of London, in a barge burnished with gold, and filled to suffocation with men in uniform, men-at-arms, and hogs in armour; now do the *pateraroes*, planted by the wharfs along the river side, shake the air with their reverberations: on high, like incense, ascendeth the unbought acclaim of the mob — loud and long, trumpets proclaim the happy consummation of the dangerous voyage — his lordship, tucking his robe over his left arm, trotteth up the stair, under the shadow of his

cocked hat, with the grace and dignity of an old fish-woman with a peck of oysters on her head emerging from a Rochester smack upon the wharf at Billingsgate.

Thus far have we conducted the equestrian order of procession, and the aquatic: now is formed a pedestrian array, marshalling his lordship into the awful presence of the Judges of the Queen's Bench and Barons of the Exchequer—"Make way there for the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London," shouts the crier of the Court—"Make way there for the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex." Dense is the mob of briefless barristers pushing their way to catch a glimpse of the civic functionaries, and "Make way there for the gentlemen of the bar," shouts the crier, whereat is much laughter.

Now is the Lord Mayor presented, in a neat speech from the Recorder, to Lord Denman, who, on the Queen's part, confirms the city's choice; now are hob-nails well and truly paid down upon the nail by Hobler: now are tenders made of horse-shoes, and the citizens, in lieu of certain lands, tenements, and hereditaments, cut sundry sticks.

Now doth his lordship, in his choicest phrase, respectfully request Lord Denman and the rest of the Judges to take pot-luck with him, the which that learned lord, on behalf of self and fellows, duly acknowledgeth, stating what pleasure it will give him and his brother big-wigs to cut his lordship's mutton; now the two lords, having smelt at the same nosegay, like the two kings of Brentford, exchange a profusion

of bows and smiles, the former retiring in a crustaceous or crab-like manner from the court, followed by mobs of the admiring briefless, whose elongated phizzes sufficiently indicate their regret that their anxious parents had not the good sense to have bound them 'prentices to some reputable trade, by which they might have got an honest living, and perhaps attained to the dignity and state of the truly great man who waddles before them — the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, Conservator of the river Thames, and top-sawyer of every thing and every body between the inside of Temple Bar and the outside of Mile-End.

The procession is re-formed in the same gingerbread order; his lordship, undaunted by the dangers of the sea, boldly attempts a second time a voyage to Blackfriars — bells ring a merry peal — *tang* — *ting* — *tong* — *tang* — *tung* — *ting* — *tang* — *tang* — trumpets sound — cannons rattle — bands play — away they go — all alive — mob shouts as if it was hired for the day — they land as before, proceed to the Mansion-house as before — and, thank Heaven, there we have done with them.

But what is all this to that auspicious day, when rumour bruits abroad that her Majesty is graciously minded to go in state?

Where? — no matter where — for what purpose? — what's that to you? it is sufficient for London to be informed that to-morrow her Majesty will go in state. Let no philosopher, cynic, or patriot, who has failed in getting a place, say, that going in state is nothing

but a show, a procession — that he would not go out of his way to see a dozen goings in state, or the like. Never mind, the world of London — our dear, little, densely-populated, good-humoured universe, will assist at the going in state — it is excitement for the day — it promotes the circulation of the blood — London likes going in state, and is determined to be there; it is good for trade; makes folk thirsty, helps the revenue, makes the money fly, gives the dear girls talk for a week, pleases the children, makes the publicans fat and lifeguardsmen lean, and every body pleased and happy; there are countless thousands of happy human faces gazing on a show; what's the odds whether the show is a show not worth showing, if multitudes are gratified in beholding it? truly to be pitied is that man who cannot, now and then, be tickled with trifles.

To-morrow the Queen is going in state — in the coffee-houses, taverns, tap-rooms, from Mile-End gate to Hyde Park corner, from Islington to Marsh-gate, from Paddington green to Bermondsey church, nothing is talked of but the promised occurrence of her Majesty going in state.

The line of procession—the hour—the which way, and wherefore—who will be permitted to go, and who will not—who is to stay at home to mind the house and cook the victuals—who is to have the ungracious duty of mounting guard over the shop—all this and much more, is the subject-matter of discussion at every fireside in the metropolis.

Now do overworked apprentices prefer their earn request to their masters to be permitted to take a fo noon's relaxation in seeing the procession—pale-fac dressmakers purchase the same privilege at the expen of their dinners—the mechanic is content to lose h a day's work—the little son of our landlady, at th moment, is heard to declare he will go without dinne and have a bit of bread and cheese, sooner than mi the chance of seeing the King of Prussia—our land lord, a hard-working poor man, whose baker's bil amounts to eleven shillings a-week, devotes a day—that is to say five shillings sterling, and his expense—to treat his wife and family to a sight of the King of Prussia; his eldest daughter, little Mary, is now sobbing bitterly below stairs, having been appointed housekeeper for the day, and utterly refuses to do her copy, or read her lesson, until we have kindly promised to answer the door for her, and let her have the unspeakable felicity of beholding the King of Prussia, with the rest of the family.

The love of royalty is assuredly an "ultimate fact" in the constitution of an Englishman—an innate principle of his nature; he is independent of monarchy, yet he respects and loves the monarch; he has placed the law above the king, yet he loves the king above the law. The reason of this is obvious; acknowledging no "right divine of kings to govern wrong," he fears not their despotism, for he knows that over him there can be no despot; his tribute of respect is spontaneous, and bestowed from the overflowings of

his heart. If the monarch be personally disliked, your Englishman pursues him not with huzzas, nor delights in his appearances in public, but he respects the monarch as the chief magistrate appointed under the law; if, on the contrary, the reigning sovereign be a personal favourite, then there are no bounds to his enthusiasm, it is the free-offering of an undemanded privilege — a homage, given because it cannot be compelled, and received in the spirit in which it is given.

The eventful day appears—but dismal, dark, and foggy—looks like rain, or sleet, or snow, or all three together. Many are the misgivings about going to see the going in state—many the doubts of the propriety of putting on best bonnets, and spick-and-span new hats.

But the day has been gazetted, and if the clerk of the weather office is determined to put a damper on the festivities, more shame to him.

The earliest intimation the morning peripatetic has of the intended going in state, is a continuous line of poor creatures carrying forms, chairs, three-legged stools, old baskets, and every thing that can possibly confer a temporary altitude upon the purchaser, along the intended line of procession. Battalions of police of all the divisions, from A to Z inclusive, issue forth, marshalled by their respective superintendents, distinguishable by silver embroidery upon their slatternly cut coats, and file through St James's Park, to the great amusement of the guardsmen upon duty, who delight in ridiculing the mock-military evolutions of

the awkward squad. These important functionaries are stationed at short intervals, all the way from the triumphal arch at Buckingham Palace to the entrances of both Houses of Parliament, baton in hand, and girths encircling the cuffs, to shew that they are on active service.

The man of fashion, getting up at noon, and looking from the window of his dressing-room, observes an unintermitted current of human beings, setting strongly in one direction—the direction of the going in state.

And now the courtier sun, like a trimming politician, comes over to the court, dispersing the demagogues of fog, and compelling the clouds to fly before him, like an aggregate meeting on the approach of the yeomanry cavalry; now he smiles, and shines, and looks his best, for all the world as if he expected a place under government.

Dense and more dense becomes the accumulating mob. A little while ago there was space to move about, but every body now is taking a place, and running about to look out for a stunted spectator, over whose shoulder they may have a peep to greatest advantage. Now mounted equerries and commissioners of police gallop hither and thither, preparing the way for the coming cavalcade. The artillerymen are at their guns in the enclosure, linstocks in hand, and all ready to announce, with mimic thunder, the moment the royal *cortège* leaves the Palace.

Now the mob begins to be impatient, jostling its fellow mob at either hand, undulating to and fro in

one compact mass, and pressing hard upon the police, who struggle to repress it, like so many King Canutes or Mrs Partingtons. At length, so compact is the substance of the crowd, that it ceases to move—the tide is at the flood—you can move neither backwards nor forwards, to the left or to the right. There is a substantial street of mob.

For a little while all is still, but anon the Horse Guards clock, whose undisputed right to regulate the sun extends as far as Temple Bar, there resigning his empire over time to the orthodox time-piece of St Paul's, hums ONE. The Royal Standard on the triumphal arch flutters, and is lowered—a low murmur like the distant sound of a mill-tail runs along the line—the cannons open their fiery throats—THE QUEEN IS COMING—and all is noise, hurry, bustle, and confusion.

First come, trotting slowly, a detachment of Life Guards clearing the way—their sabres glisten in the air—their bearskin caps flout the sky—ladies are in raptures—such divine men, such lovely coats, beautiful swords—fascinating moustaches—handsome horses; and then the officers covered with gold lace—divine, love-inspiring man!—Tremble now, ye unwhiskered beaux, for the affections of your fair ones, and assure yourselves, that however your belles may regard you, at this moment that dear delightful officer is the god of their idolatry; and whatever sweet smiles they may condescendingly bestow on you, 'tis of that Adonis of the household troops they are thinking all the while.

But the ladies have no time to fall desperately in love, for the beef-eaters appear—remarkably old *files*, in the fashion of the days of Elizabeth, with embroidered frocks, and little porringer velvet caps, bedizzened with red and white ribbon, halberts over their shoulders, tottering and shambling along, like pilgrims of the unboiled peas. Next following, behold several preliminary carriages and four, containing lovely ladies of the bed-chamber in lappets and diamonds, and fair-faced, elegant gentlemen of the *ditto*, in blue embroidered coats, and elegantly fitting primrose tights:—a little pretty-faced page, in a military uniform, lolls carelessly in the lap of a lovely lady, like a youthful Mars nurtured by one of the Graces.

Next, in a carriage and six splendid bays, comes the Master of the Horse, a grand and awe-inspiring personage: after him, in a carriage with half-a-dozen beautiful blacks, the gracious-looking Mistress of the Robes: *then*, heralded by another squadron of horse, moves past us, more slowly than the rest, a PALE, FAIR FORM, of youthful grace and beauty, her brow encircled by a diadem, and thoughtful, as if the weight of that glittering but uneasy burden pressed upon the brain; each heart, as she passes, is upon each lip, and a burst of enthusiasm heralds the youthful MONARCH in her triumphant way!

A cloud of horse closes the procession, but unheeded. We turn away, oppressed with the weight of reflection that crowds upon us, contemplating the form of her upon whose dominions the sun

never sets, and whose sovereignty a hundred millions of human beings cheerfully obey; whose councils influence, directly or indirectly, the interests of the civilized world.

How awful, and how grand, the responsibility and position of that delicate young creature! The homage that surrounds her, the sincere and unrestrained enthusiasm with which she is every where received, the good fortune that attends her public, and the happiness that crowns her domestic life,—how gratifying must these not be to the feelings of one in the bloom of youth, when all the feelings of hope and love are worn in their newest gloss!

Never did monarch, in the history of the world, before inherit so proud and happy a condition; never, in the history of the world, reigned a monarch, round whose person and throne was banded a more devoted people; never, even in the sequestered vale of lowly life, existed a woman more truly beloved and happy.

When we reflect upon the fates of former princes of our nation, and remember some beginning a career of promised happiness and glory, sinking, after a dreary day of life, into clouds and storms, turbulent and dark: others, from the day of their accession, contending with foreign and domestic foes, and spending all their energies in disastrous and unproductive war: others, again, wretched in family feuds and domestic misery—how gratifying is it to us to see in the happiness, social and political, of our sovereign, the political and social happiness of our country: to

know that her reign promises to us that long career of prosperity and glory so auspiciously dawning upon her opening day!

Her sex, which might be supposed to be a monarch's weakness, is in her an element of strength. No personal feelings, save of unbounded love and admiration, can approach her. She is removed, not merely by the law, but by her own bearing, far above the whispered breath of faction. Her own body-guard, sedition dreams not of plots against her peace. She is of our British Queens, and with them we have historical associations, rich in national prosperity and glory. The days of Elizabeth and Anne remind us of the days of Sydney and Marlborough, of Burleigh and Bolingbroke—of statesmen, warriors, poets, men of letters, and, more than all, of high national spirit—of industry, enterprise, exploit;—days when the man of lofty birth delighted to raise himself above his rank by the association with himself of lofty intellect—when power and talent worked together for the public good—when the arts, that make peace glorious, were not less cultivated than those that make peace secure.

Such were those glorious days, but days still more glorious are yet in store. All that bound us in homage and respect to Elizabeth and Anne, bind us to Victoria in enthusiasm and love. She is not merely our Queen, our chief magistrate, arbitress of the destinies of nations—in her we behold the dutiful daughter, the affectionate and happy wife, the tender

mother. We are bound to her by ties, not so much of the law and the constitution, as of fireside sympathies and unpurchasable affections of the heart.

Nor marvel, then, that the diadem-encircled brow is clouded by not unpleasing care, but rather rejoice that ye behold not there smirking self-complacency of conscious beauty, or haughty regards of selfishness wrapped up in royal state. There is matter for thankfulness that something of saddened thought illumes that face, towards which a nation turns in bright anticipation of the future. There is a consciousness in that face, less of congratulation in the echoing plaudits of an admiring people, than of thoughtful tenderness of their welfare; and it is well for us that it is so—for giddiness were madness on a throne, and happy is she upon whose head descends, with the diadem, the careful solicitude of a mother for her children.

CHAPTER V.

THE LUNGS OF LONDON.

"Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new planted orchards
On this side Tiber: he hath left them you
And to your heirs for ever: common pleasures
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

FRESH air is a luxury of the Londoner. He drinks it when he can get it, as a coalwhipper imbibes strong beer.

The air of the densely-populated parts of London—and what part of London is not densely populated?—surcharged with smoke and dust, and vomited forth once and again from a million and a half pairs of human bellows, becomes substantial vapour, gross and palpable. Sometimes you can smell it, oftener you taste it, and at intervals you may cut it with a knife.

When you get into the Parks, clear of the dusky town, your lungs at once inform you of the obligation you have conferred upon them by changing their diet;

your muscular fibre, braced by the current of pure air, becomes endued with unwonted activity; your brain is exhilarated, and a pleasing intoxication stimulates every nerve; your impulse is to run until you are tired, and then to repose at length on the green grass, inhaling at every breath, with supplemental sniffs, Dr Reid only knows how many cubic feet of the limpid atmosphere.

Therefore is the mere sight of open spaces and greenswards a recreation to the townsman, and much more to the town's wife and town-bred children; and if all quarters of London were as nobly provided with "respirators" as the West End, there would be no reason to complain of want of opportunity to indulge in this cheap, innocent, body-and-mind-recruiting luxury.

People have queer notions of property at times; we hear them talk of Royal Parks, and Royal Rangers, and Commissioners of Woods and Forests. Be it known, then, by all to whom these presents shall come, greeting, that WE, the author of this series, are the proprietor of all the Parks — St James's, Green, Hyde, Regent's, Primrose Hill, Kensington Gardens, with all pastimes, recreations, disports, thereunto appertaining; together with all that and those, the fresh air, bright sun, rippling waters, greensward, graveled walks, sweet breath of milking cow, savour of new-made hay, chirruping of cock-sparrow, whistle of blackbird, song of nightingale; moreover, all blossoming of trees, berries green and red for the gratification

of sight only, bough of fragrant hawthorn for entertainment of our nose, all vernal and autumnal hues of leaf on shrub or tree, are ours: held by us of her gracious Majesty and her royal predecessors in perpetuity, as tenant in common, at a rent of one penny roll, payable half-yearly on demand, to the biggest of the outlandish Muscovy ducks in St James's Park! We challenge public reprobation, if any landed proprietor ever exercised a more liberal discretion in the admission of the public to his delightful demesne.

Our gates, to not one whereof have we ostentatiously put our name, stand, from morning until night, hospitably open. So far from feeling annoyed at the intrusion of strangers, we never enjoy a stroll through our grounds so much as when there are thousands similarly enjoying themselves; we do not insist on visiters putting their names down in a book, or giving fees to the gatekeepers, or touching their hats to ourselves when they happen to encounter us any where about the grounds: our foresters, who may be recognized by their green frocks and gold-laced hats, have orders to behave with civility to every one, and never, by any chance, to use rattans against little children and nursery maids. We observe boards stuck up here and there throughout our demesne, signed "Sussex, Ranger," and finding that they exhibit no wanton restrictions, but are merely intended to preserve our property in good order, though not consulted on the subject, we are rather pleased than otherwise. We are compelled to inhibit fishing, otherwise there would be

no fish, and to prevent bough-breaking, otherwise there would be no boughs; but every facility for innocent and harmless recreation, any casual visiter to our Parks is permitted to enjoy, with no more let, hinderance, or molestation than ourselves.

We delight in the pleasure our outlandish poultry in St James's Park gives our visiters; and though we cannot sometimes help regretting that the larger waterfowl, or what we may appropriately call the aristocracy of goose, should monopolize all the loaves and most of the fishes, while the lesser tribes, or what may be denominated the democracy of duck, hang upon the outskirts, picking up at intervals unregarded crumbs; yet when we consider that the same thing occurs on land, and is common to bipeds with and without feathers, we can only conclude that this partial distribution of good things is a law of nature.

Now, look at our Parks; we will suppose you entered at the Horse Guards, walked through the enclosure, and round it; taken out at the gate opposite Cleveland Row, and carried round the corner of Stafford House into the Green Park; insinuated through the triumphal arch at Hyde Park Corner, promenaded along the sandy shores of the Serpentine, admitted to the shady penetralia of Kensington Gardens, finally emerging through the Bayswater Gate, traversing Queen's Road, and making your way, by an intricate and somewhat circuitous route, not clearly laid down upon the maps, through St John's Wood and Paddington to the Regent's Park;

which having circumambulated, you ascend thy Hill, delightful Primrose; thence directing the magnetic needle of thy nose to the northern pole, you behold the sister hills of Hampstead and Highgate, and far beyond, the hitherto unexplored Arcadia of eggs and bacon: turning your delighted optics towards the dear delightful town, you regard complacently the immensity of extended streets, with their everlasting canopy of fog, and the great St Paul's looking down with protective dignity upon the myriad of habitations clustering round his feet. With thoughts intent upon the good dinner that awaits you, in which eggs and bacon have no share, and rejoicing in the sharpness of your appetite, you hasten your descent, and passing rapidly through the semi-barbarous suburbs of the north, and the *parvenu* locality of Russell Square, you are once more at home in your comfortable tavern, full of pleasurable recollections of your day, and luxuriating at your ease over the interesting details of the Sunday paper.

But our rural swains will say, this is not the country: good gracious me! is not the pure, sweet, appetizing air we have inhaled to-day, the country? are not those trees and shrubs, infinite in their variety, and whose names you who have lived in the rural districts all your life, cannot tell us—the country? Are not those rare and curious ducks and waterfowls not only of the country, but of all countries? is not the song of the nightingale in Kensington Gardens, of the country? the bright green fields, the shady elms,

waters glittering in the holiday sun, blue over-arching sky, glowing happy faces, browzing flocks and herds —are not these of the country?

But, in addition to this, we have all the appliances and means to boot the country can borrow from the town: we have the sweet security of gas lamps and police; the *agrémens* of nicely graveled walks, where all is as dry and comfortable under our feet as the flagged causeway; and, what alone makes the country endurable, close proximity to town.

What is it that makes a mile of rural walk equal in *apparent* length to three miles of street-walking? palpably, because the eye and mind, excited and engaged at every step, and continually stimulated by the unintermitted succession of new objects in town, cheat the way of its weariness, and make us forget the actual distance we have travelled; whereas, in the country, as we have been told, the only enjoyment of the pedestrian is in anticipating with many a groan the probable proximity of the next succeeding milestone.

In our parks, on the contrary, all the pleasure derivable from the observation of dress, manner, deportment, and the infinite varieties of human character, is superadded to the enjoyment of charms of merely natural beauty: our way, pleasant as it is, seems never long; successive groups of various orders and conditions of life keep us employed in amusing speculation.

We are pleased when we behold the affectionate

husband lead forth his wife and little ones, catering to-day for the innocent recreation of those who have been his solace and comfort during the busy week: the wife repays with placid looks of content the attentions of her husband; and as the little prattlers make their droll observations upon all they see, their parents interchange smiles of unalloyed delight, which, though we dare not envy, we would wish to share.

How decent and respectable, for example, seems that private gentleman of the Life Guards!—lest any body should cavil at the word *gentleman*, we beg to observe that all the private soldiers of the Life Guards are enlisted as gentlemen, and as such entered on the muster-roll—carrying in his arms a chubby infant, (although already encumbered with his military appointments,) and accompanied by his genteel-looking wife, to whom he pays as sincere, though not such marked, attention as he did when he was courting her for his bride; what a fine, manly, soldierly fellow he looks, and good-humoured withal: it is difficult to believe that he would not make a good officer, and we regret that our interest at the Horse Guards is not sufficient to enable us to recommend him for a commission.

Then, there is that gentleman in black, sedulously tending the steps of a lovely, prattling girl—alas! we fear he is a widower, for he looks into the face of his little one as if he recognised in her at once an image and a pledge of a dear one he may have lost. Behold that fat and greasy citizen from the east, his pursy wife, and dowdy daughters, all glistening in

silks, imitation precious stones, and *Brummagem* jewellery, satisfied that they have attained by dint of mere outlay, without the assistance of a particle of taste, the whole art of dress. Contrast with them that young lady, dressed scrupulously plain, attended by the thin, erect, white-haired old gentleman in top boots and buckskins: the former is the wealthiest heiress in Europe, and might have purchased the crown of Poland in ages when that bauble was set up for sale, and voted herself a civil list and subsidies afterwards—the latter is one of our most distinguished public characters.

Turn we from them to contemplate a modest young man in a brown frock and gray pantaloons, with an umbrella under his arm. You see nothing remarkable about him: probably not, but look at his dogs—dogs that have been painted by Landseer: that gigantic bloodhound, spattered, as it were, with gory drops, is worth running a mile to look at; and that exquisitely formed little spaniel of the Blenheim breed—what a love it is! the modest young man, owner of the dogs, is conjectured to be in possession of landed and other income to the amount of between two and three hundred thousand pounds a-year; but it is more than probable that he has no knowledge, even in himself, what is the exact annual value of his vast possessions.

Next pass in review before us a *trio* of dapper, smirking, 'prentices, with cigars in their cheeks: did you ever see such stunted little miscreants in your

life? the smoke of their cigars is much less intolerable than their conceited airs and arrogant assumption: they are evidently out for the day, the counter claiming them for the rest of the week.

How shall we describe the infinite varieties of character and costume that pass before our unwearied eyes? they come like shadows, so depart: they are to us mere apparitions of flesh and blood—the human *ephemera* of the day: their faces are unfamiliar to us, nor do we ever expect to recognize them on this side the grave. Still, there is pleasure in beholding so many enjoying themselves; and when we reflect that, after all the privilege to stroll through a green field is the spring of their enjoyment, does it not read us a salutary lesson with how little human beings are made happy?

Many and many a delightful day have we spent within the precincts of our parks in contemplative recreation; nor, until we incur a forfeiture by bad behaviour, are we inclined to exchange their semi-rural pleasures for aught the country has in its power to bestow. Brinsley, the celebrated engineer, is reported to have said, that the use of rivers is to feed canals; the country, in like manner, is of use to feed the town. For what do fields whiten with the bending corn?—for London. For what do the broad green pastures fatten countless flocks and herds?—for London. For what do ships traverse the stormy main, returning from the corners of the earth with teas,

silks, spices, wines, all, in brief, that the never-satisfied vanities of citizens require?—for London. London hath stomach for them all.

The preservation of public health in great cities is an object no less of paramount importance to the citizen, than of curious inquiry to the philosopher; and it is truly surprising to reflect, that in our own country we should have given to this subject so little serious consideration. Abroad, the means of conserving the public health, of disarming the malignity of epidemic diseases, and of preventing their frequent recurrence, are investigated by the philosophic physician, carried into practical operation by a code of sanatory law, and sedulously watched over, as one of their most sacred and important public duties, by the government of the country.

At home, the health, which is the *life* of the great mass of the population, is not considered worth a thought, except at times of impending danger, when thought is vain—when the pestilence rages among us, we run wildly about in search of relief—when, having completed its ravages, it finally disappears from our towns and our cities, we are too happy to dismiss it also from our thoughts, and to forget in congratulation on our preservation for the present, all inquiries as to the means of prevention for the future.

Our Boards of Health, hastily and crudely organized in the hour of difficulty and danger, when the danger and difficulty, by the mercy of Divine Providence, have been got over, are immediately dispersed—the

fast days and the thanksgiving days have had their day — the contests between the contagionists and the non-contagionists are contagious no longer — the advocates of tar water, and the advocates of hot water, lay down their arms — specifics and the people who recommended specifics are alike forgotten — cajeput oil is a drug in the market, and brandy is no longer consumed under false pretences!

The pestilence is over — but the danger is not; that which has been, may be again — and the best time to escape a danger is surely that, when our judgment is unclouded by the prospect of imminent risk, and we as yet contemplate danger at a distance.

But the danger never is at a distance. There exists, in great cities, an under-current of pestilence at all times and in all seasons — typhus, for example, is ever at work among us — it is true, at work obscurely, because its ravages are among the obscure — among those who live precariously from day to day, in low, unventilated, and densely populated neighbourhoods, where bad drainage, bad air, bad water, and bad smells, perpetuate the epidemics they originate, and whose miserable inhabitants form the never-failing and ever-dying population of our fever hospitals.

We know nothing of this — we see nothing of this; the progress of the sick poor from their miserable "rookeries" to the hospital, and from the hospital to the grave, is silent and unobserved. Let a brace of Dukes, however, or a few members of the House of Commons, or even an East India director, be carried

off, and we begin to hear of the *epidemic* — it then begins to be "dreadful," "shocking," and so forth. "To think of the Duke of Doodle — so excellent a man, only seventy-six — being so suddenly cut off!" — and "Viscount Noodle, too, in the prime of life — a man equal to two bottles of port a-day — 'tis dreadful to think of!"

The epidemic, dreadful to think of as it is, runs its allotted course, and the popular alarm keeps pace with it — infants yet unborn, and aged people yet alive, are reported to have died of it — topers are said to be dead, and have a narrow escape of being buried alive, who are discovered, on more minute examination, to have been only dead-drunk — every soul, without exception, carried off during the epidemic, has been carried off, if you believe your ears, *by* the epidemic. Physicians are "looking up," chemists and druggists in full work — post-horses, moreover, are in demand, and the great world gallops off *en masse* to save itself in the country — while the trading, mercantile, and middling classes, who are compelled to remain, bethink themselves of their unrepented sins, and liberally subscribe for whitewash!

It is impossible to calculate how much human life might be prolonged — not only prolonged, indeed, but, what is of still greater importance, how much the condition of humanity might be improved in great cities — by legislative interference. It is melancholy to reflect how little has in this respect been done. One of the first, one of the surest, one of the most

practicable methods of ameliorating the condition of the poor, is the amelioration of the *habitations* of the poor.

Take two men; put one into a comfortable cottage —not one of your gimcrack, rose-encircled cottages, constructed to exhibit the taste of the landlord more than to administer to the comfort of the tenant, but a clean, snug, and commodious habitation. Locate the other in a pig-stye: the one will degenerate into a hog, the other will "learn to venerate himself as man." There is very little reasonable doubt, that if the design of Sir Christopher Wren for rebuilding the city of London, after the great fire, had been adopted, the value of human life in the metropolis would have improved; and it is equally certain that the plan for the regeneration of the city of Westminster, devised by the learned and talented Mr Bardwell, if carried into effect, would be a good measure of morality as well as of architecture. An avenue carried from the east end of Oxford Street through the "rookeries" of St Giles's into Holborn, would be a more effectual, safe, and permanent preventive of vice and crime, than if Meux's Brewery were converted into an enormous penitentiary, and a couple of juvenile thieves were to be suspended *in terrorem* over the principal entrance every morning before breakfast.* The making easy, safe, and accessible roads, is the very first element of

* There is every reasonable prospect that these, and other important alterations, will be shortly carried out, under the authority of the Commissioners of Metropolitan Improvements.

civilization, and is no less applicable to the wilderness of London, than to the wilderness of the Mississippi.

We venture to hope that the legislature may spare a little time from the squabbles of contending factions, and petty personal triumphs in debate, to devote to carrying out the report of the Metropolitan Improvements Committee, if it were only for the novelty of the thing. It would be worth a statesman's while to give his best energies for once to objects practically philanthropical, than which nothing can be more so than an attempt to improve the habitations of the poorer classes of the inhabitants of the British Metropolis. We are far from having a desire to undervalue the benevolent exertions of those who labour to relieve the spiritual destitution of the London poor. Their task is a high and holy one, and their intentions must command the respect even of those who doubt the efficacy of their labours.

The more we see, however, of human nature, whether in great cities or in the country, the more we are convinced that nothing can be done, by the distribution of tracts for instance, by preaching in the open air, by visiting the poor at their wretched habitations, in comparison with the *moral* predisposition that may be induced by the less direct, but far more efficacious, system of improving *first* their temporal condition.

The prime essentials of human existence in crowded cities are pure water, pure air, thorough drainage, and thorough ventilation—which last are only applications of water and air—and last, though by no means least

in importance, the facility of taking exercise within a convenient distance. Thus, every city has its public pulmonary organs—its instruments of popular respiration—as essential to the mass of the citizens as is to individuals the air they breathe. Paris boasts her Boulevards, her gardens of the Tuileries, her Champs Elysées, and her Bois du Boulogne,—Madrid, her far-famed Prado, where the monarch and the meanest of the people assemble to take the air, "their custom always of an afternoon,"—Rome, her spacious Corso, —Naples, her Mola and Strada di Toledo,—and last, Vienna enjoys her *Glacis*, no longer bristling with artillery, no longer enlivened with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," but crowded with a peaceful, gay, and happy population. Within our own islands, Dublin recreates her sons in the Phœnix Park, a spot unrivalled in its display of the softer features of rural scenery,—Edinburgh rejoices in her King's Park, to which nothing equal for solitary grandeur and romantic seclusion within a like distance of a metropolitan city is any where to be found,—and the mighty modern Babylon pours her pent-up population through the various avenues of her Parks. Well, indeed, and happily, have these been designated "THE LUNGS OF LONDON."

There is not only much matter of historical importance connected with the several parks of London scattered about in the various statistical books of surveys, but a good deal of material for picturesque description. Why it is that the historical records

have not, by some curious inquirer, been collected and arranged, or why the natural and artificial advantages of these charming retreats from the coil and hum of men have not been hitherto thought worthy of description, must, I suppose, be attributable to our habitual negligence of that which we see every day, and which, by being continually presented to our eyes, takes no hold upon the imagination or the memory, but is, as it were, of itself a continual picture, and of itself a perpetual record.

We are not to be deterred from our proposed feeble attempt at description, by any dread of the suspicion of Cockneyism. Nature is beautiful exceedingly, whether in the parish of St James's or the parish of St Kilda; and whatever contributes materially to the recreation and the health of numbers, is, by that circumstance alone, raised above the level of neglect, and has dignity sufficient to demand attention.

The Lungs of London, then, consist of several great divisions or lobes, embracing the west end of the town, and extending round to the northward, commencing, we may say, at the entrance to the Horse Guards, and extending through St James's Park, the Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens, forming a continued thoroughfare of several miles, in a direct line towards the northwest.

To the north, the Regent's Park extends from the upper end of that noble avenue Portland Place, as far as the base of Primrose Hill, with a transverse diameter almost equal to its length, and containing within its

circumference between five and six hundred acres of valuable land. This is the northern lobe of the Lungs of London.

The eastern side of the city is lamentably destitute of breathing-places for the pent-up citizens, as is also the borough of Southwark.* Lambeth is somewhat more open; its Bishop's Walk affording a pleasing view of the river, and an agreeable promenade of a too limited extent.

The several divisions of the great respiratory organs we have noticed are worth a distinct consideration; and, as we will understand them better by ocular demonstration, the curious reader will take his hat and stick. I will be his humble cicerone, and tell him all I know of the history of the Parks of our metropolis, as we go along.

Follow me, if you please sir, through this little gate — take care of the steps — there are exactly six — now, give me your arm — this is the Bird-cage Walk — that classic structure to our left the military chapel — to the right you see Storey's Gate — immediately in the rear are "our chambers," and exactly in front, half hidden by its own umbrageous foliage, is the charming enclosure — step this way — the charming enclosure of

* The Victoria Park, near Bethnal Green, will in some degree remedy the want of a breathing-ground in the eastern part of the city, and we trust, ere long, some exertion may be made for the southern district.

St James's Park.

When I enter this park, my notions of government, let me tell you, become highly monarchical. I touch my hat to the memory of our kings who devised and confirmed to us these places of harmless recreation. For this park and the pleasure it affords us we are indebted to our monarchs — let us enjoy their munificent gift and be thankful.

Let us remember that the citizens have never planted a shrub for our recreation — that they have never set apart an acre of their corporation lands to give us, our wives, and our children, a mouthful of fresh air; let us never forget that they have shut up the noble Thames,

> "Deep and yet clear, — though gentle yet not dull;
> Strong without rage — without o'erflowing full;"

for the mere lucre of gain, although the sight of it, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen know in their hearts, is light to a Londoner's eyes, and music to his ears.

Let us never forget that the legislature treated Mr Buckingham's bill for the establishment of public walks near great towns, with almost silent contempt; and although they pass I know not how many enclosure bills every session, it was not without much unseemly debate that they were prevailed upon to grant for the recreation of the commoners, thus dispossessed without compensation of their immemorial

inheritance, as much of the land to be enclosed as you could whip a cat in. Then, again, as to private individuals, as little or less, if less were possible, is to be expected from them;—an attempt is fresh within our recollection of the lord of the manor of Hampstead to enclose the heath, which, owing to the vigilance of an honest independent member of Parliament, was crushed in the bud. Primrose Hill, too, was marked out for enclosure by some of the joint-stock "*sack-em-up*" companies, for the purpose of being converted into a cemetery, or something of that sort;—this scheme was abandoned, and a man may still forget his cares and troubles, as well as bring home a week's stock of unbought health, from a morning or an evening stroll, to dear delightful rural Primrose Hill.

No thanks, however, to lord mayors, aldermen, or citizens, for this—no thanks to either House of Parliament—no thanks to lords of manors, who would enclose the sun of heaven himself, if they could let out his rays at so much a-year; such is the selfish love of lucre—natural, I had almost said to man, in an artificial state of society like ours, at least a second nature, which makes his interest the grand ambition, his pocket the temple of his worship, and the money within it his god!

St James's Park, sir—let us step aside into this shady walk, if you please—was formerly part and parcel of the Abbey lands of St Peter's, Westminster, and was resumed with others in the reign of King Henry VIII.

"His Majesty (Henry VIII.) also enclosed the park, which was subservient to the amusement of this (St James's Palace) and the neighbouring palace of Whitehall. Charles II. was particularly fond of it, planted the avenues, made the canal and the aviary, adjacent to the Bird-cage Walk, which took its name from the cages which were hung in the trees. 'Charles,' says Colley Cibber, in the apology for his life, 'was often seen here amidst crowds of spectators, feeding his ducks, playing with his dogs, and passing his idle moments in affability, even to the meanest of his subjects, which made him to be admired by the common people, so fascinating in the great are the habits of condescension.'" *

In another account of the metropolis, ostensibly written originally in Arabic, by Ali Mahomet Hadji, physician to his Excellency Cossim Hojah, late envoy from the government of Tripoli to this Court, but in reality supposed to be the production of Grub Street, we are entertained with the following:—

"At the west end of this city, near to one of the royal houses (St James's Palace,) is a park—being a large extent of ground, with walks set with trees around it, and a canal in the middle, also edged with trees, where, in the hot seasons, his Excellency's servants frequently diverted themselves with seeing the ducks swim. Its great beauty consists in its being, as it were, the country in the city; for a late nobleman, who had a seat near it, and being a man of a *poetical* genius, had this *elegant* couplet or distich composed on a stone, and placed over his portal, viz.—

"'Tis my delight to be
In the town—and the countrie!"

"This is the place where people go to get rid of the dust,

* Pennant's *London*.

confusion, and noise of the city, and where the ladies, in fine weather, display their ornaments and charms, as well as their signals for intriguing. There are seats placed at convenient distances for refreshing the wearied joints of reduced officers, disappointed courtiers, and broken tradesmen; and those, whose *fortunes* as well as their *linen* are generally reversed, sit promiscuously together, debating on the fate of princes and nations, as pertinently as though they were the immediate ministers and agents of all the powers in Europe, although, unhappy wretches, not one in nineteen of them knows where to procure a meal's meat. Yet, by their constant attendance on these seats, they are called Benchers of the Park, sitting with as much state and solemnity as those of the Inns of Court do at their halls in Commons!"

The anonymous author of *A Trip through the Town; or, a Humorous View of Men and Things*, gives the following amusing account of the Park of St James's as it was: —

"For the benefit of this part of the metropolis, which includes the *beau monde*, the King has given liberty to all idle people to walk in St James's Park. Here is the Mall, famous for being the rendezvous of the gay and gallant, who assemble here to see and be seen, to censure and be censured — the ladies to shew their fine clothes, and the productions of the toilet — the men to shew their toupees, observe all the beauties, and fix upon some favourite to toast that evening at the tavern. Every one here is curious in examining those who pass them, and are very nice and very malicious. In this place of general concourse, people often join into the company of those whom they either deride or hate; for company is not sought here for the sake of conversation, but persons couple together to get a little confidence, and imbolden themselves against the general

reflections of the place. They talk continually, no matter of what, for they talk only to be taken notice of by those who pass by them; for which reason they raise their voices for them who know them, not to pass without a bow *en passant.* At this place ladies walk four or five miles in a morning, with all the alacrity imaginable, who at home think it an insupportable fatigue to journey from one end of their chamber to another.

"I have seen a beau stand reconnoitering the Mall, divided within himself in as many minds as a lady in a lace chamber, to think which set of company he shall annex himself to; and, to avoid the fatal consequences of making a false step, use as much caution as a prudent parent would do in the matrimonial disposition of a daughter. An escaping eye has often passed over a gentleman usher, when a groom of the bedchamber has been diligently pursued from one end of the Park to the other. A plain Irish lord shall be able to lead half a dozen laced coats up and down, like so many beagles in a string; and I have ere now seen him as much neglected as an honest poor family in distress, upon the sight of a ribbon, though 'tis surprising to think what an attractive quality every ribbon, according to its colour, hath in this place.

"I once happened to fall into a file of very fine fellows in this place, and remember that, when we began our march, we reckoned one French suit, though something sullied, three pair of clock stockings, one suit of Paduasoy, two embroidered waistcoats, the one a little tarnished, and two pair of velvet breeches. We made a most formidable show, carrying the whole breadth of the Mall, and sweeping all before us. We thought ourselves at least capable of acting on the defensive; but, by that we had got opposite to Godolphin House, we were convinced of our error, for here a puppy, in a French suit, pulling out a most extravagantly rich snuff-box, no less than three deserted at once, and went over to the enemy. As one misfortune seldom comes alone, a modern gold-headed cane, in the hands of a

gamester, deprived us of two more of our company; so that, all on a sudden, our corps was dwindled away, like the South Sea project, and began to look as thin as a House of Parliament on a thirtieth of January sermon, or as an independent company of foot!

"In this plight the remains of us stood, staring upon each other as stupidly as the country people do when they go to view the royal apartments at Hampton Court, not knowing whether it was best to advance or retreat; fortunately for us, in this dilemma we enlisted one of the most beautiful sword-knots that ever came into the kingdom; we could perceive recruits coming to us from every quarter, and, in less than seven minutes, got ourselves into *statu quo*. Several revolutions of this kind happened to us in the space of about two hours, till at last I was left only with a little strutting fellow, who called himself secretary to a foreign mission, and him I got rid of by his fixing his eye upon a periwig that appeared to be made about a month later than mine was."

There exists now-a-days no parallel to this lively picture of the *beau monde* of a hundred years ago taking the air in St James's Park — the fashionable world has receded westward; and, instead of promenading the Mall of St James's Park, now exhibits itself in carriages and on horseback within the magic circle of the ride, and adown the long prospective of the still celebrated Rotten Row.

St James's of late years has become *bourgeois* — it is now emphatically the park of the people.

This seat, on the southern bank of the canal, nearly midway between the eastern and western extremities of the Park, affords one of the best points of view,

embracing the whole extent of the enclosure, from the parade at one end to the esplanade at the other.

How boldly and well the Horse-Guards fills up the view to our right! There it stands — a plain, honest, erect, downright military structure, on parade, as straight and as stiff as one of its own sentinels on duty. It is not, certainly, a handsome building, but it has the look of being adapted to the business transacted within it; and if it does not please the eye, assuredly does not disgust it, like its gingerbread friend on the opposite side.

Behind the Horse-Guards we can just see the towering dome of St Paul's — northward, the light and elegant spire of St Martin's is visible over the Admiralty — and near it arises, in high contrast, the mustard-pot of the National Gallery — the pepper-boxes not being in this point of view visible. More to the westward, we have Carlton House Terrace, with the column erected to the memory of the late Duke of York — the dense foliage of the trees in the Mall shuts out the Palace of St James's, the residence of the Queen-Dowager, and the magnificent mansion of the Duke of Sutherland, from our view.

The *vista* to our left is terminated by Buckingham Palace, which was truly stigmatized by a Committee of the House of Commons as "contemptible in every point of view, and a standing disgrace to English architecture." It is lucky for the fame of the architect that this *thing* is beneath criticism — people shake their heads when they look at it, and turn away with

silent contempt; the thing is so pitiful, that to waste words in abusing it, would be to abuse the very faculty of speech.

In the first place, the *thing* is erected upon a *declining* site; it appears to be ashamed of itself, and seems to sneak down the off-side of the inclination on which it stands, as it would drown itself in the pond at the end of the Queen's garden. In the second place, the *thing*, although covering a great deal of ground, is contemptibly diminutive in all its parts; and in the third place, all these diminutive parts and parcels of the great contemptible whole are frittered into still more insignificant littleness, by the profusion of ill-judged and unmeaning ornament plastered over it every where like gold leaf on gingerbread!

A French architect in London, writing to his friend at Paris, gives an account of this concern, which would be sufficiently ludicrous if it were not uufortunately much too true. The letter opens as follows: —

"My dear Sair,—I shall now give you an account of de Royal Palace, called here de Buck-and-ham Palace, which is building for de English King in de spirit of Jean Bull plum-pudding and roast-beef taste, for which de English are so famous. It is great curiosity. In de first place, de pillars of de palace are made to represent English vegitable, as de sparrow-grass, de leek, and de onion; den de entablatures or freizes are vary mosh enriched with leg of mutton and de pork, with vat dey call de garnish, all vary beautiful carved; den, on de impediment of de front, stand colossal figure of man-cook, with de large English toasting-fork in his hand, ready to put into de pot a vary large plum-pudding behind him, which is vary fine

pudding, not de colour of black Christmas pudding, because de architect say it would not look vell in summair time—it is vary plain pudding. Then de small windows of de kitchen on each side of de impediment at top story of de palace, have before them trophy of de kitchen, such as pot and de pan, and othare tings, which look well at de distance, only de poker and de tong are too big. On de wing of de palace, called de gizzard wing (de othare wing was cut off,) stand the domestique servant, in neat dress, holding in de trays biscuit and tart and othare ting. The name of de architect is Mistaire Hash, de King's architect, who, I was informed, was roasted vary much. De English people seem vary much to like dis palace for de King, and do laugh vary much. Dere is to be in de front of de palace vary large kitchen range, made of white marble, vich I was told would contain von hundred of goose at von time. De palace, ven complete, will be called after yon famous English dish, de Toad in de Hole!"

When will our English architects learn that the use of ornament is to break the uniformity of broad effects, and to relieve the cold dignity of grand conception? How many millions more must be sunk irrevocably in gingerbread palaces, before they will be taught, that although grandeur of architectural effect can subsist without ornament, ornament can never be admissible where there is not grandeur of architectural effect; that things diminutive in outline must be plainly filled up in the details: and that the five orders of architecture, carved on a cherry-stone, are seen to small advantage?

Let us, however, leave this disagreeable topic, and pursue our ramble through the Park.

The canal, you will observe, although somewhat diversified in outline, still retains, in shape, the memory of what it was, and is little more at present than a canal with variations. From the esplanade facing the palace, looking down the whole length of the canal, is one of the best points of view in this Park, embracing the Horse Guards, the State Paper Office, Lady Dover's house. Behind these, the Banqueting-House is partly visible; from hence, also, we have a favourable view of the grounds, which are not unpleasingly laid out, considering that the artist was the afore-mentioned royal architect, Mistaire Hash, or Nash, of gingerbread celebrity. The gardens are not badly designed, although the late *capability* Brown could have done them vastly better — this Park being precisely the field for his wondrous creative faculty.

Passing in front of the so-called Triumphal Arch, which seems intended to exhibit the dingy, dark, discoloured palace in the rear to the greatest disadvantage, we have a view down the long, umbrageous *vista* of the Mall: and here let us repose ourselves upon one of these seats — the resting-places of the destitute in London.

Upon these seats the unemployed artisan, the dismissed clerk, and the footman out of place, may be seen sleeping away the idle hours in forgetfulness of their misfortunes. Here the "swell *cove* out of luck," whose seedy habiliments exclude him from the *penetralia* of the enclosure, lounges languidly, cocking his worn-out "gossamer" on one side his head with a

jaunty air, and affectedly tapping his vamped-up boot with a pinchbeck-headed cane; here, supernumerary penny-a-liners take the air, until Providence sends, of his goodness, some less etherial and a more spiritual beverage: here, disappointed magazine-writers retire to read again their rejected article, and to curse the stupid editor who would not see its merit; here, Steele contrived to extract the matter of many a future *Tatler*, from the contemplation of his fellows in misfortune; and here, too, poor amiable Goldsmith, when without a dinner or the means of procuring one, used to take a turn, and "mend his appetite by another walk in the Park."

That poor young fellow in the fustian shooting-jacket and leggings, asleep on the farther extremity of our bench, is a countryman who came to London for work and cannot get it. His money is done, and it is more than probable he has not tasted food to-day; to-morrow he will go over into Westminster and enlist for a soldier.

You see a poor girl on the opposite bench — one of that class as truly as pathetically called unfortunate — she is, you observe, in tatters, and the paint has been washed off her cheeks with tears. She is an unfortunate among unfortunates. Where is her professional swagger now? — where her inviting leer and flippant toss of the head? — where the tawdry finery purchased with the wages of her shame? The roseate hue of health has long faded from her cheek, and the expression of that once happy face is now the expression of

rooted and inextricable sorrow. Perhaps her thoughts have turned to her country friends and her rural home — to that home, her desertion of which, it may be, has brought the grey hairs of her parents with sorrow to the grave — she is hungry, too; for I am long enough acquainted with this place to distinguish the physiognomy of hunger. What does she say? — half a penny roll has been her food since this time yesterday!

Humane and gentle reader, when you come this way, let the poor unfortunate have a shilling. The air will do you good, the exercise will do you good, and the *charity* will do you good. You will not, believe me, dine less heartily for having contributed a mite to the poor victim of profligacy, who, without your timely assistance, had not dined at all.

We are now on the parade: but there is nothing here save a parcel of lounging life-guardsmen, and a dozen or so of recruiting sergeants. The hour of guard-mounting (ten o'clock in the morning) is long past, and "all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," has marched back peacefully to its barracks on the other side of the Park. In the absence of any thing better to occupy our attention we will turn our backs upon the parade, the great gun, and the greater mortar, together with the lounging life-guardsmen and recruiting sergeants, and indulge ourselves with a look at the ducks.

Who would have supposed that Duck Island, over the way there, where you see that desolate-looking

heron perched upon one leg, was once a royal government, like the island of Barataria, whereof his Excellency Don Sancho Panza was whilome governor and commander-in-chief?

Nay, now, don't laugh, for the thing is a fact, and very well attested. We are informed by the accurate Mr Pennant, in his *Survey of London*, that "Duck Island was erected, in the time of King Charles II., into a government, and had a salary annexed to the office in favour of M. St Evremond, who was the first, and perhaps the last governor."

Only think of a memorial on behalf of the widgeon addressed to his Excellency M. St Evremond, Lord-lieutenant General and General Governor of Duck Island and its dependencies: or a paragraph in the London *Mercury*, to the effect that "his gracious Majesty Charles II., attended by the Right Honourable the Earl of Rochester, and Mr Killigrew the joker, was graciously pleased to visit Duck Island, where his Majesty was received by his Excellency the Governor with the customary honours, the swans being drawn up in review order for the inspection of his Majesty, and the ducks, teal, and widgeon firing a royal salute!"

We delight in ducks. There is one little fellow in particular — black and all black, with an orange eye, and a crest like that of the peewit growing out of his occiput — who is perfectly irresistible. And that poor, ragged, attenuated old lady, with her large small family of thirteen downy ducklings — why, that poor family would eat a quartern loaf to their own cheek,

and never be a whit the fuller. Pray, Mrs Duck, do you happen to be aware that there is now exhibiting in Pall Mall a steam young-duck manufactory, where all you have to do, when you want poultry, is to drop an egg into the engine, and after a few turns of the fly-wheel, out comes a delicious duckling ready for the spit, and to save trouble, stuffed beforehand with sage and onions!

We delight in ducks, young ducks especially, if associated, as young ducks should ever be, with the tenderest marrow peas, and stuffed scientifically;—but even while alive, your duck is a comical-looking rascal. There is an expression in his half-closed, wicked, little eye, particularly when he winks, that stamps him a *rum* fellow; if he be not a humorist, then is there no tittle of truth in physiognomy.

Another turn up the Mall, and at the angle formed by the southern and western sides of the enclosure of the Duke of Sutherland—a piece of ground not enough to dry her apron on, as Sarah, Dutchess of Marlborough, said of it—we find an entrance into the enclosure of

The Green Park.

This we propose to circumambulate, strolling leisurely up the eastern acclivity, to the reservoir—thence descending the shady, and, but for the racket of the neighbouring Piccadilly, retired walk down to where Rosamond's Pond was formerly situated, and where a

number of umbrageous elms still encircle the spot; thence, ascending, once occupied by the ranger's house, with its tastefully laid out enclosure, we emerge on the far-famed Constitution Hill, and pause awhile to look about us.

This little park has its own peculiar beauties — lies well open to the south, and possesses, in a very limited space, an agreeable undulation of surface; from hence we see the "Toad-in-the-Hole" to least disadvantage, and have a fine view of the low-lying St James's Park; behind, rise, in lofty majesty, the twin-towers of Westminster Abbey, giving dignity and elevation to the view. Over the Queen's Garden, of which we are permitted barely a glimpse, the Surrey hills are dimly visible above the conglomerated accumulation of habitations that make up the bulk of Pimlico.

"On the north-west side of the Queen's palace," says Lambert, "is the Green Park, which extends from St James's Palace to Piccadilly; from the latter of which it is separated in some places by a wall, and by an iron railing in others. The ranger's lodge, at the top of the hill, fronting towards Piccadilly, with its grounds and private gardens, forms a very picturesque object, and is seen to advantage from the ride on the south side of the Park towards Constitution Hill. This Park contributes greatly towards the pleasantness of the surrounding houses that are situated so as to command a view of it."

On a sunny summer's afternoon, the view from this spot is one of great animation — the royal standard floats lazily over the marble arch of Buckingham Palace, in front of which hundreds upon hundreds of

well-dressed persons of both sexes are congregated, in patient expectation of her Majesty's return from her usual ride. Myriads are everywhere reclining on the green sward, while the privileged classes, having the *entré* of St James's Park, are careering in their carriages and on horseback towards the grand point of social attraction — the magic circle of fashion in Hyde Park.

The magnificent approach to London by Hyde Park Corner, is seen from this place to the greatest advantage — the triumphal arch on this side — the noble entrance to Hyde Park on that, with the colossal statue of Achilles seen through one of the arches — the long line of noble mansions in Piccadilly, terminated towards the Park by Apsley House. Crossing the road as soon as the almost uninterrupted succession of carriages entering the Park will permit us, we make our appearance on a Sunday afternoon in July — the height of the fashionable season — in

Hyde Park.

"Hyde Park," says Lambert, "is a royal demesne, at the west extremity of the metropolis, extending between the great western road on the south side, and the road to Oxford on the north to Kensington. It is part of the ancient manor of Hida, which belonged to the monastery of St Peter at Westminster, till, in the reign of King Henry VIII., it became the property of the crown. It was originally much larger than it is at present, having been reduced since the survey in 1662, when it contained 620 acres, by enclosing Kensington Gardens, and by

grants of land between Hyde Park Corner and Park Lane, for building on. According to a survey taken in 1790, the present extent is three hundred and ninety-four acres, two roods, and thirty-eight perches.

"The scenery of this Park is very pleasing, and its natural beauties will be greatly heightened when the plantations made in it lately have reached maturity. The Serpentine River at the west end is a fine sheet of water, formed by Queen Caroline in the year 1730, by enclosing the head of the stream, which, taking its rise to the north-west of Bayswater, on the Uxbridge Road, passes through Kensington Gardens and this Park, and falls into the Thames near Ranelagh.

"On the north side of the Serpentine River, is a cluster of houses for the keepers and deputy-rangers of the Park, which, by being built on the edge of a grove of tall oaks, forms a pleasing and picturesque object in the landscape. The one nearest the river is built of timber and plaster, and is of considerable antiquity. It was known by the name of the Cake House in the beginning of the last century, and probably much earlier. In the garden belonging to this house is the building erected by the Home Secretary, as a receiving-house for such as are unfortunately drowned in the neighbouring river.

"At the north-west corner of this park is a very beautiful enclosed eminence, called Buckden Hill, which, being only separated from Kensington Gardens by a ha-ha—seems to be only a part of it. On the declivity of this hill is a grove, in which are two chalybeate springs. There is a footpath across this road to Kensington Gardens.

"On the south side of the Park are very handsome barracks for the Royal Horse Guards. And on this side are two carriage roads to Kensington, one of which is better known by the name of Rotten Row.

"These have become the resort of the fashionable world instead of the ring, and are much resorted to on Sundays.

"The open part of the Park was much resorted to till lately

for the field-days and reviews of the horse and foot guards, as also for those of the volunteers, by which the sward of it was so much injured that it had become a dry sandy plain, with scarcely a vestige of verdure. At present, however, these exercises are forbidden, and the surface of the Park is sown with grass seeds, and covered with the mud taken from the bed of the Serpentine river, which will restore it to its pristine beauty."

This is truly a noble place — more extensive than the Green Park and the park of St James's put together. It unites the gentle and varied diversity of surface of the one, with the umbrageous shade of the other. The trees, too, have dignity in their decay, and the *tout ensemble* is that of a park of some noble house in the olden time — a thing not to be manufactured in a hurry.

What a mob of people in carriages and on horseback! and what an admiring congregation of envious pedestrians, who console themselves for the want of an equipage in finding fault with the equipages of others, and flattering themselves when they *do* have a turn-out, they will do the trick in a superior style! Dreadful, that gentlemen and ladies with so much taste should be so much in want of money as to find their chief consolation in observing how very badly moneyed people lay their money out!

That fine-looking man on the black horse — him, I mean, in the coat of indescribable green — I say indescribable, for it is neither bottle-green, pea-green, apple-green, olive-green, grass-green, nor invisible-green — who sits his horse sympathetically, as

if he were part and parcel of the animal — is Count D'Orsay.

Close at his heels you may observe a youth in a Chesterfield hat, with a gold chain wound twice round his neck, dipping into his waistcoat pocket, and coming out again. He joggles on his animal, and has an anxious expression of countenance, as if he were about to undergo some dreadful surgical operation, but which doubtless is derived from an apprehension that his waistband is going to crack — that is Fitzwiggins, son to old Wiggins the retired cow-keeper of Canonbury Row, Islington. I know the fellow well. He is a gentility-monger; spends all his time and all his money in smelling after fashionable people: but, with all his exertions, the highest approach he ever made to genteel society was getting into the Garrick Club. He has a good horse, you see, and seems as much at home upon it as if he were mounted on one of his paternal cows. Alas, poor Wiggins!

There goes Count D'Orsay again. The more I look at him, the more I am surprised at the despotic authority that accomplished gentleman has long exercised in matters of dress. He is faultless, to be sure; I cannot say he is over-dressed, and it is equally clear that he is not under-dressed. Still there is something about him that does not fulfil my preconceived idea of the "*rig-out*" of a perfect gentleman.

His coat-collar is too much detached, which gives to the upper part of his figure an air of singularity — of a pretension to unapproachable perfection — which,

of all things, your English gentleman studies to avoid. The *pantaloon*, too, embracing the *hoby* round the sole, and hardly exhibiting the toe, however well calculated to throw out the symmetrical leg in bold relief, gives to the foot something of a slippered air. It is in the accompaniments of his habit that the Count D'Orsay mainly excels. No man living has such exquisite taste in the details. What expression in that hat? What tone, harmony, and keeping in that vest? What grace and elegance in the drapery of that stock? The Count is acknowledged to be, I had almost said, superhuman in stocks! Pray, observe, if you please, sir, the style of the Count's spur. That spur, let me tell you, is said to have been designed by the Count himself. It was the admiration of every body, and the maker calculated on gaining a fortune by it. But would you believe it, as soon as one pair had been cast for the heels of the Count himself, he ordered the moulds, patterns, and drawings to be brought home to him; had them broken up before his face, and with his own hands committed the fragments to the flames!

You observe that unimpeachable pony-phæton, drawn by two cream-coloured ponies — what simplicity — what taste — what inexpensive elegance! Notwithstanding which, that phæton has not been turned out of Long Acre under two hundred and fifty guineas, and the ponies one hundred and fifty the pair — not a speck you may perceive of silver or brass on the harness — not an atom of gold-lace on the subdued and sober livery of the tiger — the equipage is not, you

see, perched on wheels, or hung on a perch — it reclines, as it were taking its ease, and floats lightly and easily in perfect equilibrium. The turn-out is, without doubt, the most elegant in the ring — it attracts admiration by a studious and successful endeavour to decline it.

To contrast with it, pray note that continental cab, driven by the man in a huge *moustache* — an *attaché* to the French embassy — did you ever — Long Acre would blush for such a concern: the body of the machine is painted an odious chocolate colour, picked out with broad stripes of white, that give it the appearance of being bound round the edges with penny tape, a blazing armorial bearing on every side, such as you see on shabby hackney coaches. It is evidently ashamed of itself, too, for you observe it making a desperate effort to dive down head foremost between the shafts, to counteract which centripetal tendency is, without doubt, the proprietor's reason for mounting a tiger behind, who, in loutishness and size, looks more like an unfledged elephant — regard the harness, too, all brass and no leather.

Who is that fellow in military uniform, joggling behind the cab on a waggoner's black horse, with a *couteau de chasse*, and a cock's feather in his cocked hat — a field-marshal, doubtless, of the grand army — no such thing, my dear sir, simply a footman in disguise. Mercy on us, assuredly our heads will be all cut off! Ridiculous as that turn-out appears in our country, and in our eyes, I can assure you that, on

the *Prado* of Madrid, the *Corso* of Rome, or at the Parisian *fête* of Long Champs, *attaché* and his descending cab would be considered machines of the very first fashion.

You see that slashing yellow chariot, with the pair of dark bays — close behind it you may observe a coach of a deep claret-colour — a fine pair of bright bays under it, and the coachman and footmen in pepper and salt, with plain cockades — that is one of the Royal carriages, and exactly the thing that a Royal carriage ought to be — no cock's feathers, no lubberly footmen, no blazing armorial bearings — no gold, in short, upon our ginger-bread. Close at the heels of the royal equipage may be seen three in a gig — such a gig, and such a three! — Fitz-Wiggins and the Frenchman are both thrown into the shade. Hilloa! who would have thought of seeing young Capillaire, the fashionable wig-trimmer's son of Bond Street — there he goes, however, at railway pace, on his half-guinea hack, making the best use he can of his ten-and-sixpence worth of equestrian exercitation.

Now they are all at a dead lock — the triple line of wealth, fashion, and pretension has come to a standstill — we have time enough to walk half round the circle before they are able to get on again.

The stroll along the beach of that Cockney ocean the Serpentine, is delightful — the carriage-way is carefully watered, and the heat of the summer's day tempered by a refreshing breeze from the river. There is, on the one side and the other, as George Robins

would say, a never-ending panorama of moving scenery.

Now are we opposite the receiving-house of the Royal Humane Society, and pause a moment to admire the aptitude of device carved in the marble over the door — a cherub endeavouring to relight, with his breath, an extinguished lamp, with the touching and beautiful motto,

"Forsan scintillula latet."

Let us turn up this little path, and make our way to the Chalybeate Springs, — I should rather say to the site of the Chalybeate Springs — for they are long since dried up, and, like benefits conferred, are forgotten. Here they were in this little glen, once the most beautiful and retired spot within the circumference of the Park, and would be so still, if some military Goths — the Board of Ordnance, I suspect — had not desecrated it by the erection of a very ugly barrack — all barracks are ugly, but this particular barrack, being located in a sweet pretty place, is superlatively ugly — we wonder the Board of Ordnance has not a little more taste! A little farther on, and we come to a couple of leafless old trees — nature's own ruins — ivy-mantled, and carefully defended from the rude assaults of idle men and boys by an iron paling — two venerable old cripples are they — what names they are known by I am sure I know not — but this I know, that I never

look upon them without humming the old Scottish, old-world, old folks' tune of "John Anderson my jo."

The classic bridge over the Serpentine — as neat a fresh-water bridge as you would wish to see in a summer-day — attracts our architectural optics, and beneath its arches we catch on our picturesque retina small patches of the verdant green of Kensington Gardens, whither we are tending. We are assuredly in the country now? — no such thing; for just at our nose is a powder magazine, of an *exploded* order of architecture, that transports us back again to the piazza of Covent Garden. Heaven sends fields and groves, hills and dales, wood and water, and ever in the midst of these, the devil sends one of his chosen architects; or, what is ten times worse, the Board of Ordnance sends one of theirs, to dissolve the charm, and to load the lovely earth with ugliness not her own!

We are on the bridge of the Serpentine — over the keystone of the centre arch; and without affectation — that is, without Cockney affectation — there are few points of view in the immediate vicinity of great cities more attractive than this. To the east lies the whole length of the Serpentine, and to the west extends the sweep of the same river as it bends towards Bayswater, where it enters the Park, with the gently swelling banks rising on either side, the graceful spire of Paddington New Church culminating the view. The prospect from the high grounds near Cumberland gate is also very fine, and the Queen's ride affords

many pleasing prospects to the right and left. From the termination of this noble avenue we enter, by a foot-gate,

Kensington Gardens,

Consisting originally, as we are told by Pennant, of only twenty-six acres. Queen Anne added thirty acres, which were laid out by her gardener, Mr Wise; but the principal additions were made by the late Queen, who took in near three hundred acres out of Hyde Park, which were laid out by Bridgeman. They are now three and a half miles in circumference.

The broad walk which extends from the palace along the south side of the gardens, is in the spring a very fashionable promenade, especially on Sunday mornings. Kensington Gardens have been the subject of several poems, one especially by Tickell, of which we would here insert some extracts, did space permit. The present extent of these gardens is somewhere about three hundred and thirty-six acres, with eight acres of water, occupying a circular pond to the west of the palace — an ugly edifice, as all our metropolitan palatial edifices are — but unpretending enough; nor, unlike its precious colleague in St James's Park, does it superadd impudence to vulgarity.

In summer and autumn Kensington Gardens look remarkably well; they have an air more park-like, more secluded, than any of the other public walks of the metropolis, and afford a more unbroken shelter

from the noonday heat. Here is a solitude, a seclusion, as complete as can be wished for in the immediate vicinity of a great city; the noise, confusion, and racket of the mighty Babylon close by, is lost in the distance, save when the booming bell of St Paul's is heard to thunder forth the fleeting hour. The trees here are more numerous, more lofty, and cast a greater breadth of shade than in the Parks; but then, regarded individually, they are comparatively insignificant in point of size — rather long poles than trees. The grounds are skilfully laid out, partly in the Dutch, partly in the English taste, a combination of the artificial formal, with the more natural irregular style, which, when cleverly executed, forms the perfection of landscape-gardening. This union of grandeur and breadth of effect with a certain degree of natural arrangement has been very well managed in these gardens — the long, unbroken, regular avenues of green sward, with the dense columnar masses of foliage between, have something majestic in their appearance; while the absence of statues, hermitages, marble temples, bronze sarcophagi, and spouting monsters, relieve the scene from that constrained and artificial appearance that attends the vast majority of parks laid out in this style.

Our continental brethren carry this adornment of their public walks to a ridiculous excess. One would imagine that such places were intended as retreats from the bustle of cities; but a stranger entering the gardens of the Tuileries, for example, so far from

being solaced with the agreeable delusion of retirement, finds himself introduced into the society of marble gentlemen and ladies, dying gladiators, gold and silver fish, orange-trees stuck in green gallipots, and tritons spewing water in his face at every angle; so that he begins to feel himself altogether out of his element, and half inclined to resign the privilege of the promenade to the courtly creations of the magic pencil of Watteau, with their laced pocket-holes, clouded canes, velvet embroidery, and ruffles of *Point d'Espagne.*

In Kensington Gardens, on the contrary, the lounger is not obliged to be so much upon his good behaviour; he can enjoy a stroll sufficiently retired for all reasonable purposes; and, if he does not object to good company, the broad walk affords good company in abundance,—literary ladies with the last new novel—cooing turtles, squeezing the last drops of ambrosia out of the expiring honeymoon—faded old gentlemen, in sky-blue coats, virgin waistcoats, and black gaiters, who emerge from their neat suburban villas of Kensington, Gore, and Bayswater, to take the air, and sigh for the brocaded petticoats, high-heeled shoes, hoops, and powdered *toupees* of half-a-century ago.

The view from the centre of this broad walk, exactly in front of the Palace, is one of the finest afforded any where in the vicinity of the metropolis. The trees, drawn up in close column like a rifle brigade of his Majesty the Emperor of Brobdignag—

the *vistas* between, extending far away into the shady distance — the verdure of the sward, here more luxuriant and unbroken than in the Parks—the air of quiet and seclusion that is breathed over the scene, make it altogether superior to any thing the vicinity of towns can afford to the eye wearied with an universe of brick and mortar.

In the fashionable season, when the military bands assemble here for practice, which they usually do on every Tuesday and Friday, from four to six in the afternoon, near the bridge of the Serpentine, the concourse of fashionable people is immense — and the scene altogether of great animation.

But it is time to proceed to the only remaining lobe of the Lungs of London: therefore, leaving Kensington Gardens by the Bayswater Gate, we make our way through a neighbourhood that has sprung up, like a mushroom, in one night — by the way, where or when, does any body think, will London end? — we skirt the Great Western Railway station, enter Paddington, pass through St John's Wood, and find ourselves at Hanover Gate entering the outer circle of

The Regent's Park.

This estate of the Crown was formerly the outer park attached to the Royal Mansion of Henry VIII. at Marylebone, which was taken down in the year 1790. It consists of five hundred and forty-three acres, and was granted by three Crown leases, the family

of Hinds being possessed of 9-24th parts of the property for a term of years, which expired January 24, 1806, the other 15-24ths being possessed by the Duke of Portland for a term of years, expiring January 24, 1811.

Soon after this, the then Commissioners of Woods and Forests contemplated improvements of a more extensive kind than had originally been thought of—the long-cherished design of the Crown being to convert the Marylebone estate into a military farm, of which we find the following notice in an early number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—

"The intended Military Park at Welling's farm, Marylebone, is nearly laid out. Two grand barracks are to be erected, one on each wing, spacious enough for the reception of 3000 men; the whole is to be enclosed with a belt of forest-trees, a considerable part of which is already planted, and on the outside of which will be a circular drive, open to the public, to an extent of four miles."

This barbarous notion of covering a lovely tract of land with barracks, and converting it into a grand parade ground, was long after altogether abandoned; and in 1811, when the Duke of Portland's lease had expired, several eminent architects were invited by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to survey the Crown lands of Marylebone Park, and, after considering the several documents communicated to them, to report upon the most advantageous and eligible method of letting the property, "always having in view the

beauty of the metropolis, and the health and convenience of the public."

In pursuance of these instructions, surveys were made, and plans submitted by Mr White, Messrs Leverton and Chawner, and Mr John Nash, whose plans had the merit of being the plans of the surveyor to the Office of Woods and Forests, and for that reason were, of course, preferred, and the plan carried into execution, with slight alterations as it now appears.

Space will not permit us to give a detailed description of the beauties of the Regent's Park; we must, therefore, be content with a slight sketch, or general survey, leaving the tasteful perambulator to detect the minuter excellencies for himself. Although the newest of the Parks, this, even in its present immature state, is the most beautiful of any, and will become more and more so every succeeding year. It might with propriety be called the Park of Re-union, combining, as it does, all the excellencies of all the public walks of the metropolis,—extent—variety of prospect and of scenery—noble walks, of imposing breadth and longitudinal extent—a surface gently and pleasingly undulated—ornamental water—villas, encircled each by its little paradise of pleasure-ground—and, for its years, a very considerable breadth of shade.

The most beautiful portion of the Park is, as might be expected, that portion to the north, which is hardly interfered with by the hand of art, and where the natural disposition of the ground has scope to shew

itself; whereas, wherever the hand of Mr John Nash is manifest, beauty is at once exchanged for artificial littleness, as in his greater and his lesser circuses, his ornamental bridges over puddles four feet wide, his Swiss cottages, and his terraces crowned with cupolas, that convey to the mind of the spectator the idea of a grotesque giant in his dressing-gown and nightcap. By far the most extensive and varied view within the limits of this delightful retreat, is that from the rising ground immediately above the master's lodge of St Catharine's Hospital, embracing to the northward the gentle rise of Primrose Hill, behind it, the thickly wooded Hampstead, and its sister hill—close to your feet, the Babel of inarticulate sounds that greets your ears, indicates that modern Ark of Noah—the Zoological Gardens.

We have thus enumerated a very few of the leading features, to borrow a phrase of the prince of auctioneers, of the Lungs of London—the great vehicles of exercise, fresh air, health, and life to the myriads that congregate in the great metropolis. We have been sufficiently minute, we hope, without departing from our original plan of non-interference with the province of the guide-books, and yet not sufficiently discursive to disgust the reader with a subject in a moral, economical, national, and salutary point of view, so deeply interesting.

We are surprised, we repeat, that this subject has not been taken up by abler pens—by Mr Jesse, for example, one of the most natural, easy, and graceful writers who ever put pen to paper on the subject of

our parks and royal palaces—a worthy brother of the angle, too—one of Father Izaak's quiet decent men, who fear God, honour their king, love their neighbour, and peacefully go their ways a-fishing. We cannot help thinking the metropolitan parks would furnish a theme not unworthy the pen of this gentleman,

"The apt historian of our Royal plains."

But we must not conclude without adverting once again to the moral, if we may so call it, of our description—to the great object, towards the realization whereof we were incited to put pen to paper on this subject. The total destitution of the people of the south end of the metropolis in the means of taking exercise, or gulping a mouthful of "caller" air, must have painfully obtruded itself on every body who is familiar with that *terra incognita* beyond the bridges; the very class of the population, too, which is the most helpless in its own behalf, and which most of all requires the extension of those blessings which for themselves they have neither the address, skill, or energy to obtain. It would be found, we do not in the least doubt, that the mortality of the metropolis is exactly in the inverse ratio of proximity and access to public parks and open spaces; and this, for all we know to the contrary, may have already been demonstrated by Mr Farr, or some other equally high authority in vital statistics.

Whether or not, however, the necessity of public

walks — when we say public, we *mean* public places, thrown open freely and altogether to the lowest class of our labouring and manufacturing population, who need all the rational recreation we can afford them — is but too apparent. Genteel people are abundantly provided for already: they can afford to go down the Thames and up the Thames — to the suburbs, the parks, the country. Money, and their legs, will carry them whither they will; but with the poor artisan or labouring man it is not so. He cannot afford time or means to set out with his wife and children on a Sunday voyage of discovery — and to find the shades of night, perhaps, falling around him just as he has succeeded in refreshing his eyes with a bit of any thing green.

Does any body suppose that the love of nature is not an instinct with the imprisoned poor of our great cities, and of our great city of cities in particular?

Go through a crowded neighbourhood, crammed from the cellar to the attic with the children of toil, and look up at their windows. See the attempt the poor people make to cherish the belief in a world of verdure and freshness, of trees, and hills, and vales, and flowers, and birds — the little green box of cherished mignionette, the broken tea-pot with a bunch of primrose or of cowslip in it, the geranium in an old cracked jug; and the poor artisan himself, debarred as he is

> — "The common air, and common use
> Of his own limbs,"

nurturing, with almost paternal affection, his two or three little shrubs or flowers — who will deny the capacity of this man for enjoying that of which his condition in life almost precludes the possibility of enjoyment?

Fairs

Make up, at periodical intervals, another source of recreation to the Londoner. In provincial towns, fairs, as every body knows, are places where horses, cows, sheep, are bought, sold, or exchanged, and where commodities of all sorts are exposed for sale — business forming the principal entertainment of the fair, and fun only, as it were, incidental to the evening's amusement. In the suburban fairs of London, and in that of St Bartholomew, of glorious memory, business is little thought of; fun is the article in greatest demand, and is of almost every pattern; every body going to the fair provides himself with money to spend, as they call it, which means purchasing to the extent of their capital a greater or lesser quantity of the commodity aforesaid.

Easter and Whitsuntide are the great fair seasons; Greenwich is the monarch of all Easter and Whitsuntide fairs, although Camberwell, Croydon, and Fairlop fairs are not to be despised. To Greenwich, however, at Whitsuntide or Easter, every body must go, for one day at least; 'prentices are absent without leave, charity boys abscond, inmates of union workhouses scale the walls at imminent risk of their necks, sooner

than not have a share in the festivities of Greenwich; go every body must, and will. We have been assured by an intelligent foreigner, who had travelled much, that the most astonishing sight he ever beheld was the fleet of steam vessels conveying holiday folks to Greenwich fair. Truly it is a surprising spectacle—the boats removed from other stations, for the purpose of supplying the demand during this festive season, succeed one another at intervals of five minutes throughout the day, absolutely alive with men, women, and children, perched on the paddle-boxes, swarming on the deck, and hanging from the rigging; the boat sways to and fro with its animated cargo, nor is it possible to contemplate, without feelings of alarm amounting to horror, what might be the result of an accidental collision with another vessel under such circumstances.

We have seen, more than once, when the vessel has been cast off, thus alive with human beings, from the wharf, and the master has peremptorily declared he cannot take one more, the "touters," as they are called, or persons who attend collecting passengers, seize upon a robust gentleman by the arms and legs, and lifting him off the ground, fling him bodily among the living mass on board, to the infinite gratification and enjoyment of every body, except the robust gentleman aforesaid. Arrived at the scene of action, every one makes the best of his way to the Park, resisting the blandishments of eating and coffee-house keepers who assail them by the way, and reserving the attractions of the booths for the evening's entertainment.

Although of small extent, comprising little more than two hundred acres, the Park of Greenwich is one of the most beautiful of our royal parks, having an agreeably undulating surface, great diversity of hill and dale, and a profusion of fine old trees, firs and chestnuts especially. From the hill whereon is erected the observatory, and from another eminence called One-Tree Hill, the spectator has delightful prospects of London, of the river winding and turning at his feet, and of the distant wooded hills of Essex. Here are stationed, with telescopes and other optical instruments, not a few of the venerable pensioners of the Hospital, around whom is always collected a crowd of admiring gazers: adown the slopes are hundreds of foolish young people risking their necks, clasping their fair ones round the slender waist, and rushing with all possible velocity, not unfrequently breaking their noses or necks at the bottom of the declivity — a custom much more honoured in the breach than the observance.

In the valleys and on the level sward, circles are formed for the purpose of enjoying a primitive amusement, called "Kiss in the ring," the most attractive of all holiday sports to young people. A brief description of this pastime may not be uninteresting, and will serve at least as an annotation to the next forthcoming edition of the "*Basia*" of Joannes Secundus.

The circle having been completed without any incantation, or other mystery, than simply catching hands, an amateur steps forward, who, planting his stick in

the sod, and his hat on the stick, volunteers the laborious office of clerk. A glove is then procured, or in default thereof, a bit of glove leather; the possessor, usually a gentleman, walking round the ring, drops his signal at the feet of the lady he most admires; she immediately takes to her heels, her swain following at the top of his speed, like a grayhound pursuing the timid hare, and after a series of windings, doublings, and turnings, secures, and leads her captive triumphantly into the centre of the circle, where his privilege, from time immemorial, it is to print a kiss upon her crimsoned cheek: the clerk demands another as his fee, which is sometimes granted, and the damsel, arranging her ruffled plumes, resumes her place as spectator of the flight and capture of others.

It must not be understood, that in this amusing play, the gentlemen have it all their own way; on the contrary, the ladies are at least as active in selecting their favourites, which they do in the same manner, dropping the glove at the foot of their favourite, and running as far as they are able or willing, reminding us of the love-making as far back as the days of Virgil:—

> "Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
> Et fugit in salices, et se cupit ante videri."

Love-making is the same in all ages and climes: an apple, a handkerchief, a flower, a pebble, or, as in the Island of Saints, a potato, is the missile of Cupid; at Greenwich fair, the fragment of a glove answers the purpose. We might fill a volume with the holiday

amusements of the fairs, among which fortune-telling is not forgotten.

Encamped on the outskirts of the heath, you may observe a number of swarthy, athletic, and frequently not unpleasing-looking women in scarlet cloaks, stuff petticoats, and gaudy handkerchiefs bound round their raven locks: these are gipsy fortune-tellers, and near them you may observe *green* young gentlemen, and romantic milliners, hovering about for a favourable opportunity of penetrating the darkness of futurity. We have ourselves often crossed the palms of these swarthy destinies with a sixpence, for the purpose of penetrating, if we could, not the doubtful future, but of ascertaining upon what principle, if any, was based the art and mystery of fortune-telling.

We never could make out more than that the secret of their skill consists in dealing out vague and barren generalities, like all other prophetic impostors from the days of the Delphic oracle to our time: they have got a knowledge of a few fixed and inviolable principles of human nature, and upon these they are accustomed to trade upon human credulity. They know, for instance, that it is an almost invariable law of man to place his affections upon objects differing in physical and mental attributes from his own: or, as that first-rate fellow, Sheridan Knowles, nobly expresses it —

> "In joining contrasts lieth love's delight,
> Complexion, stature, Nature mateth it,
> Not with its like, but with its opposite."

Thus they assure ourselves, who are as black in the muzzle as a Scotch terrier, that a fair lady (Heaven bless her!) is dying for love of us; that a dark man (perdition seize the dark man!) is our rival, and that we must have a care of him: that there may be crosses in our love (crosses *will* come over things, we know,) but that all will go well, if we never despair —[hope is the parent of success]: that we will, in the end, cut out the dark man, become the happy husband of the fair lady, and the fond father of an unlimited number of beautiful brindled babies!

The same rule is applied, with the requisite variations, to the fair sex. Those that are dark are destined to the arms of sweet fair gentlemen, and those that are fair will become the brides of darling gentlemen in black, and so on: there is always a rival of whom we must have a care, and crosses we must expect, but in the end all will go well. This, we protest, is all the value we ever could extract for sundry sixpences from the fortune-telling sisterhood. We must do them the credit to confess, however, that they proffer minuter particulars than the above for a shilling: half-a-crown will inform you the exact number of loyal subjects you and the fair lady, or dark gentleman, as the case may be, will contribute to Queen Victoria: but half-a-sovereign! — half-a-sovereign will do more with the gipsy sisterhood than we choose to dilate upon at present.

The invention and originality that formerly distinguished this oracular class seems to have been

forgotten; or rather the times in which we live are unfavourable to the encouragement of prophetic art: who would hug a dear deceit in days when Encyclopædias are to be purchased for a penny? There is a tradition that a gipsy, upon a time, applied to the unfortunate King Charles I. for alms, and being refused with expressions of ridicule and contumely, is said to have drawn from her bosom a mirror, which presenting to the monarch, he beheld therein his own figure decollated, upon which he was seized with much alarm, and liberally assisted the swarthy prophetess. Now, it is by no means unlikely that, in times of trouble, and when few men of rank could calculate with certainty how long their heads might be their own, a trick of this sort, so easily contrived, might have been the source of a very considerable revenue; especially if we reflect that in those troublesome times the belief in astrology and palmistry had by no means passed away, even from the minds of the higher classes.

The traveller, however, is now tired of the gipsies, donkey-riders, and kissers in the ring: he has played a little at all the ridiculous games of the fair, and, as a matter of course, lost a trifle to all: the shades of evening are beginning to fall, and he descends to find a new source of entertainment in the canvass town, sparkling with toys, gim-crackery, and gilded gingerbread.

What noise, tumult, and excitement is here; beating of drums, whistling of fifes, grunting and groaning

of trombones and serpents: to the right the Swiss giantess may be seen for the trifling charge of one penny sterling: to the left, for a like sum, you are invited to visit "the very littlest dwarf man and woman as ever you did see:" a little farther on, you are arrested by a lively representation of the live crocodile, together with "that beautiful little animal, the spotted lynx."

Richardson's show in all its glories occupies the post of honour. Every where you are informed at every minute of the evening, that the performance is "just exactly agoing to begin;" and it is only when, beguiled by the antics of the clown, the buffoon oratory of the showman, and the dancing girls in trousers with triple frills, you pay your money and enter the booth, you discover to your sorrow that all the performances worth seeing have been exhibited out of doors. Then you have the Crown and Anchor—an apartment of canvass, a furlong at least in length, and broad in proportion; a thousand couples at the same moment are footing it on the light and heavy fantastic toe: fiddles scraping, waiters hurrying hither and thither; laughing, talking, joking, theoretical and practical. What could have induced Captain Ross to undertake hazardous expeditions to the north pole? here, we will engage, he might have discovered the genuine *Boothia* Felix!

The Derby Day.

There are, as we have said, holidays not mentioned in the Almanacs, which are, notwithstanding, very rigorously kept; the *Derby day* is one of them.

This eventful day is one of the very few days in the year when any difference can be detected in the throng, noise bustle, and confusion of London life; yet you can detect on this day a palpable diminution of the population. There is less appearance of business in the city, and the West End is almost altogether deserted: a going in state hardly concentrates a greater multitude in one spot than the great race for the Derby. There must be something in the pleasures of the turf peculiarly gratifying to an Englishman: the race for the Derby is not merely an exhilarating sight; there is a speculation in it. For nine months previous, every hotel, tavern, and public-house, has a list of subscribers to the Derby: there are among all the young men about town Derby clubs, and even the waterman of a hackney-coach-stand would fancy he had lost caste if he did not sport half-a-sovereign or so upon one or more favourite 'osses' in the Derby: those who can hazard no more than a quartern of gin, take care to have a quartern of gin betted upon the result of the Derby.

The Derby day, too, is a favourite day for cold fowl and champagne subscription parties; those who

do not care to see the race go to see the crowd, to eat, drink, and be merry; some go because friends are going, others because they are not; one goes for one reason, one for another; the contagion seems to take hold of half the town, for every body who can go at all, any where, goes to see the running for the Derby. The west-enders, and all who can afford it, go in style—four-in-hand is the favourite. From the doors of Limmer's, Long's, and all the fashionable west-end hotels, you may observe a quick succession of elegantly appointed vehicles, crowded with young men of fashion, setting forth for the Derby; city people stage-coach, gig, and chay it; humble folks go in caravans, costermongers in their carts, chimney-sweepers on their donkeys; some go by railway, some by footway, others any way they can.

A pleasant route is by the Croydon rail, thence, either by omnibus, coach, or on foot—we prefer the latter—to the scene of action. The walk from the railway *terminus* lies through pretty, retired villages, by the sides of clear, bubbling streams, and over airy, healthful downs; the distance, some three or four miles, is easy, and there is much amusing character and incident to beguile the way. Or, the pedestrian may take advantage of the Southampton railway, as far as New Kingston, whence he has a less agreeable walk along the high road to Epsom, a distance of somewhere about four miles; or he can go by one rail and return by the other.

The downs of Epsom, or more properly of Banstead, are situated at a considerable elevation; the view from the breezy eminence is magnificent, embracing London on the one side, the royal towers of Windsor on the other, and all around a rich, wooded, and beautifully-undulated country.

Over the downs are spread numerous tents, those immediately in the vicinity of the Grand Stand collected into a village, or rather town, with streets and lanes between, enclosures for horses, and every accommodation for the multitudes expected on the eventful day; gaming booths, too, are in profusion, and, in short, every contrivance that can be imagined for assisting those who come hither to spend the day, to spend as well their money. The crowd accumulates with extraordinary rapidity; carriages are collected on the rise of the opposite hill, into a compact mass; the downs are alive with equestrians galloping to and fro; round the betting post, within an enclosure set apart for the purpose, the speculators on a great scale are collected, "making up their books," as the term is, and the coolness with which hundreds and thousands are offered and taken upon the issue of the race, is truly astonishing. Little do the noble animals now reposing in their stables, know the interests, fears, and expectations, that depend upon the exertions they will soon be called upon to make in behalf of their respective backers; and as little do some of the backers themselves dream of the sinister influences that may

be at work to falsify their hopes, and prevent the race being to the swift, or the battle to the strong.

A bell rings, the signal for saddling; horsemen gallop *en masse* to see the horses led from their stables, and to make their remarks upon their various presumed excellences and defects, in which—as we know nothing whatever of the matter—we shall not attempt to participate, farther than to express our admiration and delight at the symmetry of form and high blood exhibited in the noble animals, whose forthcoming struggle with each other forms the grand attraction of the day.

We are more in our element watching the crowd upon yonder hill-side—a crop of human beings, waving to and fro like a field of corn agitated by the breeze. As the moment of starting approaches, the *salon* of the grand stand is deserted—the ladies, blooming upon the balconies like a collection of rare exotics, the gentlemen, crowding the roof, head above head, in one impenetrable mass; the minor stands are crowded to their utmost capacities, with well-dressed persons of both sexes; a broad ribbon of richest green, extended along the living mass that covers the sides of the course, marks the line of the racing ground, from Tattenham corner to the winning post. Now are eating booths, drinking booths, and gaming booths deserted; now do "pick-a-backs," poor creatures who let themselves out by the head and shoulders, take up their positions along the rails that limit the course,

and sustain the living burdens, who have engaged them for sixpences and shillings; now every ear is erect to catch the sound of the signal for the start. *They are off, they are off*—no, it is a false start, and only serves to double the excitement; every eye is now strained upon the roof of the grand stand, and it is truly a wonderful sight to behold a sea of expectant human faces, all turned upward in the same direction, as if they were having their portraits taken by the photogenic process. At length, after telescopes have been taken up, and put down for the fiftieth time, a humming sound emanates from the grand stand, and a general craning of necks follows; at last they *are* fairly off, some "outsider" taking the lead for a few seconds, with pitiful ambition: now they gather into a cloud, setting to their work, and faster, *faster*, FASTER still becomes the pace, though as yet nor whip nor spur have done their duty; now you see one noble animal stretch a-head, pulling the jockey between his ears, while others are held back by main force for the last grand push: now the favourite *creeps* towards the inside with long, steady, and determined strides; now the outsiders tail off, seeing their chance is gone; *like a gust of wind across the unruffled waters*, see them sweep round Tattenham corner, spurning the ground with flying heels. *Who has it? Who has it?* is the cry; now one, now another, *head* and *head*, *stretch* and *stride*; they are a hundred yards from the winning post, yet it is any body's race; the favourite is half a length

a-head, but "*blue and yellow*" shuts him from your eye; now whip, now spur;—Lord! What a beautiful race!—the last stretch gives it to "*blue and yellow*" by a head, and the *favourite* is the favourite no more!

CHAPTER VI.

We left the amusement-hunting reader, if we recollect rightly, on Banstead or Epsom Downs, enjoying the pleasures and excitements of the Derby day: he must now return with us to town, and prepare to take his pleasure upon the river. Aquatic amusements are much in vogue with Londoners; their majestic river is their glory and delight; they look upon Father Thames as the parent of their mighty city, and they love to disport themselves, like children, upon his bosom.

The incurious observer sees in Father Thames only a broad, clear, silvery stream, sustaining many ships, and much frequented by swans, gudgeons, watermen and poetasters; but men of mind look upon the old gentleman in a totally different point of view. Reverting the eye of the mind, we look along the distant horizon of the past; and, as we gaze, churches, houses, wharfs, towers, palaces, all the massive piles raised by the laborious arts of congregated man, fade from our sight.

We stand upon the naked bank of the bridgeless stream, or avail ourselves of the rude canoe of a soli-

tary fisherman to convey us from shore to shore; yet even thus, as we are borne along upon the tidal stream, we prophetically exclaim, "Behold, in these marshes, and upon those little hills, the future site of a mighty metropolis!" See how the river hereabouts, like some monstrous serpent, coils upon himself, twisting and twining as if he would indicate the spot where he wished his name associated with the glories and magnificence of future ages. Here he invites, by eloquence more powerful than words, the merchants of all nations to resort: and with what forecast of wisdom does the venerable father make his arrangements to secure himself the undisputed sovereignty of floods.

Removing his urn far from hostile or rival nations, whose wars and contentions might stain with blood his translucent waters, or whose mutual jealousies might interrupt his peaceful labours, he sits himself down in a sea-girt isle, choosing, with an eye to the picturesque, the most pleasant valleys through which to recreate himself in his devious journey to the sea. Thence he drags old Ocean from his inmost depths, and, twice in each revolving sun, compels him to carry upon his brawny shoulders the wealth of nations, and, as he retires, the venerable father politely shews him to the door. His broad bosom is a highway, independent not only of the winds, but of steam: he goes and returns, never empty-handed: he opens his capacious mouth in the face of Europe, and equally welcome to him are the navies of the west and east: he grasps with his lengthy arms the remote country, and com-

pensates for the narrow limits in which he is compelled to move, by wandering in a devious course. He is a benign monarch, wherever he appears bestowing beauty and blessing; a kind parent, bestowing all upon his children, nothing upon himself: though lending himself now and then to adorn and enrich the demesne of nobles and kings, his chief glory lies in assisting his dear daughter, London, in her business; he fetches and carries for her like a common porter, and nothing comes amiss to him, from the spices and silks of Hindostan to the coals of Newcastle: though usually calm and tranquil, in bad weather he sometimes blusters a little, as what old gentleman does not?

Truly, Father Thames is his name, London is his offspring, and when we consider that the old gentleman must have been at least four thousand years of age when his bantling was born, we cannot but allow Miss Augusta London to be a wonderful baby of her years!

Whenever the young lady wishes to go to play, Father Thames is ready and willing to carry her upon his back. There is in aquatic amusements a combination of most of those recreative enjoyments in which London delights: sailing and rowing matches not only give opportunity to enjoy fresh air and healthy exercise: there is a speculation in it, and the spirit of gaming, so prevalent among the city population, may be indulged in without other limits than the resources of the adventurer.

On a day named for the great annual rowing match,

between Cambridge and Oxford, for example, you would imagine, looking at the river between Westminster and Putney, that Thames had retired from business, and had nothing to do but amuse himself; indeed, at all times the number of pleasure-boats is considerable, but on occasions like the above the river is alive with every variety of craft. There are, first, the club cutters from Whitehall stairs, beautiful specimens certainly of the boat-builder's art, manned by officers of the Guards, or young men of fashion about town, and steered by "*nobby*" watermen in scarlet coats, with yellow facings, and silver badges on the arms: then there are the four-oared gigs of the Templars, the Westminster youths, and numberless subscription-boats, such as the *Dolphin*, the *Byron*, the *Leander;* wherries, funnies, and skiffs innumerable, are launched from Searles's, Lyons's, Robart's, and the other boat-builders in Stangate, where city barges lay up in ordinary; every variety of ship's boat from below bridge — jolly boats, long boats, captain's gigs, pulled by sturdy apprentices, come up to see the *fun;* barges with awnings, streamers, and priceless cargoes of elegantly dressed ladies, are not wanting.

Nor less animated are the shores than the river. Vauxhall Bridge is monopolized by stylish equipages; every window, balcony, and house-top, commanding a view of the river, is occupied by crowds of well-dressed persons of both sexes.

The *coup-d'œil*, as may be supposed, is highly animating, and the struggle for the prize not a little

exciting, though wanting that intensity of interest, that alternation of hope and fear, that gives so much exhilaration to the spectator of horse-races. Regattas, from the days of Virgil to our own times, have been comparatively *slow* affairs; in these, as in many other amusements, the accessories are the real pleasures after all — the match being more an inducement to go than an end of our going.

Exhibitions.

The late Lord Stowell, who was in many respects rather an eccentric personage, was said to have confined his recreations in London to exploring such shows and exhibitions as might be visited at a cost not exceeding one shilling. His lordship was supposed to have compiled a *catalogue raisonnée* of these cheap entertainments, during a period of fifty years. If this were really the case, we might venture with confidence to affirm that few works would furnish the town with more entertainment than this, if the respect due to the memory of a grave and learned judge would not suffer by its publication.

We propose to go to work even cheaper than Lord Stowell, and to make a superficial examination, in the good company of our readers, of such exhibitions, regretting they are so few, as are thrown open to us for nothing. The subject is far from an unimportant one, unless the education of the popular taste, and its elevation from low and sordid subjects of enjoyment to

those which raise the meanest man in society, and give him a better and higher estimate of himself, in the exaltation, by works of art or industry, of our common nature, be considered unimportant.

Exhibitions, galleries, and museums, are part and parcel of popular education in the young and the adult: they stimulate that principle of inquisitiveness natural to man, and with the right sort of food: they instil knowledge, drop by drop, through the eye into the mind, and create a healthy appetite, growing with what it feeds on. They make the libraries of those who have no money to expend on books, and are the travels of those that have no time to bestow on travel: they are schools in which the best and only true politeness may be taught — politeness that refines the manners by ennobling the heart: they are the best allies of despots, beguiling even slavery of its bitterness; and the surest aids to freemen, since they inculcate tastes and habits that render even freemen still more free.

We have often thought, while wandering over the despotic states of the continent, and observing with what studious and paternal care, pleasures, especially those that educate and refine, are flung among the very lowest classes, how profound has been the policy which thus diverts men from the serious cares of life, and invites them to play indolently with its pleasures.

Men are apt to forget wants they do not feel: we verily believe the existence of despotic dynasties depends less on force of arms, than on the liberality,

interested though it be, that bounteously supplies, not merely the animal wants of nature, but those cheap and simple intellectual pleasures which the poorest, most ignorant, and most simple, are endued with capacities to enjoy. For this it is that the doors of continental exhibitions stand wide open, and where all that is required of the visiter is, that he shall enjoy his treat in quiet: for this, the gates of their churches, containing pictures, sculptures, and treasures, are never shut against rich or poor: for this, music is popularized, and has become part of the patrimony even of the serf. The results are evident—we have a simple, and it may be ignorant, but a happy and contented race: people with whom toil and moil, unintermittedly from youth to age, is not the sole end of life, and whose faculties are not absorbed in the one unceasing effort to keep the wolf from the door—people having vested interests in those cheap amusements, which those who deprive them of their liberties dare not, if they would, withhold.

Why is it that these cheap, innocent, and elevating sources of recreation are not proffered with an equally liberal hand to the citizens of a free country? Because those who wield the destinies of a great people think these things beneath them, except inasmuch as they may minister to their own exclusive gratification: employed in great affairs, and great in their employment, they altogether overlook the importance of little pleasures to little people—that is to say, to the people at large. Extending, consolidating, securing our vast

possessions and gigantic interests abroad, our popular education is neglected at home: our rulers too much resemble ignorant tradesmen, whose lives, devoted to the aggrandizement in wealth and power of their children, leave them without the capacity of turning to purposes of intellectual recreation the vast resources with which they are so prodigally supplied.

The British Museum

Stands first in point of interest among our national exhibitions, as well as in the judicious liberality displayed by the trustees in throwing open its varied treasures to the public gaze.

Whether we regard the variety of objects of interest there collected, their rarity or value, it is impossible to imagine the amount of good effected by the late regulations, affording greater facilities for inspecting, and rendering the place an intellectual bazaar for the profit of the whole of our citizen population. We visit this exhibition frequently, not to observe the curiosities — for with these we are long since sufficiently familiar — but as a *spectator* of the spectators.

In holiday time especially, it is a truly exhilarating sight to follow the inquisitive groups from room to room, to pause with them before the wondrous marbles that once adorned the Parthenon and the Acropolis, to listen to the unlettered criticism and quaint observations of the visiters, or to attend them through those apartments that bring before them, as it were, the

world at one view. Where products, manufactures, natural wonders of polar, tropical, and temperate regions of the earth, are exposed to sight; where, surrendered from the depths of the sea, are rare, curious, and monstrous fishes — shells wantoning in every variety of form and colour — minerals of all kinds that contribute to the adornment, or minister to the wants of man — birds, infinite in species, form, and plumage — the insect tribes, in countless varieties, glistening with metallic lustre, and adorned with pencilling of nature's hand, which even tolerably to imitate, is excellence — antediluvian monsters of marvellous proportions, yet adapted, with accurate consistency, to the mingled chaotic mass of mud and water, in which, by the law of Providence, they were ordained to live, and move, and have their being, are restored to us in their integrity, and preserved to our admiring gaze from the wreck of elder worlds.

It is delightful to observe the effects of the contemplation of the objects of curiosity congregated in this wondrous ark, even in the ignorant spectator. We are amused with the play of feature in the face of a smock-frocked countryman, called up by the alabaster sarcophagi and porphyritic idols of the old Egyptians; the idea of utility is the first that strikes his untutored mind, and whether the former may have served to contain oats, or the latter are great stones rolled away from some outlandish foreign farm, evidently puzzles him exceedingly; the rustic beauty who accompanies him, drops her nether jaw in unaffected wonder, and

whispers her astonishment in COLIN'S inattentive ear. There a bold dragoon, having passed with an air of military stolidity through the marble galleries, is suddenly arrested in his march by a bust of Minerva, and is pointing out to his sweetheart, with great minuteness, the superior beauty and convenience of his helmet, which he has taken off to illustrate the comparison, over the helmet of Minerva, wondering who the colonel could be who would serve out such a helmet as that, and what regiment he belonged to. A *connoisseur*, in black gaiters and green spectacles, is pointing out, with evident *gusto*, the perfection of the dancing Fauns to a group of young ladies, who stand looking every where but at the object of attraction, as if they imagined the contemplation of undraperied forms, save in the unobserved seclusion of their bedchamber, a horrid crime. A newly-married pair, the bride easily recognized by her lace-trimmed satin bonnet, veil, and French silk dress, the bridegroom by his spick-and-span new blue body-coat, with brass buttons, wander through the rooms in all the ecstasy of honeymoon, arm-in-arm, looking at every thing, yet seeing nothing save themselves, and thinking of nothing but of each other.

In a corner, "the pale artist plies his sickly trade," transferring to his portfolio gems from the chisel of Praxiteles or Phidias. Every variety of life and character may be studied here to the best advantage; fashionable people alone are absent, for the British

Museum is no longer exclusive, and whatever is no longer exclusive must needs be vulgar, low, intolerable —so much so, indeed, that we feel it our duty to make an humble apology to the exclusive reader for noticing a place where every body is permitted to enter. Seriously, however, the pleasure and enjoyment this exhibition affords, are nothing in comparison with the good effected through its instrumentality. Out-of-doors recreations in use among our populace, such as suburban fairs and the like, are schools of folly, licentiousness, gluttony, intemperance, and every sort of vice; so much so, that the legislature, or at least the executive, has been called upon to interfere, for the purpose of limiting their demoralizing influences: this exhibition is a school of mind and manners, and it is only by contemplating the faces of those who are engaged in recreating here, that you can form an adequate idea of its beneficial effects upon society at large.

The NATIONAL GALLERY is another gratuitous exhibition; nor can this be called an exhibition purely gratuitous: to be sure, we are admitted for nothing to *see* the pictures, but to gain any information about the pictures costs us a shilling. What are pictures to the many? so much paint displayed upon so much canvass. Even to the educated, pictures have not one tithe the interest when merely seen, as when *known;* when we are able, by the help of a catalogue, to gather into one *focus* all the associations of subject, treatment, time, place, and circumstance, of a particular work of art,

and to become acquainted, not only with the work, but with the master.

Now, if we are right in the supposition that the National Gallery owed its institution to a desire on the part of Government to popularize art, and lay its treasures open to the millions, surely this system of taking out the price of the exhibition in the indirect tax of a shilling catalogue, is in contrariety to that expressed and understood intention. The catalogue of the gallery now lying before us, containing forty-eight pages, large type, illustrative of the subjects of only one hundred and sixty-three pictures, adding the names of the masters, and the dates of their births and deaths, and all this, costing one shilling—a prohibitory price to the many, and a price which is paid with repugnance by all, knowing that the pamphlet is not worth a fourth part of the money—could be printed on a sheet of paper no larger than an ordinary play-bill, and distributed to all who want it, leaving a reasonable profit to the printer, at one penny each copy.

The sum to be gained by this small extortion, at the doors of a National Institution, is so paltry, that it is surely not worth while to persist in it, especially as the public are so completely disgusted with the imposition, that threepenny reprints of the same catalogue, by extra-official persons, are daily selling at the gallery doors.

We presume that this extortion is a job for the

exclusive benefit of some small officials—an obscure somebody makes something by it. We hope so, for sure we are it is in the highest degree discreditable to the Trustees, if they are cognizant of it, to permit the institution to gain, by the paltry sale of a *penny* catalogue published at a *shilling*, which every body wants, which is half the attraction of the gallery, because opening the treasures of the other half, but which nobody will knowingly buy, simply because it is a small cheat, a poor extortion, a pitiful imposition.*

Here we are reluctantly compelled to close our account of gratuitous exhibitions. WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, THE TOWER, may be visited only on payment of a small fee at each place. Not long since, a visit to the Tower cost somewhere about four shillings—to Westminster Abbey, half that sum; these extortions are now considerably diminished in amount—a shilling will cover the expense of fees at each place, and if fees are to be paid by the nation for admittance to national institutions, we cannot quarrel with the moderate sum now exacted.

At St Paul's Cathedral the system is much more objectionable; there you are extorted in detail—there is a fee for the body of the church, a fee for the choir, a fee for the whispering gallery, a fee for the library, a fee for the clock-work, a fee for the great bell, a fee

* Since the above was written, catalogues at a reduced price are *permitted* to be sold at the doors of the Academy.

for the little bell, a fee for the ball at the top, and a fee for the vaults at the bottom; wherever an Englishman would put his nose, in any corner of this his own National Church, built by the contributions of his ancestors, he is met by a mob of money-takers, cheque-takers, and the like, vociferating fees—fees—fees!

If a man leave his horse at the door, and enter the church booted and spurred, there is a fee for that; if he has a cane in his hand, there is a fee for that; and if he have on an upper benjamin, there may be, for aught we know to the contrary, a fee for that too. The demands of the money-takers are studiously regulated so as to extort the greatest possible amount of money from the visiters.

When you enter the gate, the show is as cheap as the live crocodile at Greenwich fair; "twopence, sir," is the price to get inside. Well, what can you expect for twopence? You get a twopenny walk through the body of the Cathedral, see naked walls, and tasteless, spiritless, clumsy monuments, erected at your own expense; look up to the dome, and see the interior in a state of dirty dilapidation, and find, after having paid your twopence, that the best part of the show is to be seen for nothing outside.

Then, if you would penetrate the interior, the demands rise in an accumulated *ratio*, from sixpence to a shilling, from a shilling to half-a-crown, in arithmetical progression; the money-takers will not part with you under a crown, and if you give them half-a-sovereign they will expect another. Only imagine an

intelligent foreigner coming to the gate, hat in hand, requesting to be permitted to have the pleasure of seeing the Cathedral, and being addressed through the half-closed entrance by the money-taker, with a demand for twopence — TWOPENCE!!!

A gentleman informs us, that upon one occasion, having paid the twopences, sixpences, shillings, half-crowns, and all that and those, the tolls, dues, fees, extortions, and so forth, he ascended into the ball, attended by one of the officials, who, having got his man in that elevated and critical situation, incontinently poked him for a gratuity, which being refused, the scoundrel decamped, leaving the gentleman, who had paid for his show, to grope his way down to mother earth in solitary darkness, and at the imminent risk of breaking his bones or neck.

Is not this sort of thing highly disgraceful? Is there not something indecorous, not to say worse, in converting the house of the Most High into an arena of extortion?

If the public cannot be gratuitously admitted at least to the body of the church, without danger of injury to the building, or the monuments it contains, let them be excluded altogether; but if, on the contrary, they can be admitted, as it has been proved in the case of the British Museum they may be, without the slightest danger, then, in the name of common sense, let these twopenny, and sixpenny, and shilling extortions be done away with.

We readily and willingly admit, that wherever

there is additional trouble given to the keepers or attendants of our national institutions for the gratification of mere curiosity, a small fee may without impropriety be demanded. On the continent, there is a fivepenny, or at most a tenpenny fee to the attendant who accompanies visiters to the summits of church-towers or monuments, who is not permitted, notwithstanding, if he cannot get an additional gratuity, to leave his customers in the lurch; but the body of a church should not be converted into an exhibition at any price, and the doors should be sacred from the profanation of money-changers.

To return—if there is one thing in which we fall below foreign nations, it is in the circumscribed and limited utility of our purely national, which should be purely gratuitous, exhibitions. In this we are positively shabby, and more than shabby—we are unwise. From our public exhibitions, we must be estimated by the great mass of foreigners who may not have opportunities of gaining access to select society, and who can see nothing of us but our streets, and the outsides of our best houses. The courteous liberality with which they fling open to us their churches, halls, and galleries, we do by no means reciprocate; and whatever estimate they may form of our power, grandeur, and wealth, they have but little to say in favour of our generosity.

But this is not the worst. We not only lose in the estimation of foreigners, but suffer in our own. Nobody thinks of affording cheap pleasure to our popula-

tion. The opportunity of diffusing popular education in this, the cheapest, simplest, and least objectionable way in which that great object may be accomplished, is altogether lost sight of. This is one of the reasons, and not the least cogent, why your Englishman, in the gross, is liable to the taunt of being little better than a boor. All work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy indeed; and who shall venture to say, that whatever inducements could be held out to him to desert the eternal pipe, pot, and skittle-ground, and to associate himself with his wife and family, in recreations of which they may with propriety partake, would not be a great, substantial, and practical reform?

The way in which such a reform might be brought about, we would suggest in something of this sort—Four times in every year, say the holiday times of Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and Michaelmas, let the Tower, the Monument, Westminster Abbey, St Paul's, the Zoological Gardens, be thrown open, say for a week, without let, hinderance, or molestation, to all who may not be objectionable in dress or deportment.

Let Parliament grant a sum equivalent to any loss or compensation that may be considered just, where individual interests are prejudiced—the amount would be a mere trifle, and the good that would result from an expenditure so small would be incalculable. In addition to this, if the aristocracy, who now so kindly lend their treasures of art to the exhibition of the

Royal Institution, would extend their liberality so far as, once a year, for a few days to throw open their contribution of pictures to the masses, we are convinced, that there would not be an humble man who might feast his eyes upon the priceless works the nobility might choose to lend for this purpose, who would not go away obliged and grateful to those who had thus materially contributed to his amusement and instruction.

Nor can there be the slightest fear, grounded on reason, that the pictures thus lent would be sixpence the worse for such exhibition. The conduct of the people, now so liberally admitted to view the collection at HAMPTON COURT, is a sufficient guarantee that the privilege thus accorded would in nowise be abused. A few additional policemen, to preserve order, are all that would be requisite.

It is perfectly incredible how much the aristocracy would gain in the esteem of the people at large, by identifying themselves, in this or any other way in their power, with the harmless pleasures of the humble. Social distinctions are now pointedly marked and widely severed. Too much familiarity, on the one hand, breeds contempt — too little, on the other, engenders aversion; and the possession of nothing is so little envied as of that which is liberally shared.

Zoological Society's Exhibition.

Exhibitions connected, in a greater or less degree, with science, are, perhaps, the most attractive. Of these, the Polytechnic Institution, in Regent Street, and the Adelaide Gallery, Lowther Arcade, Strand, are the most frequented. No better test can be applied, to determine the degree of refinement, intelligence, and education of a people, than the avidity displayed by them for places of instructive amusement, where not only are shows to be seen, but ideas acquired, and whence visiters retire, not only more happy than they entered, but more knowing.

The establishment of the Zoological Garden was a source of great and rational recreation to the world of London. Indeed, the success of the institution has abundantly proved how essential to the enjoyment of Londoners is a place combining much natural beauty with a great deal of what is curious, rare, and instructive in animated nature. The strange and exotic animals we see here, are so many lively aids to the imagination.

In regarding the Giraffe, for example, we see much more than a creature with a fine small head, elongated tongue, swan-like neck, long fore and shorter hind legs. We see more than this — we see in him a map, as it were, of the countries he inhabits. His organization is geographical, he is a delegate, sent among us to describe the peculiarities in the

botany and geology of the deserts of Southern Central Africa. He is very communicative, too, in his own way: his figure is sufficient evidence that he is a denizen of plains: his hoofs inform you, as distinctly as if you had seen them, that those plains are sandy and steril: his configuration expounds, as plainly as if the animal spoke Arabic, that his food is derived from palms, and such other trees as have high-branching leaves, abounding in inter-tropical regions. So, of all the other creatures in this modern ark of Noah, *themselves* are the least part of their information.

They are exponents of the condition of the countries they inhabited before the period of their captivity. They are fixed results of our travels by book through dangerous and distant lands, and they are means furnished us, to fix and realize that which was, until we had seen them, purely ideal.

Then, again, what food for the metaphysician is there in the contemplation of the Monkey tribes, their shockingly human jealousies, thefts, over-reachings, battles, tricks, and schemes — their anatomical structure, too, so marvellously similar to our own, that dissection has been able to exhibit no other essential anatomical difference between the monkey and the man than in the conformation of the thumb or fifth finger, which in the former is unilateral, or acts on the same side with the other fingers, while in the latter it is opponent, or antagonizing.

Look at the Elephant marching about with his trunk

reverted, and his gulf-mouth gaping for apples or biscuits! Is he not a history of India in one volume *folio*, bound in leather? Why, he is better to us, who never travel except by the fireside, than a hundred histories of India: looking on, we multiply him in our mind's eye, and in a twinkling before us stand caparisoned elephants *ad libitum;* upon their backs we put *howdahs*, filling them with turbaned Mussulmans, veiled beauties of the seraglio, warriors, and the thousand followers of an Indian Rajah; we picture the procession passing through almost interminable jungles, watering by the Ganges, and resting for the night amidst the living arcades of the banyan tree.

All that we had read and had forgotten, in "Mill's History of British India," and elsewhere, the sight of that animal recalls vividly to our memory — so much more descriptive is that which appeals to the eye, than that which recommends itself only to the mind — so much more faithfully does the thing *itself* remain recorded in the memory, than descriptions of the thing or likenesses of the thing can ever do. Demonstrative knowledge is in every way above that which is illustrative: nothing is so lifelike as life itself; a thousand ideas may be gathered from the living inhabitant of foreign lands, whether vegetable or animal, for one that can be acquired by poring over the dusty pages of a "Hortus Siccus," or the stark, staring, stiff, stuffed mammals, fishes, and birds, in the British Museum.

Behold that Boa-Constrictor coiled up in a corner!

— what a horrible reptile it is! He dined a few days ago on one nearly as large as himself, after lunching heartily upon a couple of rabbits. Great was the consternation among the officials of the gardens on the disappearance of the second Boa, intense the anxiety of the inhabitants around the Regent's Park, lest the serpent should have found its way into the enclosures. For a week no elderly gentleman stirred abroad without arming himself with a sword-cane, and not a ladies' boarding-school dared venture to take the air, for fear of some of the young ladies falling a victim to the fatal embraces of the vagrant *constrictor;* nor, until the continuous lethargy and increased volume of the remaining reptile had attracted particular attention, was it suspected that he had devoured his bedfellow. Is not the great convoluted slimy creature, in his own person, a history of uncivilization? Is it wonderful that man should quail before exploring, settling, or cultivating the desert that gives birth to such horrible reptiles? or can there be any choice between a land redundant in spontaneous vegetation encumbered with such monsters, and climes where labour tills without fear — the happier soil where such creatures, save in the captivity we now behold them, never come?

Turn we now to the feathered tribes, and let us take lessons of order, providence, and distributive equalization in the various species. In that aviary, see the Nightingale in her robes of sombre brown: contrast her who fills our woods and groves with music Silence herself delights to hear, with those vulgar Cockatoos —

old painted dowagers—rending the air with their horrible shrieks, and learn from hence how little gaudy dress has to do with simple beauty.

With what profusion of rich and delicate colouring has not the cunning hand of nature pencilled that little Water-fowl, yet you see its shape is rotund, chubby, and ungraceful; while those crested Cranes, in dresses of sober grey, have grace in every movement, in every turn of the head. In outline, expression, plumage, what infinite yet harmonious variety, from the huge-mouthed Pelican to the little Teal, from the gigantic Ostrich to the diminutive Wren?

Horticultural Exhibitions.

Exhibitions of fruits and flowers in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, though more exclusive and expensive than that we have already noticed, are not less attractive to those whose ample means enable them to become spectators of the wondrous triumphs of cultivation, and the metamorphoses art works upon the vegetable world, displayed at those interesting exhibitions.

A love of flowers, shrubs, and horticulture generally, seems one of the leading delights of the people of the vast metropolis: their appetite for nature would seem to be whetted by their want of opportunity to cultivate her acquaintance. Every area is converted into a shrubbery, where junipers, and variegated laurels, and the classic myrtle appear. In the windows of almost

every house you will see some attempt made to cultivate such flowers as can be made to blow under such unfavourable auspices: the balconies above are devoted to the flowering parasitic plants, and to the occasional display of geraniums and other kindred tribes. The sale of window plants, as they are called, is a vocation by which many industrious men gain a living. Even the poor, who are unable to provide themselves with any other reminiscence of their occasional visits to the outskirts than a few roots of cowslips, primroses, or daisies, carefully preserve them in penny pots, and take as much delight in decorating therewith their garret windows as if they were the rare productions of distant countries.

A walk through any of the suburban districts evidences this horticultural propensity in its highest development.

We have seen as much refined taste and expense displayed upon a spot of six square yards as would have served for the decoration of a small demesne; nor is there any thing about London in which the distinction between our chief city and those of the continent is more distinguishable, than the pains and cost bestowed upon the adornment of these semi-rural pleasaunces.

Until the stranger has seen the exhibitions of the Horticultural Society, he can have no adequate idea of the extent to which this passion is carried by the more opulent classes of the metropolis. The grounds, though not in themselves much favoured by nature,

are beautifully laid out; military bands are in attendance, and every arrangement is made to render the gardens a delightful lounge for those who take no particular interest in the immediate objects of the society.

Subordinate to this leading exhibition, we have many others of more limited application: — there is the annual display of pines at Walworth; of exotic flowers and flowering shrubs at the nursery grounds of Messrs Loddige of Hackney and Knight of Chelsea, whose enterprise, taste, and skill have procured for them an almost European reputation; then there is an annual tulip show, where every variety of that exquisitely pencilled, but unintellectual flower, is displayed to the curious in such matters. The prices of these roots, varying from five shillings to a hundred pounds, are enough to startle a political economist, and to delight the cupidity of a Dutch tulipo-maniac.

We may in this place take the opportunity, which indeed will occur with sufficient frequency in the course of our lucubrations, of remarking upon the immense wealth diffused throughout this metropolis, manifested by the enormous scale of expense upon which the various exhibitions for the intellectual recreation of our public are undertaken.

In fact, it would be absolutely out of the question to form any thing like an idea of these institutions becoming remunerative to their projectors, if we did not look to the vast amount of superfluous wealth gathered in this town, and lying in the hands of com-

paratively idle people, whose employment consists mainly in spending their money, and whose intelligence, education, and habits of life lead them to the expenditure of their wealth in the cultivation of refined and elegant tastes and pursuits such as those, some of which we have been at the pains to enumerate, and of which many more remain, through lack of space necessarily omitted from our enumeration.

Reflecting that to London come almost all the estates, converted into paid-up rentals, of our landed aristocracy; the capital revolving in the cycle of perpetual commerce, passing like a thought from the hand of one speculator to another; the pay and allowances of public officers, civil and military; the gigantic fortunes amassed in our colonies: when we consider that nine-tenths of the consolidated fund are paid, received, and expended in London; the incomes, great, intermediate, and trivial, for whose expenditure this town offers such convenient inducements — we shall be led to the conclusion that the wonder lies, not in the multitude of our tasteful and intellectual recreations, but that they should not be yet more multitudinous than they are.

In these, and in a thousand other modes of expenditure, money must fly. Gold is an article, heavy though it be, in its own nature excursive, migratory, and evanescent: the genius of accumulation seldom survives the generation beginning to accumulate: the next begins to reverse the glass, and the golden

sands are dissipated faster than they were gathered together.

For the purpose of illustration, we may compare London to a mountain in which untold gold lies hidden, and our modes of dissipation to so many rivulets flowing down its sides, carrying with their waters a portion of that treasure whose bulk remains with hardly perceptible diminution: here, however, the analogy is at an end, for while the mountain parts by slow and imperceptible degrees with its embowelled wealth, it receives no new accessions of the precious treasure; our mine, on the contrary, dissipating day by day, is every day recruiting its losses, and though a spendthrift, is as rich at the ending as at the beginning.

CHAPTER VII.

Music

Is cultivated, as a recreative luxury, by every class, above the very lowest, of the mighty multitudes inhabiting our London.

From the juveniles attracted by the hurdy-gurdy of the Savoyard in our streets, to the exclusive auditory of the Ancient Music Concerts; from the gentlemen and ladies assembled, with pipe and pot, at the Catharine Wheel in Windmill Street, the Mogul in Drury Lane, the Bower Saloon in Lambeth Marsh, the Hope in Blackman Street, the Eagle in the City Road, and a thousand other houses licensed for vocal and instrumental music, as the inscription over the door informs you, "according to act of Parliament"—to the plebeian auditories of the English, or the select *habitués* of the Italian opera,—all ages, ranks, and denominations bow before the universal influence of music.

Our climate does not permit in safety musical performances *al fresco:* our Ranelaghs, Vauxhalls, and the like, are matters of history: but within doors we have every variety of concert adapted to every taste and every pocket. Our street music we have

already discussed at sufficient length in that part of our series relating to foreigners in London; and if we had not, the reader who resides in town will hear more than enough of it without our dinning it into his exhausted ear.

Indeed, we can conscientiously affirm, that were it not for these ear-splitting itinerants grinding their halfpenny harmony into the head of the poor author of this series, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, he would be much less confused and unintelligible than he fears he frequently must be.

To ascend, however, from the street musicians to the singing-rooms, we may take notice that these latter are the normal schools of our metropolitan populace in the delights of song. The pipe and pot divide the palm with the fiddle and flute. Bacchus has not here every thing his own way: Apollo insists on stepping in, and contributing his mite to the harmony of the evening.

These singing-rooms, as they are popularly called, are especially licensed for the purpose of affording musical entertainments, in addition to the other more material and substantial inducements of public-houses, and are usually spacious apartments, fitted up for the accommodation of hundreds of individuals of both sexes, having at the upper end a platform, which is constructed also to serve as a sounding-board, whereon is a grand piano, usually the only instrument in use, although the Mogul, for example, treats his guests to an occasional voluntary on the organ.

The singers are usually a *prima donna*, or sentimental leader, a *basso*, a *primo buffo*, (we beg pardon of the Opera for applying these high-sounding titles to the humble performers of a singing-room,) and one or two others of a nondescript category. The music is of the popular class — the songs of our English school, with few exceptions; though it should be remarked, as an instance of that instinct of good taste which seems to belong to no particular class of society, but to be developed in some by education and opportunity, and not non-existent but only latent in others, that we have observed airs adapted to English words from the operas of Auber and Bellini, to call forth more enthusiastic plaudits from the uninstructed auditory of these lowly concert-rooms, than any thing we have heard elicited by songs of the "Woodman, spare this tree," "Dear native isle," or "Happy land," category.

Comic songs, usually of a coarse and vulgar class, and totally destitute of humour, are given in character; the intervals between the songs are filled up by overtures and waltzes, thumped with more energy than taste upon the grand piano.

The merits of the performers may, perhaps, be best estimated from their pay — six shillings being the usual nightly remuneration of the instrumental, and four of the vocal performers, with a reasonable allowance of gin-and-water. Admittance is obtained at prices varying from twopence to a shilling, according to the style of the place; but the profits of the establishment are mainly derivable from the refreshments

disposed of, which are usually dear, and of indifferent quality.

So much for singing-rooms above ground. But these are not all; the bowels of the earth are excavated, to afford nocturnal orgies to idle and dissipated young men about town. When all sober respectable people are in their beds, these musical *infernos*, disguised under the names of SHADES, ELYSIUMS, CIDER-CELLARS, FINISHES, and the like, commence their operations late, and about two o'clock are in the height of their glory.

The host, surrounded by a quartett or so of sweaty, clammy-looking gents, in seedy suits of black, assumes the chair, and while the guests are absorbed in smoke, gin, welsh-rabbits, chops, and conversation, the operations of the clammy-looking gents, who are no other than professional singers, are successively announced from the chair, with loud knocks of hammer upon table—"Silence, gents, if you please! Mr LUSH is going to oblige;"—whereupon Mr Lush, taking a preliminary swig at the brandy-and-water before him, throws himself back in his chair, and, turning up the whites of his eyes to the ceiling, as if invoking the aid of Apollo, roars out, with the lungs of a Stentor, "The Bay of Biscay, O!" or "On board of the Arethusa,"—the entire auditory joining lustily in chorus.

Loud thumping of tables, making the glasses ring again, rewards the performance of Mr Lush, while the worthy host hammers the table once more, crying,

"Order, gents—order, if you please!" This is not to be understood to mean "order" in the Parliamentary sense, but as a gentle hint to the guests to order in more chops, welsh rabbits, and brandy-and-water. After this, we are entertained with the announcement from the chair, that we may expect a sentimental song from Mr SWIPES; whereupon that gentleman, a thin crossed-in-love looking gent, with a face the very incarnation of gin, trills out, "She wore a wreath of roses," or some such bit of maudlin sentimentality, in dulcet strains.

After a decent interval, the announcement follows, that "HERR JOEL, the celebrated safflower (*siffleur*,) will oblige;"—whereupon that good-humoured person, applying a walking-stick to his lips, entertains us with capital imitations of sundry wind instruments, concluding with a mimicry of singing-birds, from the nightingale to the wren, so admirably executed, that, by shutting your eyes, you might, without any violent stretch of imagination, conclude yourself in the shop of a bird-fancier.

Next follows, "I know a bank," (rather surprising announcement that,) from the united pulmonary apparatus of Messieurs Swipes and Lush; after which comes, "The merry Christ-church bells," "Mynheer Van Dunk," or some other glee, madrigal, or catch, with the whole vocal strength of the establishment.

If we did not consider it our duty to notice every phase of London life, we should rather have abstained from mentioning the existence of these subterranean

musical caverns. No man who loves music for its own sake, as a refined and elegant enjoyment, can feel any pleasure in resorting to those dens, reeking with a dense atmosphere of smoke, flavoured with the mingled fumes of the public-house and the cook-shop. They are a decidedly bad style of place, and frequenting them stamps a man as a *mauvais sujet*. The worst habits, the lowest tastes, are therein contracted. We never see a young man descend into one of these infernal Shades without thinking of the lines of Virgil —

> "Facilis descensus Averni ;
> Sed revocare gradus, iterumque superare ad auras
> Hic labor, hoc opus est."

Emerging from these low retreats, we find the pursuit of musical enjoyment spread among the middle and upper classes, in proportion to their tastes and means. We have the QUARTETT CONCERTS, under the direction of a young violinist named BLAGROVE, assisted by able performers whose names we at this moment forget. These entertainments are, however, exceedingly attractive, and have justified the power of our native musical talent.

Rising still higher, we have the concerts of the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, latterly much fallen off, but a few years since comprising the whole musical strength of the Opera, led by MORI.

Then at the top of the tree are the CONCERTS OF

ANCIENT MUSIC, a highly exclusive society, of which members of the Royal family, and the first among the aristocracy of the land, are patrons and directors. Sacred music is much cultivated among a highly intellectual class, and the oratorios at Exeter Hall are well attended and respectably conducted.

It were endless to recount the multitude and variety of musical entertainments with which the metropolis abounds. Mr WILSON has indulged the town with illustrative and historical concerts—highly intellectual and refined entertainments. He gives, for example, a short narrative of the adventures of Prince Charles Stuart, interspersed with specimens of the most celebrated Jacobite ditties. These delightful entertainments deserve the highest encouragement, inasmuch as they convey ideas to the mind as well as sensations to the heart.

Then we have the concerts A LA MUSARD, as they are called, at the English Opera-House. These are afforded to the public at a remarkably cheap rate: but their cheapness does not compensate for their deficiencies; there is too much noise, and too little music, for the educated ear—there are too many instruments, and too few performers; yet some of the *solos* are executed with considerable power; and the constant attendance of the public may be taken as a very fair test of their powers of attraction. But these concerts are not calculated to do more than confer immediate and temporary entertainment. They are not calculated to educate the popular taste; for

this, simplicity and chastity are requisite. The school of Musard and Strauss is by no means an ideal school —and this is what we want. The quartett concerts of Blagrove have done more to popularize music in this town than any other. We do not want mobs of musicians, with drums, trumpets, triangles, and cymbals. We derive no real pleasure from having pistols fired, or crackers let off, in a concert-room. This musical quackery of the French school can do us no good. We wish to hear Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and Handel, simply and elegantly treated. This is the course adopted by the professors of the quartett concerts, and we trust we may have more of them.

The Italian Opera

Stands deservedly at the head, as it is the fountain, of our musical entertainments.

When this refined instrument of pleasure stole into England, all the self-satisfied John Bullism of our nature was up in arms against it: every variety of insult, invective, and ridicule was showered upon it. They who introduced the amusement, we mean the aristocracy, persevering, in our own day we see considerable progress made in naturalizing the delicate exotic among us; so much so, indeed, that the chief ground of objection to it—namely, the vast sums of money expended upon the remuneration of foreigners —can no longer apply, some of our own fair daughters of song giving ample proof of their capacity to

sustain the character and reputation of the Italian opera, in the person of an English *prima donna.*

It is by no means to be wondered at that a national prejudice should have for a long time existed against an entertainment so strange and new to the tastes and habits of the mass of the people. We were going to say that this prejudice is vulgar, but on reflection we think there was great excuse for its existence. In the first place, the opera was anti-national, or what John Bull would stigmatize with a sneer as a *foreigneering* concern. Again, to homely, plain matter-of-fact people, who had no preconceived ideas of the opera save those of a sort of irrational, and therefore more confirmed dislike, there did appear something supremely ridiculous in OTHELLO THE MOOR jealous in an *adagio maestoso*, IAGO demoniacal in a *bravura*, and the gentle DESDEMONA imploring a few moments' respite from her ruthless husband, for the purpose of indulging the sympathizing auditory with an *encore* of her last dying song and recitativo.

Then the *ballet*—flesh-coloured *tights*, and a plentiful scarcity of drapery: horrid, shocking, shameful, and so indeed to the impure mind it is. We recollect that Mr John Bowles, one of the leading members, upon a time, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, exerted himself so successfully as to have a resolution passed at a public meeting, called for the purpose of considering this great enormity, when it was gravely determined that the opera-dancers should be breeched; and such was the outcry against them, that they were

actually compelled to invest their graceful limbs in lawn, for the propitiation of the pious Mr John Bowles and the Suppression of Vice Society.

In those Gothic and Vandalic days, the good people of England had no idea that an opera is not intended to be an acted play; that its end is not appealing to the understanding or the heart by its dialogue; that it is merely a dramatic concert *in character;* and that the dialogue and plot, or, to speak operatically, the *libretto*, are merely vehicles for the variety of expression capable of being elicited by the composer. They did not take the trouble to reflect that the music is the *essence*, the drama only an *accessary* of the opera. Of the merits of the former they were utterly unable to judge; of the defects of the latter they were perfectly sensible, and upon them they showered all the force of their ridicule and contempt. The best exponent of the feeling respecting the Italian Opera in England at this time, may be found in the almost unparalleled success of the Beggar's Opera of Gay—a performance not only hitting the public taste to a nicety, as a burlesque of the new-fangled entertainment, but justifying at the same time the capabilities of our native composers.

This vulgar prejudice against the Italian Opera has now passed away; the gradual taste for music, developed by slow and imperceptible degrees in the public, has descended, filtered as it were, through the successive strata of society; and that entertainment for which we are indebted to the highest circles, has now become popularized amongst us, is now translated from

the Italian Opera-House to our patent theatres, and has become an intellectual recreation to thousands of the middle and lower classes.

THE OPERA, however, properly so called, by which we are understood to mean, of course, the QUEEN'S THEATRE, or ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, is the undoubted temple of fashion and exclusion—it is the place of *reunion* of

"The twice two thousand for whom earth was made,"

the neutral ground of fashionable society. Here all political differences are merged and for the time forgotten; and the duty of every one belonging to the various *sets* or cliques, into which even the world of fashion is divided, is here to be as agreeable as possible.

There is not in London a finer sight than the Opera-House on a drawing-room night, when plumes, lappets, and diamonds among the ladies, and full dress with the gentlemen, form part of the etiquette of the place; turning your back to the orchestra, and looking round the theatre, tier above tier of boxes, rising one above the other like the broadside of a *double* first-rate, if there ever was such a thing, the countless boxes so many port-holes bristling with a very different artillery—the artillery of a thousand pair of eyes of the brightest, fairest, noblest of the land.

When empty, or half full, the house looks positively shabby; a wide waste of gaping empty boxes, with here and there one occupied, each tier looking like a

mouth denuded of three parts of its natural ornaments. The decorations, too, if decorations they may be called which decorations are none, are so gloomy and sombre that the wilderness of the Coloseum itself is preferable; but *when the house is full*, on a drawing-room night, or when GRISI, RUBINI, TAMBURINI, and LABLACHE—names that embody the genius of song, wreathed with a thousand exquisite remembered harmonies—grace the scene, then we acknowledge the propriety of taste that has dictated the studied plainness of decoration; the groups of youth and beauty in the boxes are seen in high relief from the dark ground in which they sit as it were impannelled; the eye is undisturbed in its contemplation by factitious ornaments, and can wander at will over a maze of various loveliness.

Yet plain and unadorned as are the outward forms of these boxes, the inward box of these music-houses of the *haute noblesse* and rich *roturiers* is delightfully commodious, and tastefully simple: the pretty morning paper, flower-painted chairs, and *tête-a-tête* settees, lounges, hassocks, and soft Persian carpet, make a little paradise of luxurious ease.

> "There eke the soft delights that witchingly
> Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
> And calm the pleasures, always hover nigh;
> But whate'er smacks of 'noyance or unrest
> Is far, far off, expell'd from this delicious nest."

And now, when you are wearied with gazing on unknown and unapproachable beauty—when you turn

from the loveliest face you ever sighed at beholding, to behold a yet more lovely face in the stage-box at the opposite side—when you have determined that you would be the happiest man in the opera of life, if blest with one approving smile of that fair pensive girl with the long flaxen ringlets, delicately shading a neck whiter than—no, not than snow, or alabaster, or white lead, or any of those poetical used-up whites we are so familiar with—but a warm, living, breathing white, whiter than any other neck you ever saw; or that brilliant beauty with glossy hair worn simply *à la reine*, and eyes flashing light from the depths of lustrous darkness; or that full-blown *blonde*, breathing good humour and good feeling from every feature of her native Saxon face; or that sylph with pendant curls, bursting into unconscious womanhood; or ——

Where are we running to? We thought we were young again, and were haunted by the apparition of our prime! Take off your hat, sit down and compose yourself, for see Mori (poor Mori!) is on his throne, violin in hand; Puzzi with his French-horn, Cook with his hautboy, Nicholson with his flute, Lindley, too, the worthy representative of a family distinguished in the annals of British musical talent, leans on his violoncello, soon to discourse most eloquent music; now the conductor, with his ivory baton, taps thrice —there is an anxious pause, though but of a moment, and hark—the overture to the Don Giovanni of Mozart!

As subdued tone and repose are the characteristic

features of the subscribers to the Opera, you will not be surprised to find the music there of a subdued and *riposo* character; there is no noise at the Opera, no thrashing out sounds as one thrashes oats with a flail; the expression of the music to be performed is more attended to than even the execution, and taste reigns supreme.

A vulgar ear will be infinitely more pleased with the crashing, stunning, blasting noises of the concerts at the English Opera-House, but nothing of that loud talking upon catgut is understood here; the object of the performers *here*, is to make their instruments speak, and in speaking to make them say something, as it is of the singers to make their songs *act*, and in acting to *do* something. This is precisely, and concisely, the difference between the music at the Italian Opera and the music every where else about town, and this expressiveness it is that gives to the former its deserved superiority.

The *ballet* is but the music of motion — somebody has called it the poetry of motion; it is all the same, it impresses the mind through the eye, precisely as music through the ear, though in a lesser degree; its motions and *pas* are but so many cadences; what are its slow, expressive, minuet-like movements but *adagios?* what its *pas de deux* but delectable duets? what the *cachuca* but a magnificent motive *bravura?*

The analogy that associates the *ballet* with the opera, is founded in nature; they are the same thing, appealing to our sensations through eyes and ears.

Touching the accessaries of the OPERA and *ballet*, we regret to be obliged to confess, that they have been for a long time most shamefully neglected. It seems to have been considered by the management sufficient to engage a limited number of the leading opera singers and dancers of the day, and to leave the choruses, supernumeraries, and all that contributes to the illusion or attraction of the scene, uncared for as if such things were supererogatory, and not worth a thought.

This is a vital error, and one, if persisted in, very likely to injure permanently the interests of this great establishment; if the accessaries are neglected as they have hitherto been, we may as well dispense altogether with the theatre, and have the operas performed in a concert room.

Now that operatic performances have become leading attractions at Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, and are doubly attractive from the sedulous care bestowed upon the scenery and decorations of the stage, the management of the Italian Opera-House will be compelled, for their own interest's sake, to attend to these apparently trivial, but really important, matters. The eye, gratified by *spectacle*, is an assistance to the mind, which dwells with more gratification upon the essentials of the entertainment; and nothing certainly can be more offensive than the poverty of scenery and decoration, the inadequacy of the chorus singers, and scanty parsimony displayed in the introduction of supernumeraries at the Queen's Theatre.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Theatres.

While the Opera is the chosen place of resort for the great, our patent theatres stand at the head of those entertainments that lie more open to the upper, middle, and lower classes.

Going to the play, is a favourite recreation of the Londoner; his convenience is suited in every possible way, as to price and variety of amusement; almost every class has its theatre, with performances adapted to their several tastes and predilections; theatres for the east, and theatres for the west; theatres for this side the river, and theatres for that; theatres for performances equestrian and aquatic; theatres legitimate and illegitimate; each and every of these theatres having a character peculiarly its own, and an auditory that appertains to no other theatre, as characteristic in its own way as the performances.

Thus, for example, while at the little Garrick, away in the oriental regions beyond Whitechapel, three dozen crews of Indiamen, the captains with their ladies in the dress circle, the mates with their

wives in the pit, the forecastle men with their sweethearts in the gallery, are being entertained with the FLYING DUTCHMAN, interlarded with naval songs and hornpipes, and concluded by the WRECK ASHORE; a select auditory at the St James's Theatre in the far west is delighted with the performance of Monsieur Perlet, in the inimitable "BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME" of Moliere. At the same moment that rival operas, NORMA at Covent-Garden, ACIS AND GALATEA at Drury-Lane, are being executed before admiring audiences, burlesque imitations of these operas are giving unalloyed delight, on the same evening, to crowded houses at the ADELPHI and the SURREY. At SADLER'S WELLS in the north, and the VICTORIA THEATRE in the south, melodramatic performances, extravaganzas, and domestic tragedies, entertain the company. At the little theatre in the Haymarket, comedies of the old school alternate with plays by Bulwer and others. Then, there is the PAVILION in the Whitechapel Road, the CITY OF LONDON in Norton-Falgate, and many others too tedious to mention, of the fire-and-brimstone, blue-light, and extra-melodramatic character.

High or low, rich or poor, the theatre is a supreme delight of your Londoner: he is not, it is true, like the Parisian, a habitual play-goer, but when he does go, he enjoys himself the more; play-going is not his business, but his recreation.

"The play's the thing;" it is always prepared, and may be enjoyed without previous arrangement, or any

other trouble than that of paying your money at the door; the price of the amusement is studiously adapted to the condition in life of the customer. Again, it is an enjoyment which may be had after the day's work, and is the more pleasantly taken because not interfering with business; and lastly, which is of no small importance, play-going is a highly thirst-provoking affair, greatly promoting the imbibition of gin and beer.

Then, there is always something new at the theatres — something to give a subject for talk to the world of chat and gossip; there is a perpetual rivalry among the managers to outdo one another, and every play-house is no more than an enormous rat-trap, baited with some savoury cheese or other nicety, studious to capture that long-tailed animal — the public. Our theatrical adventurers are left altogether to themselves; no such thing is known among us as Government patronage, of caterers for public amusement; no accounts-current between the house and the Treasury; no official intercourse between statesmen and comedians; no diplomatic relations between opera-dancers and officers of state; our amusements, like our industry, are allowed to hang by their own tail, and we get on all the better for it.

Not that we are without restrictions in matters theatrical: the Lord High Chamberlain exercises, within the limits of London and Westminster, the office of dramatic censor. The beauty and harmony of

this wise restriction, will be obvious to every reader, from the fact that on the one side of Oxford Street no dramatic performance can be exhibited except by leave of the Chamberlain, while on the other his jurisdiction is altogether superseded; for theatrical purposes, therefore, there is a licensed and an unlicensed side of the street. How far, in our day, restrictions upon theatrical entertainments are requisite or advisable, may be matter of question; we cannot help considering, that restricting the performance of the legitimate drama to patent theatres, and giving them a monopoly within the limits of London and Westminster, is a very indifferent mode of encouraging dramatic talent, whether of author or actor, while there is no power of compelling the managers of our patent theatres to give that encouragement. We can recollect the time when our Theatres-Royal [old Drury in particular, who, remembering John Kemble, Siddons, and Kean, should have been ashamed of himself] rivalled the Victoria and Astley's in their wild-beast attractions, and deserted Shakespeare, Jonson, and Sheridan, for the panthers, lions, and tigers of Van Amburgh's menagerie.

It is to this monopoly by the houses twain, "of Covent-Garden and of Drury-lane," that the town is indebted for that degraded taste in the drama, of which the bills of the play at all our minor houses are sufficient evidence; instead of playing *up* to the public taste, or soaring above it, they are compelled to descend to the low level of melo-dramatic trumpery, and to

become instruments, not of instruction but of mere unintellectual entertainment.

The drama suffers under the effects of this blighting monopoly as much as the public; authors who live to please, must please to live, and the low tastes thus generated, must be pandered to. Actors, in like manner, have no opportunity of holding the mirror up to nature at these minor houses; nature is never even thought of, so that to keep up the monopoly of theatricals within a circle of a few miles round Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane, all hope of converting the minor houses into places of rational entertainment is lost sight of.

Perhaps it may be said, that these illegitimate houses, if we may call them so, are not in arrear of the popular taste, but on a level with it; we know the reverse of this to be the fact. At the SURREY, for example, a transpontine house, wherein melo-dramatical, nautical, and mock-heroic pieces are ordinarily enacted, we have attended when "LA SONNAMBULA" and "L'ELISIR D'AMORE" were performed. The auditory seemed quite another class under the refining influence of an entertainment in which the hand of genius and taste is visible: the pit becomes select, the gallery polite, the boxes exclusive. Let the same auditory assemble on the following night to witness "THE BLOODSTAINED LEATHERN APRON," or the "DEED OF THE BRAD-AWL," and you will think you see an amphitheatre of cannibals grinning around you, gloating over horrible details of love, jealousy, and

revenge, disguised in every variety of double-milled fustian.

At the little GARRICK, too, the most delighted auditory we ever recollect to have seen, assembled to witness the performance of Colman's "HEIR-AT-LAW;" they seemed capable of comprehending the humour of Pangloss, and quite alive to the absurdities of Lord and Lady Duberly; yet this is an auditory considered capable only of relishing Jack Ashore, Long Tom Coffin, or some such other egregious absurdity.

The truth is, we are in the habit of underrating very much too much the capacity of the masses for intellectual enjoyment; we step in between them and their tastes with the wand of a Lord Chamberlain, motioning away every dish that is good for them, like another Don Pedro Positive Snatchaway, and *then* we cry out — "Dear me, what low creatures! what tastes, what habits, what vulgarity!"

Sir Walter Scott was accustomed to say, that no mistake could be greater than to make boys and girls' books, or create a nursery literature written down to infantile capacities; he desired that "they should have something to chew, something to puzzle over, something to exercise their reflective faculties," and he was right; the very same course should be adopted with grown children. Instead of having a bastard progeny of melo-dramatic theatres sprinkled over the town, why should we not study to have little Drury-Lanes, little Covent Gardens, and little Opera-houses? Why not have the superior tastes now gratified within the

walls of those privileged establishments, diffused to the uttermost ends of the town, to the elevation of our popular tastes, feelings, and habits?

All this the Lord Chamberlain, however, forbids, for no other reason that we can see than this — that formerly monopoly was every thing, and every thing a monopoly; and that, although other monopolies have been discontinued, it is still fitting that there should be a monopoly of intellectual recreation.

This might be all very well if the theatre were a mere vehicle of amusement; but the end of theatrical entertainments is not so insignificant; they have exercised, now exercise, and will continue to exercise a potent influence on the formation of national character for good or evil: their educational tendencies are very great and highly important, and it is in this point of view that we are led to consider all attempts at restriction worse than useless.

Poets, and suchlike, talk of first love — what an event in the life of man, or rather boy, is first play!

Not real gun, flesh and blood pony, *bona fide* watch that ticks and *will* go, not primal breeches nor original "long tail," not promised Christmas box, nor holidays enjoyed in anticipation, equal the longing expectation with which adolescence regards the near approach of the first promised play.

From that momentous day when Pa or Ma promise the young hopeful, that if he does so and so, or does not do so and so, he shall stay at home and be whipped, or go forth to play and supper, as the case may be —

(little first steps to bribery and corruption on the part of Pa and Ma, which young master turns to excellent use upon his own account, when he comes in the fulness of time to vote at elections) — there is neither peace nor rest in the mansion: night after night, the urchin reiterates his demand to be introduced to the presence of her majesty's servants on the boards of the theatre: Pa and Ma, worn out, wish in their hearts they had whipped the boy and said nothing of the theatre.

At last, however, they give it up, and what they promised at first in jest, are teased into performing in earnest.

Who can describe the delight of young master, as he draws near the magic portals opening to his inexperienced eyes the scenic world: with what a light and agile step he skips up stairs before Pa and Ma, nor pausing till he is stopped by the cheque-taker. The lights amaze his untutored optics, and, when he beholds the lobby, he imagines himself in the theatre, until pulled into a box by Pa or Ma. He looks round, as if enchanted, in that magic circle: he sniffs the mingled odours of saw-dust, train oil, and orange peel, thinking it a most delicious odour: the green curtain is a mystery, and the knocking of carpenters behind the same, seemeth something like goings on in another world. The altitude above to the sky-scraping galleries, and below to the abysses of the pit, amaze the juvenile: much wonderment doth he express at the emergence of the musicians from beneath the stage, and likeneth

them to rats popping out of holes: he grinneth with delight at the growing agregation of humanity in the pit—

> "At first while vacant seats give choice and ease,
> Distant or near, they settle where they please;
> But when the multitude contracts the span,
> And seats are rare, they settle where they can."

The rise of the footlights, day-dawn of the stage, strike him with greater wonder: he supposes, in Ma's ear, that the sun rises in that manner: Ma says that it is so, but that there is a difference in the machinery; the boy inquires what difference: Ma rebukes the boy for being inquisitive, directing his attention to a musician with a red face, who is regarded by the boy as an orchestral phenomenon.

Now, the leader emerges from the abyss with an air, hastily making his way through the vulgar herd of musicians as if he was afraid of catching something: now he taps with his bow, and looks around like Apollo in a fit: now squeaks, scrapes, grunts, and tootle-tootles resound through the house, notes of awful preparation. Now a black twinkling eye, (you are not to suppose it an odd one belonging to Vestris,) peeping through a hole in the green curtain, takes the measure of the house and the fulness thereof. Now a self-acting carpet crawls out from beneath the green curtain, disposing itself over the stage in a mysterious manner, indicative of the forthcoming enactment of that description of comedy called genteel, of which it is no treason to say that the carpet is oftentimes the best thing in it:

now the overture begins—"sit down there in front—take off your hats:" and now, as Mr Puff observes in the *Critic*, "*Up curtain, and let us see what our scene-painters have done for us!*"

There is nothing more amusing than looking at the play with your back to the stage, something in the way ladies, in their drawing rooms, are accustomed to scan the proceedings in the street below, by means of a mirror attached to a shutter of their window.

We find the faces of the spectators an excellent *camera lucida;* nor is there any thing connected with play-going in which we take more delight, than in witnessing the play of feature in a crowded house, and drawing our criticism from the varied expression of a thousand countenances.

We can trace in their expression the various classes of play-going people; some who come hither from motives of vanity, others for variety, others again for mere amusement; some to criticise; some because they have no where else to go to kill the *enemy;* some for one thing, some for another.

Behold that dashingly dressed woman in the private box next the stage; you imagine she is here to see the performance — no such thing; she sees neither actors nor auditors — hears neither the music nor the dialogue; her own play, performer and spectator in one; her box is the stage whereon she plays her frivolous part; every turn of the head is a dramatic point with her — every movement of the fan a situation — every change of posture a study of attitude. With what

affectation of coyness she half appears, and half retires behind the drapery of her box; how gracefully she flirts a book of the opera, and with what vulgar pertinacity she stares through the double-barrelled opera-glass, at a citizen's wife and daughters on t'other side of the house.

You think that ill-bred, but, Heaven help you! fixity and coolness of stare belongs to females—ladies, we should have said—of fashion. She talks and laughs aloud, too, that the house may take notice she is one of those who do as they please. She grins perpetually, not in gaiety of heart, but to show her teeth. Don Whiskerandos, who sits behind, keeps his nose-tip close to her ear, whispering I know not what, while ever and anon she flounces her head as if a flea, or something less nice, had got into her ear, but laughs the while, as if the whispers of the Don were shockingly amusing. Look at her again, and say if among God's creatures any makes so near an approach to the unreasoning brute as a foolish woman; or tell me if that poor creature does not at this moment imitate the antics of a monkey on a pole, a magpie on a rail, or a peacock on a garden wall!

Turn we now to the pit — portentous pit, sacred to critics, with power to save or damn!

Have the goodness, will you, to point out to us a critic? Certainly—that man in the fourth row from the orchestra, with the pepper and salt hair, staring like bristles on a hog's back — or, to speak poetically, "like angels' visits, few and far between;" him, I

mean, with the green spectacles, snuffy nose, and complexion which seems to have derived no advantage from the reduction of duty on soap: he is a critic.

You see with what intensity his eyes are fixed upon the stage, one hand at the back of his ear, least a syllable should escape him, the other grasping the book of the play, now for the first time being performed: the whole expression of his critical countenance is that of an anxiety to find fault, and a desire to convince you that he *thinks* he is thinking.

The days are gone, when the theatrical *quidnunc* was a man of note, a man of great authority. When reporters of parliamentary debates were not, and the breakfast tables of the town were as yet unflooded with deluges of senatorial water gruel, thinner and more mawkish than that issued by the absolute potentates of Somerset House, the theatre was the talking-stock of the town. Play-goers were as important as politicians; in the coffee and chocolate houses, theatrical critics great as junior lords of the treasury, and those who could go behind the scenes, as consequential as door-keepers at Downing Street.

In those days a new play was an event — as a new tax in ours, though attended with very different sensations: then it was not what will Pitt do, or what will Fox say, but what will Sheridian write, or how will Kemble play: then it was not, what new bill will be brought in, but what new farce will be brought out: then people talked, as now, of the House and the

Treasury, but never troubled themselves with the houses at Westminster, or the treasury at Whitehall.

The newspapers of those days, instead of telling us for our comfort, every morning, that we were all going to the dogs, would devote the leading article to invite us all to go to the play. In those Elysian days, the Senate kept their doors closed, spouted away at one another across the table, and nobody cared to hear a syllable, knowing as we now know, that the *end* of all the oratory is taxation; whereas the theatres furnished us with something or other worth hearing over night, and conversing upon in the morning, without costing us any thing more than the price of our admission,—and there an end on't.

Why is it not so now? Why are we bored beyond human endurance, by newspaper reports of parliamentary speeches German miles in length, while the theatrical business of the nation — much more amusing, and not one-fiftieth so expensive — is shoved away into obscure corners of our daily prints?

The palmy days of the theatrical critics, alas! are gone, and let the critics themselves go with them.

Ascend we into the galleries, and look about us. Curious it is among the gods, to watch the reflection in the faces of the unsophisticated spectators of what is going on upon the stage: the unmoved, stolid look of the smock-frocked clown, and stupid stare of wonder of his female companion; one glance at them suffices to shew that no ray of intellectual light can ever penetrate their

hide-bound skulls: they come for the Pantomime, and the antics of Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon, and Clown, make to them the highest attraction of the drama: upon them all the exertions of the first performers are utterly thrown away. Then there is the *mustachoed* Life-guardsman, stiff, erect, with an "eyes right" expression of countenance, and military stolidity of face — yet let a flourish of trumpets be heard, or a stage combat attract his attention, then mark how his countenance lightens, his eye flashes, and the spirit of the British soldier is developed.

Let Keeley, with his half stupid, doubly comical stare, appear upon the scene — not half so diverting is the stare of Keeley, as the universal grin of a well-filled house — reminding us of a gleam of sunshine playing upon the surface of the waters, or, to speak theatrically, like the sudden rising of the footlights. Or, let Harley, dancing on tiptoe across the stage, show his face, whereon Momus has set his seal, how hearty the *guffaw* that cachinnates round the regions occupied by the divinities — with what intense gratification do not the gods contemplate the mirth-inspiring man?

Verily, a student of human life and character will find as much food for observation before as behind the curtain.

Talking of behind the curtain, reminds us of our first introduction to that mysterious region — that manufactory of mimic worlds, where conjurers in fustian jackets and paper caps, without the help of

Aladdin's lamp, change you a forest into a front parlour; a desert into a dining-room; a stormy ocean into a flower garden; a palace into a den of thieves, — on the sound of a boatswain's whistle.

When a boy, *who* has not longed for his introduction behind the scenes? and who has not a latent longing to be behind the scenes, even when grown up to the stature of a man?

Behind the scenes — there is deep meaning in those three words, whether we take them metaphorically or literally.

At last, however, we attained to the object of our ambition — our friend, Sheridan Knowles, with his usual overflowing good nature, gave us the *entrée*. Had the state entrance been opened to us, we could not have felt more honoured than when admitted to the only door where hitherto we had been denied admission. Saluting with profound respect a group of gentlemen with pallid and rather sallow faces, in whom we thought we saw kings, ghosts, bandits, conspirators, and what not, in undress, we entered the house. Groping our way through a series of dark labyrinthine passages, sprinkled with saw-dust, and draperied with festoons of cobwebs, fancifully disposed, we came at length upon a strange portentous vault, fitted with racks, wheels, pullies, hawsers, and divers instruments of torture. Surely, thought we, those are the Tartarean shades of the theatre, where ghosts, dramatic, and melo-dramatic, spirits, bottle and other imps, are condemned to inhabit.

While pondering upon the uses of the intricate machinery, an ethereal being, clothed in white, who, we were informed, represented an attendant spirit, entered, engaged in conversation with a gnome in a blue pasteboard headpiece, with saucer eyes, who was engaged busily in eating bread and cheese, with radishes, of which the attendant spirit readily partook.

Going up stairs, we were detained by a violent altercation between Jupiter, gorgeously decked with a magnificent gilt-paper crown, and gems of real paste, and one of the carpenters, charged with having fastened a bunch of shavings to the Thunderer's rear, thereby exposing the Majesty of Olympus to the mockery of vulgar mortals. The culprit, to our unfeigned horror, addressed the Father of the Gods in a most irreverent manner, inviting him to proceed immediately to a certain place, which we had till now understood was tenanted, not by the gods, but by gentlemen of the opposite benches!

At the top of the stair stood Mercury, his *caduceus* in one hand, and a pot of porter in the other: we have heard of

> "The herald Mercury
> New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,"

but Mercury with a pot of porter was a novelty.

Endeavouring to pass between the messenger of Jove and the wall, we happened to strike against the thunder—a thin plate of sheet-iron hanging to a nail in the wall, emitting, at our touch, an awful sound: close

by, an imp was grinding a white substance, which we were told was powdered lightning.

Passing towards the *flat*, by which you are to understand the scene crossing the middle of the stage, those at either side being termed *wings*, a carpenter tapped our shoulder, expressing his pleasure at our arrival, and intimating his readiness to accept the customary "footing," as he called it, of a gallon of beer. Having satisfied this gentleman, we proceeded towards the green-room, encountering by the way the person who performed Clown in the Pantomime, complaining bitterly to the stage-manager of Columbine, who had "*spoiled*" him, or, in other words, wiped half the paint from his face, in return for some rather exceptionable familiarities in which the clown had thought proper to indulge, to the exquisite indignation of Columbine aforesaid.

In the green-room, we found an individual of grave deportment, and majestic air, talking very loud, apparently proprietor of the theatre, and all that was therein: on inquiry, however, we discovered that this great man was the low comedian of the house, enjoying the trifling salary of forty pounds a-week, and considering that the chief talent of this gentleman consists in grimacing and shrugging his shoulders, we could not help thinking his remuneration by no means inadequate.

A tall, tallow-faced young lady, of about five-and thirty, in a shabby bonnet and shawl, was detailing her theatrical grievances in a very high key to a lack-

a-daisical young man — who assented to every thing the tallow-faced lady said with a nod, saying nothing in return, which indeed was impossible, the tallow-faced lady talking in a loud tragedy rant, without the slightest intermission.

In a corner of the room sat a pretty girl in a very short tunic, with flesh-coloured silks, and ringlets down her back, busily engaged in reading a series of little three-cornered *billets*, occasionally raising her eyes, and stealing a glance at an opposite mirror. We cannot say that we observed much of that good-fellowship and familiar intercourse between the brethren and sisters of the green-room which we had been led to expect: on the contrary, we thought there appeared much ceremony and coolness in their intercourse — the cause of our disappointment in this matter, we leave to wiser heads than ours to determine.

If the playgoing reader expects at our hands a minute account of the architectural merit or demerit, the dimensions, altitudes, or capacities, of our several theatres, he is wofully mistaken, and must refer to the guide-books upon the subject. We cannot afford to fill our pages with the information one finds in sundry works now on the shelves of our library, such as "Drury Lane had its origin in a cockpit, but was afterwards called the Phœnix; that ten of the actors, who formed part of the royal establishment, and were called 'gentlemen of the great chamber,' had ten yards of scarlet cloth, with a suitable quantity of lace, allowed them annually. That the Phœnix was

destroyed by fire, but arose from its ashes, according to the custom of that wild fowl, at the bidding of a Wren. That the young Phœnix underwent many alterations, but finally had its neck twisted by Holland, who made a third Phœnix on the spot, with a gizzard capable of containing three thousand six hundred spectators. That owing to the embarrassments of poor Sherry, the face of the new Phœnix never was finished, and the entire fowl was once more roasted, in the spring of 1809, to the utter ruin of poor Sherry, and the great glory of Whitbread, the brewer, who hatched a fourth Phœnix, face and feathers inclusive, at the trifling expense of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

There is a story extant of Sheridan the lessee, and Holland the architect, much too good to be omitted.

The latter could by no means prevail upon the former to *settle*, that is, in plain English, to pay up his little bill; and after hanging about Sherry's house, and hovering over the theatre day after day, at last caught him one fine morning attending a rehearsal. As soon as Sheridan saw him, he went up to the architect, exclaiming! "My dear Holland, how d'ye do? You are the very man I wanted to see; I have a thousand apologies to make to you, and fully intended to call upon you as soon as the rehearsal was over." Holland thanked him, and entered immediately upon the subject of their accounts, upon which Sheridan replied, "My dear Holland, they shall all be settled in the course of the morning; but do you know,

although for my part I am one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the beauty of this theatre, which I think will remain for years a splendid monument of your taste and genius, yet they tell me that the people in the one shilling gallery can scarcely hear a word that the performers utter?" Mr Holland expressing his surprise at this remark, Sheridan said, "Now, I will go up into the gallery, and you shall stay on the stage. I will address you, and you shall ascertain the truth of the observation yourself."

Sheridan accordingly mounted up into the lofty region allotted to the gods, from whence he affected, in dumb show, and with much apparent emphasis, to address the architect, who stood in amazement below, repeatedly calling out, "Speak louder, I can't hear!" After some time spent in this manner, Sheridan descended, asking Holland if he heard him tolerably well? the latter declaring that he must confess that he had not heard a word Mr Sheridan had uttered; whereupon the latter exclaimed, "Why, Holland, I really know not how to believe you. Why, I have been bawling till I thought my lungs would have burst. Surely you have a cold this morning, that has prevented you from hearing me. Now, do *you* ascend the gallery, and speak to *me*."

With this proposal Holland immediately complied, and when after considerable fatigue he had reached that elevated spot, and had walked down to the front seat to address Sheridan from that tremendous height,

he found *no one on the stage!* Sheridan had availed himself of the interval of their separation to leave the theatre, and poor Mr Holland, who speedily discovered the hoax, had to encounter a thousand shifts and stratagems of the manager, before he could obtain another successful interview.

When this unlucky house, under the mismanagement of Sheridan, was at the lowest ebb of popular disfavour, an afterpiece was produced called the *Caravan*, in which a part was allotted to a dog called Carlo, who was required to jump into a small tank of water fixed in the middle of the stage, from whence he was to seize a doll, intended to imitate a child, and bring it on shore. Such was the infatuation of the people, that after having nearly deserted Drury Lane for a long time before, they returned in crowds to it, merely to see a living dog jump into a real piece of water. The folly spread among all classes; it was as difficult to squeeze into the pit or galleries, as it was to procure places in the boxes.

A whimsical caricature appeared at the time, representing Carlo in the act of saving the manager from drowning.

We recollect at this very house, some years ago, the performances being the "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" and "CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO," counting, at the rising of the curtain, *eighteen* persons in *all* parts of the house; yet soon after, when VAN AMBURGH converted the house into a "*menagerie*," regaling more senses than one with his wild animals, it was next

to impossible to procure a place for love or money.

But we must not rashly predicate a depraved taste in the town, from its occasional aberration into freaks and fancies illegitimate; merit alone will not do for London — good things are not good every day in the year. Nothing can be better than roast beef and plum-pudding, yet to be condemned to eat nothing else would utterly destroy the relish. It is the same with the drama: the town tires of the legitimate, grows cold, inattentive, and indifferent, takes a dislike to its ordinary diet, and devours liver with Sheridan's water-dog, or crunches beef bones with Van Amburgh's lions.

The town cannot bear to be compelled to an undeviating routine of first-rate tragedy, or accomplished comedy; trivial, even childish things, with the gloss of extreme novelty, it runs after with a delight the highest exercises of poesy and wit will at times fail to elicit. Authors may whine over, and critics cry out against this propensity; it is of our nature, and we do it every one.

If the greatest men that ever lived have not disdained to solace themselves with the merest trifles, why should not the great public trifle also? It is only for a time that infantile attractions preponderate; the public mind, tired of mere amusement, soon returns to him who can mingle amusement with instruction. There must be intermittent periods, cold fits, to which the play-going portion of the public will

be ever subject; but these are not for all times, and the time in which we write shows a healthy re-action in this respect.

The fortunes of Drury Lane have been, of late years, uniformly unpropitious, attributable, in a great degree, to the mismanagement of the committee, desirous of attaining a greater rent than the lessees could by any reasonable possibility liquidate.

Twenty-two years ago they demanded, and expected to receive, from ELLISTON, the sum of ten thousand two hundred pounds *per anuum*, for fourteen years. The result of that unfortunate manager's speculation is well known; he became bankrupt, and from that day until the present, when Macready has succeeded to the empire of Old Drury at a rent comparatively insignificant, the theatre has been the scene of successive managerial catastrophes, while the proprietors have had nothing to do but meet, grumble, abuse one another, and vote dead dividends.

At present we have every hope of a resuscitation of the legitimately dramatic honours of this, our peculiarly national theatre, under the management of Mr Macready — a gentleman who, whatever may be his merits or defects as a performer, is justly entitled to the merit, as manager, of sustaining with proper pride the respectability of the concern to which he has devoted his capital and talent.

It is not our purpose to dwell minutely upon the particulars of structure or decoration in any of our theatres — that, as we have before stated, not falling

within the scope of our proposed undertaking; but we cannot help noticing—no one who enters Drury Lane theatre can help noticing—the extremely light, elegant, and simple character of its interior, the open fluted, gilt Corinthian pillars on either side the stage, with the boxes enclosed by them, have a very rich and *telling* effect. The old green curtain removed, and replaced by a rich crimson, flounced deeply with gold fringe, drawing to either side, and disclosing a gorgeous drop scene, is a vast improvement, though somewhat heterodox—a theatre without a green curtain seeming like no theatre at all. The good taste displayed in the panels, crimson and gold forming broad unbroken masses, instead, as in some other houses, of being frittered away into little patches of colour and scrapes of gilding, giving to the general effect a trivial, gingerbread character. The pit, converted by back and side railings into so many stalls, is an admirable arrangement, obviating much railing of a less supportable character; the accommodations of the dress and other circles are equally unexceptionable.

Covent Garden Theatre, the younger sister, by fifty years, of old Drury, has fewer historical associations, with the more than counterbalancing advantage of not having been more than once tried in the fire.

This theatre had its origin in a patent granted to Sir William Davenant, whose company was styled the "Duke's servants," in compliment to the Duke of York, afterwards James II. The original theatre was first opened by the celebrated Rich, about one hundred

and ten years ago, and its career, though occasionally unprosperous, has generally been more successful than that of its great rival of Drury. While the interior has not the rich and tasteful elegance that, before the curtain, distinguishes the rival house, it may be asserted without fear of contradiction, that under no management hitherto have all the accessories of the scene, down to the minutest trifle — even the pattern of a shoe or the fashion of a glove — been so minutely, scrupulously, and fastidiously attended to, as since the authority in these matters has fallen into the hands of Vestris.

The illusion of the scene is indeed, in some instances, perfect. Who that recollects, in LONDON ASSURANCE, the house in Gloucestershire of Mr Harkaway, with its verandahs, Venetian blinds, plate glass windows, and splendid furniture seen here and there within; and then, the exquisite little flower garden surrounding this hospitable mansion of "a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time," and the gravel walks, upon which you might almost hear the pebbles crunch beneath the tread of the performers; who that recollects this exquisite scene does not envy the force of impudence that procured for Mr Pye Hillary an invitation to such comfortable quarters?

The drawing-room scene in the same play, too, was really an introduction to fashionable life: we were admitted to the mansion of a person of first-rate fortune and refined taste: *we*, who have no opportunity of knowing how the war is carried on among folks

of ten or twelve thousand a-year, are indebted to the manager of this theatre for a letter of introduction. We are quite serious when we say that the minute attention to the conventionalities of genteel life displayed in the scenes of London Assurance — and for which we are altogether indebted to the taste and judgment of the management — is a lesson of minor morals; and that, from witnessing that representation, a person who may have had the misfortune to have his education neglected, will learn more of the life of good society than he could learn in a twelvemonth from "Hints on Etiquette" or the lessons of a dancing-master.

In the "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," in like manner, it was delightful to see the creations of Shakespeare realized to the utmost capacity of scenic effect; indeed, not only in this, but in every other production of this house, there is not left to the eye of the most fastidious any thing to wish for. The exquisite taste that pervaded the Olympic, under the same management, is transferred to a more extended sphere, and is displayed with greater breadth and concentration of effect.*

At the rival house, too, a Royal academician, and one of no mean reputation, does not disdain to lend his pencil to illustrate the compositions of HANDEL; so that we may safely say, taking all things into account, that the fastidious and capricious public were never so liberally catered for by both our managers of the patent theatres than at the present moment.

* The observations in the text apply to the management of Drury in 1841.

At the little theatre in the Haymarket the manager goes on very steadily, satisfied probably with the patronage the public so liberally extend to him; but it cannot be denied, that to an epicurean play-goer, one who must have something to stimulate, astonish, delight, or even to condemn, the Haymarket is not the place: sensations are not the rage there; old stock pieces are played by the old stock company, old Strickland and the rest, until we are positively unable to stand it any longer.

Then comes a *novelty* — five acts of third-rate common-places, delivered by fifth-rate characters, hardly held together by a tenth-rate plot; the hero stalking, talking, moralizing, and sentimentalizing through the whole affair, the rest of the characters forming a stage auditory, unable to get in a word edgeways.

This, with the interior of a gambling-house for scenic effect, the hero proposing to one young lady, another young lady for whom he had formerly proposed standing by all the while, by way of a situation — this sort of thing, which is called a play, published at four mortal "*tanners*" a copy, and turned out with some short, sharp, taking title, such as "GAMMON," "FUSTIAN," "RUBBISH," "HUMBUG," "BAMBOO," "GIBLETS," or the like, is a thing for boarding-schools to visit bodily, and for man-milliners — for whom indeed this description of drama seems chiefly intended — to swear by!

When the run of this precious production is over, the Haymarket puts in the waggons again: "TOWN

AND COUNTRY" for instance, with WALLACK, who really should refuse to play the part, working like a coal-whipper through the semi-sentimentalism and half-heroics of that incarnation of rustic blockheadism, Reuben Glenroy. "SPEED THE PLOUGH," and all that sort of clod-hopping, which did very well in the days of bob-wigs and spencers, but really is as unsuitable to the taste of our time, as one of Pickford's heavy vans to carry the mail, or a West country barge to the purposes of Transatlantic communication.

The taste of the town at present — and managers ought to look to this — seems to have settled upon operatic performances, and upon comedies of everyday life.

With regard to the former, we presume that it is one of the rages that attack the town at intervals, like hot fits of an ague: the magic name of KEMBLE, and the talent of the young lady who lately retired, worthily sustaining the credit of her name, have had a good deal to do in making operatic entertainments the fashion; and, as light, elegant, and, to the masses, novel entertainments, it is possible that they may continue in vogue as long as our native talent is able to sustain their peculiar character and spirit.

But with respect to the latter, the popular taste has, within the last few years, sustained a decided revolution: even the highly polished, epigrammatic wit, and terse, pointed, sparkling dialogue of Sheridan fail to please now, as they used, because it is not in nature to have a concentration of wit in every scene, a *bon mot*

in every question, in every reply a repartee. The quick, nimble, apprehensive, are delighted, no doubt, but the masses cannot seize as it flies the sparkling evanescence of the dialogue: whence these exquisite gems of art are for the closet oftener than for the stage, and for the few rather than the many.

Much less can the improved, educated, and refined taste of our time relish the heavy sentiment, dull conceit, wire-drawn dialogues, awkward plots, or character caricatured of the moralizing drama: nobody will pay to be preached at from the stage, when they can be preached at from the pulpit for nothing. The "slow" school has quite gone out of fashion: we laugh heartily at stilted tragedy—indeed, tragedy is out of date; and sentimental comedy affects us contrariwise. The ideal, mystificatory, mouthing, stalk-horsing, fog-in-a-bottle five act play system will, be assured, come down "by the run," and nothing under a peerage will sustain the reputation of the man who sticks to it. The play-going world is now "wide awake;" we have made a grand discovery of late years, that *life* still *lives*, that character is to be caught from common life—that life which delights us in the representation, because it is our life in the reality—which amuses and instructs us *because we know it*—which strikes us like the faithful portrait of an old-remembered friend—it is this life of common everyday manners that takes us by storm in dramatic as in narrative representation.

The distinguished and pre-eminently popular Boz was the first, of late years, who cured the public of

that short-sightedness that could see nothing amusive or instructive in the life that lay close under their eyes; what he has done off the stage, the town now delights to see done on it. Take, for example, the success of the popular performance of "LONDON ASSURANCE," than which we cannot adduce a more striking instance of the strength as well as the direction of the tide of public favour. The critics, to be sure, said a great many critical things in its disparagement of the play, to wit, that the plot was commonplace — so are the plots of common life: that the dialogue was occasionally dull — so are the dialogues even of critics occasionally dull: that many of the good things were borrowed — so are a great many of *our* good things borrowed: that the interest sometimes flags — so does the interest of daily life sometimes flag: what, in fact, are these objections but so many confirmatory testimonies to the concurrence of this representation of common life, or prototype, with its original?

Having thrown away a word or two upon the state of the public taste, at the time we are writing, as regards matters theatrical, we can scarcely consider this part of our subject complete, while omitting any consideration of our present state and prospects of dramatic talent, as exhibited in the author and actor. Of the former we will speak, when we come to consider the literary character in the gross; of the latter, we can find no better opportunity to say a few words than the present.

We cannot boast at the present moment of an actor, male or female, who stands alone, unapproachable, unsurpassable, whose position is so lofty, and so sure, that it cannot, save by death, be shaken — such a position as GARRICK, JOHN KEMBLE, SIDDONS, KEAN held by common suffrage, and universal assent — there is no such individual on our boards — no monarch player domineers over the mimic world.

We are in that state of *interregnum* in which talent becomes more prominent, and pains-taking more praiseworthy, from the opportunity afforded by vacancies in the very highest walks of the drama; the public are waiting for the rising of a particular star, that they may follow it, but no star arises to greet their longing eyes. The histrionic giants — the future Garricks, Siddonses, and Keans, are in *embryo*, and will bestow their treasures upon posterity.

Mediocrity on the stage seems the character of the present day.

The rare union of the mental and physical attributes that alone form the great actor, are wanting to our tragedians. There is one—we will not mention names, either in praise or blame, these gentlemen having, like Highland chiefs, their respective factions, who would tear us into pieces if we breathed on the lustre and perfect chrysolite of their choice.

This is one of the grand sources of error, perpetually welling up from the hearts of men, who make to themselves a god of their idolatry — men of cliques, critics

aying upon one man like Paganini upon one cat-gut, rather not so much playing on the man, as playing ie man upon the public.

This course has been adopted with respect to one minent tragedian, whose acting without the sphere of is faction, that is to say, with the town at large, is ot admired, yet is he a man of education, taste, nd mind—can grasp the scope and scanning of is author as forcibly, more so, perhaps, than any man iving, and is as completely master of the technicalities, or secondary business of his art. Yet, what is the act? nature having denied him the mobility of facial nuscle, the erratic eye, wandering and lightening, or adly fixed with the changing expression of the noment; the modulated voice, full and sonorous in levelopment, soft and silvery in retentive passages; out, above all, the almost mysterious power, which nly the very first tragedians ever possessed, or ever will possess, of absorbing, losing, merging the actor in the character—the player in his play; this eminent tragedian is not only not enthusiastically admired, but with the great bulk of the town is, as we have said, sometimes distasteful.

The fact is, nature has denied him the *physique* for the successor of Kean; we do not know that we have not done him more than justice, when we said that all the mental attributes of success belong to him —for we think we have observed, that intensity of feeling is often wanting; but no matter what may be

the refinement of a man's taste, his knowledge of his profession, or his desire for its elevation and respectability — all which, the gentleman we allude to possesses in an eminent degree — if he never can play any body but himself, play whatever he will; if the tone of voice, never varied and never pleasing, the face and its expression ever and always the same; the stage tread, nay, even the turn of the head, forbid to imagine for a moment that we are looking at *Coriolanus*, or *Richard*, or *Macbeth*, and not at Mr So-and-So, of the Theatre Royal — *which you please.*

We do not imagine that the warmest admirers of this gentleman can take offence at our enumeration of defects with which the man himself has nothing to reproach himself, any more than he has because he may be six feet high, or have a mark upon his nose.

They will say, perhaps, that it is ungenerous to mention the defects of nature, as precluding a man from taking the highest rank his profession or the public can bestow; but in return, we take the liberty to inquire whether it be not more than ungenerous — whether it be not unjust to the man, as well as to the public, to set up as the great tragedian of the day, one whose natural defects deprive him of half — the lesser half, we cheerfully admit — of those attributes that must necessarily unite in him who hopes to live beyond his age as a first-rate tragic actor?

At another house, we find one more of the spoilt children of newspaper criticism — and we *will* say, that if we wished evil to any man of talent, it would

be that he should become the idol of a petty clique, and be by them exalted to a genius.

We believe the ruin of many a young man of promising parts, who, had he been let alone, would have struggled and toiled night and day to rise to the level of his own estimation of what a man ought to do towards excellence — may be traced to the absurd and unreasonable praises of injudicious critics, who, wishing to push him forward, often throw him upon his face, never to rise again.

When a man gets a clique of this sort at his back, he becomes insolent, idle, and conceited, fancies that the applauses of critics reflect the approbation of the public, and that all that man can do, *he* does.

Alas! how many birds of Jove — or, *by* Jove — who, thinking they have power to wing an eagle's flight, "with an eye that never winks, and a pinion that never tires," are found, upon making trial, grievously afflicted with the *pip*, and marvellously weak in the pen-feather!

If we might soar so far above our humble flight, as to venture a word of advice to a child of genius, it would be this — that, secluding himself studiously from praise, more especially of sets or cliques of men, he should study to deserve his own: *this*, if he have the spirit of a man athirst for lasting fame, he will never possess; for excellence is above the clouds, and the nearest approach to it is made only by him who is *ever* struggling to attain it.

Sets and cliques give reputation at too cheap a rate,

at a rate far below the price a man who wishes the sterling article is willing to pay for it; in the solitude of his chamber let a man study to estimate himself, not in a circle of applauding friends; the greatest minds have ever stood alone, and kept aloof from tittle-tattle criticism, and the praises that flow from the lips of gossips.

What is it that makes a paltry Academician think himself a great painter?

Because he is *of* the Academy.

What coerces members of the British Association for the encouragement of eating, drinking, and gadding, into the belief that they are philosophers?

Because their fellow-philosophers tell them so.

What makes a youth, who may by accident find his verses edged into a periodical, consider himself a Wordsworth?

Because old ladies of both sexes read them with pleasure.

What makes any man a fool, but the foolish praises of hasty, injudicious, and partial admirers?

We were going to observe that the son, *not* the successor, of the greatest tragedian of our time, has suffered much from this propensity to praise assailing him at the outset of his professional career; at the time, too, when the memory of his distinguished father, who was a great actor because he couldn't help it — the soul, fire, and intensity of genius breaking forth in every look he wore, in every line he uttered, which, if he would, he *could* not have suppressed — was fresh

in the public mind. Study, labour, a fair share of talent, and, above all, bearing his faculties meekly, have enabled him to overcome both his friends and the memory of his great predecessor, so as to sustain a highly creditable position in his profession; but we hear no more of the *great* son of a great father — such phenomena are rare indeed, and this is not of them.

There is no high comedian upon the stage.

Our dramatic gentlemen are, since the retirement of Charles Kemble, the most extraordinary sticks — there is not one who can either look, speak, or act the finished gentleman of our, or any other day. Why should we be astonished at this, however, when even off the stage the accomplished gentleman is so extremely rare? Some are foppish, overdoing their man; others, slow, heavy, and languid, ape feebly the cool *nonchalance* of the man of fashion, which none, save the man of fashion, can perform with effect, for, in him, this is not acting, but natural; he acquires his manner from his position, and is what he is, because thus he has ever been.*

* "The following sums of money, it has been calculated, make nearly the amount spent in theatrical amusements, on Monday, the 26th December, 1842, at the fourteen theatres that are now open in the metropolis. Covent-Garden, L.350: Drury-Lane, L.350: Haymarket, L.220: Adelphi, L.120: Olympic, L.80: Princesses, L.200: Royal Marylebone, L.100: Surrey, L.140: Victoria, L.120: Sadler's Wells, L.80: Queen's, L.75: Garrick, L.60: Norton-Falgate, L.90: Pavilion, L.75: Total, L.2,060.

The Saloons licensed to perform musical entertainments, at which money is taken at the doors, places of well known celebrity, as follows: — Grecian Saloon, L.150: Albert Saloon, L.100: Bower Saloon, L.50: Yorkshire Stingo, L.40: Total, L.2,400, taken on this evening at the doors of the various theatres." — *Observer, Jan.* 1, 1843.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TOWER AND THE ABBEY.

"Snug lying in the abbey."—RIVALS.

THERE are one or two exhibitions—though it is hardly respectful to call them by that shilling-associated title—which we have postponed, for the purpose of trying to do justice to the great names with which they are associated, and the historical, classical, and personal recollections to which a visit to either of them—the ABBEY and the TOWER—give rise.

But we find, with regret, that the more we ponder and reflect upon those repertories of national monuments—whether the bones of the mighty dead in the one, or their trophies in the other—whether we contemplate the scene of tears, groans, sighs, and weary nights and days of captivity in the Tower, or tread lightly over the hallowed spot

"Where even the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and the oppress'd—"

we feel more and more incapable of treating these

memorable places in the way, and with that high tone they merit.

There is something in the system by which one is compelled to visit both the Abbey and the Tower—driven in a crowd, like a flock of sheep, before the warder or ranger who acts as shepherd, which is death to all romance, and, as Burns has it, "hardens a' within, and petrifies the feeling." The telling down of sixpences upon the nail, as if we were going into a "*bus*," has something in it, we know not what, that reduces the current of your thoughts into a sixpenny level, and effectually puts an end to all the pleasure you proposed to yourself to derive from meditation.

Your idea of the place becomes degraded into that of a sixpenny show; and when you are hustled by a crowd of curious impertinents, cockneys, private soldiers—who get in for nothing—*aborigines* from the provinces, and the like, we defy the utmost powers of abstraction to carry you beyond the notion that you are merely going through the vulgar routine of sight-seeing; killing, in short, one of the lions.

If we could choose our time—if the Abbey and the Tower, instead of being let to small parties at sixpence a-head, could be hired by the day or hour, like one of Searle's eight-oared cutters, would we not have a meal of them?

Yea, even a banquet; we would feast, revel in recollections, and the reader should have our tediousness willingly bestowed upon him, even at the risk of a surfeit.

For a visit to the Tower, we should choose the early dawn of a cold, grey, autumnal morning, when the sighing wind, detaching the yellow leaf, should gently lay it at our feet, emblem of the fate of all things human—long ere the stir of busy foot was abroad, and while yet the even tread of the sentinel on the battlements, and the answering echo of his footfall, were the only sounds that met the ear, would we seat ourselves pensively in the melancholy prison-chamber, or spell over and over again the rude memorials of their durance, inscribed by the faltering hands of hopeless captives—writing their own epitaphs!

The Abbey we should visit in a mild evening in spring, when the warm sun—element of kindling life—streams his declining rays through the traceried window, and when all the world without is springing into renewed existence.

How awful the thought that *here*, within these walls, there is no spring:—

> "The spring returns, but not to *them* the spring,
> Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's sun,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine."

Here is perpetual winter—here the cold hand of death keeps down rebellious spirits that brooked not the supremacy of kings, and forbids alike monarchs farther to oppress, or slaves longer to succumb—all base earth, royal, noble, gentle, and simple. Kings,

warriors, what are they here but cowards and slaves? What is all that is left of the greatest, mightiest, and best of them, worth?—old bones, five pounds for twopence. Above these bones what remain to do them honour?—a cold stone, a noseless block, a cherub blubbering, fame blowing a noiseless trumpet, an epitaph recording every virtue—they had *not!*

After all, was it for the honour of being deposited in this lofty and well-proportioned bone-house, that the crumbling dust below these marbles kept the world in hot water?

We stamp upon the vault where lies all that the rats have left of Elizabeth our queen, and the reverberated sound quivers around the tomb of her sister and her victim, Mary of Scotland. Did the heartless old woman dream that she would rot in the next cellar?

> "Drop upon Fox's tomb a tear,
> 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;"

an' if it will, where was the use of those men keeping at such mortal distance, and interchanging words of high defiance through life, when death lays them here, at heads and tails, like beggars in St Giles's?

We are here, and we tell you, Edward the Confessor, Richard the Second, Elizabeth, and the rest of the royal skeletons—and *you*, meaner phosphates of Dukes, Princes, Field-Marshals, Admirals of the Red, Courtiers, Ministers of State—and you also, crack-skulls of Poets' Corner—that the humble individual

who has the honour to address you — we, even *we*, the warm blood careering merrily through these blue veins; our osteology kept together by sinewy ligaments, wrapped up in warm surtouts of good stout muscle, and covered with its appropriate cuticle; able to move about and go whither we list, take the air, hear the lark carol, and look at the sunbeams dancing on the rippling waters; yea, we consider ourselves worthier, greater, mightier than ye all!

Hark in your ear, Bess, down below — can you sign our death-warrant? We should rather think not, old lady!

Where are your lying poets, idolatrous courtiers, your pet dogs of humanity, your two-legged poodles, yea, and your wise men — where is that old *muff*, Burleigh; where honest Walsingham; where courtly Leicester; where gallant Essex, and still more gallant Raleigh? Where is Anthony Rudd, who preached before you, and told you that age "had furrowed your face, and besprinkled your hair with its meal?" Where are all the poor wretches you put to death, d'ye hear?

No answer.

* * * * * *

Lie still, ye unimportant, useless dead — what are ye now more than meanest dust? The present crier of the court at Westminster Hall over the way, is of more moment in the eyes of men than the whole lot of ye — yea, even the live beadle of Pancras parish

is more gorgeous, and Coroner Wakley oftener in the mouths of men!

What had you in life more than I have now?—power, flattery, pomp?—power, to abuse it—flattery, to be befooled in the ear with—and pomp, to contrast with the dank, dark hole wherein are stowed away your miserable relics. Bah! let me *live*—as long as I can, as well as I can, and as contented as I can; let me thank God for what I have, which is better to me than all your subterraneous Majesties and Graces ever *had;* be yours the preterite, *mine* the present and the future tense; and when death comes for his debt, what can befal me worse than to be like you—buried and forgotten? Where will be, then, in brief, the difference between us? no more than this—you rot within, I without Westminster Abbey.

To come down a peg or two, leaving meditations to Hervey, who understood that sort of thing, the Abbey is a pleasant lounge in warm, or we should rather say very *hot* weather: then, it is of the temperature of an ordinary ice-house, and with a pair of cork soles, a muffler, and a skull-cap—without which no one who does not wish to join company with the illustrious dead should enter the fane—we can get on very pleasantly.

Depositing your hat and cane with a foolish-faced, whisker-fringed man in a black gown in Poet's Corner, you dangle about, looking at the tomb of John Dryden, observing, by the way, that the nobleman who had the honour of contributing the stone—a Duke of

Buckingham, we believe — has had his own name cut in letters as large as those of the great man he professes to commemorate.

Whitbread the brewer put up a bust of MILTON in Cripplegate Church, but he had the good taste not to inscribe beneath it, "put up here by Whitbread the brewer:" however, when a Duke does a handsome thing, he has a right to take care that his merit shall be handsomely acknowledged!

In that corner behold the chastest tablet and best inscription in the church,

O RARE BEN JONSON!

There is the tablet to the memory of poor GOLDSMITH, the profile of the poet — a true Hibernian profile, by the way — with the inscription from the pen of the great SAM. JOHNSON: then there is the monument to SHAKESPEARE, and PRIOR, and GAY, and—but a batch has by this time been collected, and you are desired to move onward, stopping only to deposit your sixpence on the tomb of some defunct Abbot, who has the perpetual chink of silver rattling in his ear — pity the good old soul cannot hear it — and you are free of the house.

The guides, as we have said, conduct you at such a rapid rate, that you have no time to admire or think over what you see: in fact, each chapel would occupy with pleasure an entire day; that of HENRY VII. you would hardly thoroughly exhaust in two.

When the guides leave you, however, you can stroll more at leisure through the body of the church — and if you have a sentimental fellow-meditator — one who will not talk, but who will *think* with you, there is no greater pleasure of the calm, contemplative kind, than flitting from tomb to tomb, and pausing to recall wandering recollections of the doings in the flesh of the mouldering tenants below. As an effect of contrast, you cannot do better than spend the fore part of your day in Westminster Hall, amid the rush of witnesses and clients, the bustle of attorneys,

> The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
> The pert dispute, the dull debate,
> The drowsy bench, the babbling hall —

and then walk across the way to the Abbey.

The vanity of all human ambitions cannot be more forcibly illustrated.

In the Hall, you see learned gentlemen in wigs, crowing, arguing, and combating like rival bantams for fame. You see hordes — swarms of the briefless, condemned for life to look on while other men are eating; or, what is an hundred-fold worse, to listen, while other men are speaking, by the incurable thirst of fame. You behold judges on the bench, representing years of midnight anxiety and toil, employed in reaching that envied elevation, for the hope of fame.

Half a minute's walk brings you to a silent city, where kings, heroes, beauties, titles, fortunes, sleep neglected — the sleep of death — no one remembering,

caring for, or troubling their heads about them. We behold in the tombs how petty is grandeur — how puny, power — beauty, how unsightly — fame, how obscure — fortune, how mean; when, after this, we return to the haunts of men, so far from seeing any thing admirable, or mighty, or great, we behold a little busy hive of stinging unprofitable creatures, humming and droning away their little lives, and leaving no more lasting memories behind them than the drones of the hive of lesser insects.

CHAPTER X.

The Stomachs of London.

About a month or two ago we gave the patient reader the slip — it was at Smithfield Bars, on a busy market morning.

There is much to see, and something it may be to smell in Smithfield on a market morning. Its penned thousands of Leicesters, South Downs, and Merinos — its countless thousands of fatted swine — its multitudes of bleating lambs, pretty dears, so soon to be swallowed with mint sauce, salad, and the usual *et ceteras* — its streets of living oxen, whose broad backs form a level leathery floor, over which you often see adventurous drovers, stick in hand, take their desperate way.

Corpulent graziers, with leathern pocket-book crammed with bank of England notes; enterprising knackers, wholesale dealers in that favourite article of food, horse flesh, subsequently retailed to the lieges in *à la mode* beef, mutton pies, sausages, and a variety of other fancy costumes: lynx-eyed salesmen, who have but to glance at a beast to know how many stone he weighs, offal inclusive: journeymen butchers look-

ing for a job: policemen on the scent after roving pickpockets: chawbacons in smock-frocks, munching bread and cheese, or gazing listlessly around from the secure eminence of a waggon-load of hay: shepherds and drovers from all quarters of the agricultural world, and you have a morning at Smithfield.

Truly, ravenous reader, it is a goodly stomach that same Smithfield; like our own, empty as a gallipot the greater part of the week, but filled even to repletion upon market days. In our case, you will understand market day to be that when some hospitable Christian, pitying our forlorn condition, delights our ears with the unwonted but musical "Dine with me," when, be assured, we eat and drink vindictively, like an author at his publisher's!

Shepherds and their dogs, we delight to contemplate.

Strictly speaking, there is nothing Arcadian about either master or *colley* — both are the roughest-looking creatures you ever beheld; but there is something about the physiognomy of shepherds that interests and pleases us — a dreamy look, such as poets wear, the result of a lone life upon the hills, and much more companionship with nature than with man.

Take that tall, erect fellow, for example, leaning against the rails where are penned some ten score of black cattle; even if you overlook his plaided scarf, there is enough of nationality in his ample forehead, skirted by thin sandy hair, his clear azure eye, and high cheekbones, to assure you he is a descendant of

the Picts. He has no pipe, like your British shepherd, but applies the "sneeshin-mull" ever and anon to his proboscis. His dog, queer frizzly beast, but no more a bumpkin than his master, sits, taking unwonted rest, upon his tailless hunkers, but ever and anon turns his head, quick and sharp, in the direction of the "black-faces," over whom, for many a weary league, he was posted as whipper-in or adjutant.

Now the shepherd, tired of leaning against the rail, goes over to an old woman's book-stall, turning over and cheapening the volumes. See, the colley follows, looking up into his master's visage with erudite nose. No doubt on 't, that cur is familiar with books; and we should be no whit astonished to find him, upon examination, as well read as many a cockney.

Now, if you please, reader, we will be off, for although *our* clothes cannot suffer, yet the concussion of greasy butchers, drovers, ragamuffins, and the like, may contaminate by spot or stain, your unexceptionable "rig out." Before we leave the market, however, let us step up stairs to the first floor room of the "Cock and Gooseberry," and take a *coup-d'œil* of the busy scene from the window.

What a paradise of beef! What snow clad vales of mutton! What an undulatory sea of swine, tossing and tumbling like Neptune in his sleep, though rather less melodious!

There, sir, you behold neither more nor less than dinner for three — days of the capacious maw of universal London. What do we say? Where is New-

gate market, mighty in butcher meat?—where Leadenhall, tremendous in turkeys?—where Billingsgate, alive with finny prey? Scaly reader, we have eaten nothing, positively nothing; let us be off to Billingsgate for a fin of fish—take our poultry on our way back at Leadenhall—spoil a baron of beef at Newgate, and consume at Covent-garden our *hors d'œuvres* and dessert.

When you reach the Monument on Fish Street Hill, you have only to follow your nose; find Billingsgate by the scent, regaled with every variety of "ancient and fish-like smell:" Lochfine herrings, Dutch *ditto*, swimming in seas of crimsoned brine; Finnan haddies, lying on the flat of their backs, inviting purchasers; Yarmouth bloaters; split salmon, of which you may command even a solitary rasher, if you have the twopenny-worth of circulating "browns" wherewith to remunerate the vender for the same. In brief, you proceed through a leading thoroughfare of dried fish, until you arrive at a small incommodious and pitiful little hole, like the dirty dock wharf of a provincial seaport. Have a care of looking round, or you will probably break your shins over a retail lot of shrimps, lobsters, or flat-fish, refuse of the morning's market. This is Billingsgate.

If you happen to be a Liverpool man, you will turn up your nose with contempt, and invite us to express our approbation of your fish-market. And so, with a safe conscience, we may; for never did we see any piscatory mart that was not, to use an expression borrowed from Billingsgate, *a scaly* concern in com-

parison. But, my dear sir, recollect that Billingsgate is not a fish-market, but a fish-warehouse—a place of import—a great fish exchange. The market is in the three thousand fishmongers' shops, (we have counted here five hundred carts one morning at one time,) of every neighbourhood in and about the metropolis; yea, as far as railways can carry the article in a saleable condition. Business is carried on here, as every where else throughout London, where a large amount of business has to be done in a short space of time—that is to say, by factors who expose lots suited to the wants or means of intending purchasers by auction, which are purchased either by the retail dealer in person, or by his commission agent. By this expeditious process the market is opened, cleared, and closed within a few hours: in summer, before the regular working day begins.

At four o'clock, P.M. every day, under the auspices of the landlord of the THREE TUNS, within the market is served up a truly substantial and excellent fish dinner, but different, indeed, both as to cooking and charges, from the more costly and *recherché* feeds at Greenwich or Blackwall. The banquet consists of a variety of whatever fish may be in season and abundance. If turbot happens to have been a drug in the market the morning of the day you dine, then you may expect turbot; if cod, you will be sure to have a slice from a magnificent head and shoulders, cooked in the plain old English fashion. After this, you will be served with a substantial joint of roast or boiled,

with customary trimmings. Your dinner costs you eighteenpence; and if you take a nip of brandy, as you ought, this additional extravagance will swell your "*tottle*" to one and ninepence: the waiter invariably forgetting to return with the odd threepence, it will be advisable for you to make a merit of necessity, waving your hand while giving the attendant functionary the needless permission to keep the change for himself.

From Billingsgate we ascend through a labyrinth of intricate lanes to Leadenhall. Here we have the great emporium of poultry — tons of turkeys; cubic yards of geese, capons, and barn-door chucks; with, in the season, absolutely *clouds* of game and wild-fowl. Here you have a capital idea of the numbers of the poultry-eating, or wealthy classes. A fowl in London, humble reader, if it be good for any thing to eat, is good for three and sixpence or four shillings to *pay;* so that, we need hardly tell you, the gizzard wing, or a bit of the breast, is meat for our masters. Yet here you see waggon-loads of pheasants and partridges, caravans of hares, bushels of larks, cart-loads of feathered bipeds of all sorts and sizes. You would positively imagine, from the quantities scattered about, that the very Union workhouses banqueted every day upon poultry.

We glance at Newgate market on our way to Covent Garden, but there is nothing in it to detain us for a moment. We would call at Spitalfields market, if it were in our way, because, — as our object is to

exhibit to you both sides of life, we should be obliged, even at the hazard of turning your stomachs, to shew you the horrid viands poverty is compelled to taste, at this most miserable end of the town — this *antipodes* to the region of opulence, rank, and fashion, of the other hemisphere of our metropolitan world.

No garden like Covent Garden.

Oh, you *dilettanti* diggers and delvers, amateur hoers and weeders, gentlemen who delight in gardening, and exult in the gratified ambition of growing your own vegetables, look here, and say whether any of you can grow any thing you require for less than double the money, and quadruple the trouble, we town's-people have, when requiring similar articles. What care we for blights, or frosts, or broken glass, or stoves out of repair, or drunken gardeners, or any other of the casualties to which home-manufactured greens or fruits are liable? Nothing short of a general suspension of the laws of vegitative nature can deprive us of our summer or our spring cabbages, our early cauliflowers, our sprouts. The agriculture, horticulture, and floriculture of Covent Garden, are comprised in a tolerably well-filled purse. You are here sure of your crop by the liberal application of that universal fertilizer — ready money.

Now, here again you have other examples of the artificial wants and difficult luxuries of London. Fancy a cabbage shop with polished brass sashes, squares of plate glass costing fifteen or twenty pounds a-piece; within, a French polished mahogany counter,

and a shopwoman in black silk dress and braided hair, entering sales with a gold headed pen! Observe in the windows how the very seasons are anticipated, and Dame Nature compelled to be productive before her time. Look at those tubers the bulk of marbles: they are young potatoes — half a guinea a pound. Regard that saucerful of peas — pale, sickly, and good for nothing. Just step in, will you, and ask the lady how she sells them. — A guinea an ounce!

Only a guinea an ounce! Powers of peas! where *does* the money come from?

"What are these black, rough-looking things, something like Jerusalem artichokes?" — "Those, sir, are truffles — capital stuffing for pheasant or turkey." Cheaper certainly to stuff them with half-crowns, but then the flavour would not be so exquisite. This, you see, is the shop of an herbalist: here the proprietor prepares vegetable remedies, infusions, decoctions, and the like; so that you may be physicked or fed, according as you are prompted by appetite or indigestion. At the next shop, behold what a goodly array of pines, with their rich tropical orange bulbs and peculiar green-tufted tops: we have doubtless heard great things of the flavour of a pine-apple, but, in our present circumstances, feel much more disposed to imagine that it tastes very like a turnip.

"What are those in the bottle with moss?"

"Snakes."

"Live Snakes for sale?"

"Yes, sir."

"What use is made of them?"

"Pets, sir."

Very delightful objects, truly: and so people in London are to be found who can fling away affection upon serpents! After this we can excuse the Countess-Dowager who advertised for "a dog-boy of Evangelical principles, and accustomed to the care of pugs."

Halt! this is a bouquet shop: the window, as you see, filled with little ground glass vases, each with its sprig of geranium, leaf of lily of the valley, or mossy rosebud; here are violets —

> "Sweeter than are the lids of Juno's eyes,
> Or Cytharea's breath."

Here are gem-like flowers, whose names are to us unknown, tastefully made up with silver wire into most exquisite little nosegays, in the evening to be transferred to the filigree holder of high-born damsel going to route or ball, or more favoured — nestling in her bosom.

Now is your time, amorous youth, to pop in and cull a charming — we will not say nosegay — nose me no nosegays — but *bouquet*, for your mistress.

Perhaps you have studied the language of flowers, and may dispose your selection so as to convey a sentiment, or hint an assignation; or, more probably, you see something peculiarly appropriate in such a present. Flowers to the fair; hang it, we ourselves

will venture sixpence on a lily of the valley for Wilhelmina Popkins.

"Eighteen-pence, sir." For a sprig of waterlily: Pooh! Why should we lay out any thing for the Popkinses? at our time of life we should be only laughed at by Willy, and jumped at by Mamma Popkins. This bald patch on the crown of our head reminds us of our folly; and, leaving you young men selecting flowers for your mistresses, we quietly take our way home with a bunch of "sparrow grass" under our arm, meditating as we go along, not upon the Popkinses, but whether we shall eat our delicacy with sauce, or with a toast and butter.

CHAPTER XI.

A Morning at Bow Street.

"All persons found trespassing will be prosecuted according to law."

Awful words — stopping in his onward course suburban hedgebreaker, apple or poultry stealer, or Cockney sportsman on sanguinary deeds intent!

Formidable announcement — "with the *utmost* rigour of the *law*." Mark you, the owner of the sacred territory over whose pitched paling with crooked nails at top, peeps this terrible denunciation in white letters on a black ground, does not menace you with *his* utmost rigour. You are not to be punished by *him*. No such thing. Good kind Christian that he is, he hates the word *utmost* rigour. He is no Shylock thirsting for a pound of your flesh avoirdupois, with the gravy in it. He would willingly let you off with a remonstrance or an admonition not to encroach upon his territory again, if he had his way of it: but then, my dear sir, he has nothing to do with it: you offend not against him, but against the *law*: you are prosecuted, not according to him, but according to *law*: you

are punished, contrary to your prosecutor's inclination, and greatly to the easement of his conscience, not with *his* utmost rigour, but with the utmost rigour of the *law!*

Law! when we think of thee — in thyself impalpable, invisible, incomprehensible, yet in thy results tangible, substantial, legible — how varied and Protean are the aspects you present to our imaginative peeper? Sometimes we behold thee a hoofed and horned Satan, thy parchment skin curiously tattooed with captivating hieroglyphics, upon which, when the eyes of thy victims rest for a moment, straight are they spirited away, to be seen no more. Again, thou seemest like a wrinkled miser, brooding over his money bags, thy den fenced round with intricate and complicated engines to catch by the arm or leg such as may venture to approach thee. *Presto*, thou changest to a bloated spider, fattening in thy den upon the carcasses of blue-bottles, which, having sucked dry, thou flingest out again, in thy capacious web ever entangling more!

Sometimes thou seemest a fisherman, closing fast upon the small fry of society thy drag-net, and opening wide every mesh to let the well fed fish escape. Now thou wearest the effigy of a crown; thy fangs grasp fetters, the gibbet, and the wheel, and out of thy mouth cometh the words *ukase* or *ordonance*, while cowering slaves lie trembling at thy feet. At home, we see thee multiplied twelvefold, with aspect honest, manly, and erect, the terror of unjust judges, the dread of tyrannizing kings — sitting in fearless judgment

upon thy peers, tempering justice with mercy — seeing thee thus, we are familiar with thy face, and thou art terrible no more!

We are not to be talked into an implicit deference to the excellences of our constitution, nor to blink whatever comes under our eyes of injustice in the practical administration of our laws. But while we expose those defects that have crept into our administration of justice; while we lament that our practice recognizes, or at least *tolerates*, differences unthought of in our theory — we gratefully and gladly admit that the supremacy of the laws in this country is complete; and that in its completeness it is the greatest blessing a free people can enjoy; for it is the parent of all national prosperity, and the guardian of progressive improvement.

In London, the supremacy of the law is strikingly remarkable — the surrender of individual power is complete.

Whether we contemplate the majesty of law as exhibited in preservation of the public peace, or in the protection of life and property in this vast metropolis, its operation is equally wonderful and useful. When we consider the heterogeneous character of a London population — made up, in the mass, of such incompatible materials; when we reflect that it is the asylum of the criminal, the prey of the swindler, the dupe of the quack, the hiding-place of the unfortunate, the knavish, and the vicious, as well as the home of honest industry and continuous toil; when we reflect how

much property is accumulated in every district within the Bills of Mortality, we are amazed at the comparative infrequency of outrage and plunder, and the comparative certainty with which attempts at either are detected and suppressed.

Stand near a goldsmith's or money-changer's window — one of those windows where gold in ingots, silver in bars, crumbs and dust of the precious metals, thousand pound notes, and every variety of the representatives of credit are displayed with, as it would seem, careless profusion, and cast an eye upon the wretches who gloat, with hungry eyes, over the mine which a strip of glass only divides from their grasp — and wonder, as we often have wondered, that that glass is seldom or never broken.

How often have we seen starving creatures feed themselves, as it were, with the unsatisfactory spectacle of viands exhibited in open windows, or upon benches outside the tradesman's doors, yet how few, how very few, comparatively speaking, put forth the furtive hand, and pilfer that which might be life to them, but which is not theirs to take, though they have not wherewithal to buy.

Perhaps you will say, the certainty of detection is sufficient to withhold the pilfering hand: but detection, though probable, is not certain, and the love of liberty must, we should think, give place to the love of life; yet, do we not know, through the medium of the public press, that hundreds, we might say thousands, in this metropolis have retired to holes and corners to

die — literally, to *die*, sooner than purchase prolonged existence at a disgraceful price; to perish sooner than to steal?

Therefore, for God's sake, let us not take too low an estimate of poor human nature: let us not be as brass or iron to our own flesh and blood: let us assure ourselves that the devil, in all his diversity of shapes, can assume no form more seductive to crime than poverty: While we fill our prisons with poor rogues, and sit in our courts of justice making general jail deliveries, let us have a care that we forget not, in our haste to punish crimes, our own criminal negligence in their prevention.

Let us turn to the supremacy of the law, as exhibited in the preservation of the public peace; and confess how completely the law has emancipated itself from being in every man's hand, to make what abuse he please of it.

Take a street row, for instance, — how swimmingly every thing goes on until a policeman turns the corner. What though he be the most ungainly lout (as indeed most of these functionaries are) ever captured upon the moors of Yorkshire or the fens of Allen, yet is he armed with authority, and no man dreams of opposition: not a *lettre de cachet* under the old *régime* had more absolute power: the mob, for whose capacious maw said policeman would not be a mouthful, slinks away at his approach: the combatants are effectually cowed, and *neither* is the better man. There stands the great officer of the law, clothed in authority and a stand-up

collar, listening to the origin of the scuffle, or, as the women who expound matters choose to say, "the rights of it;" there he stands, menacing the refractory, admonishing the quarrelsome, and dispersing the dilatory: nor does he seize the principal culprits, so long as he perceives the most remote probability of being invited to take any thing to drink.

To poor *tramps*, as also to wretches who get a living in the open air by selling nuts and oranges, he entertains a mortal aversion; as indeed he does to all who have no money, and who by no human possiblity can "*stand* any thing," as the official phrase is: but to the midnight pranks of noblemen and gentlemen he is laudably indifferent. If a charge be preferred against one of this privileged class, your policeman "cannot take the case, 'cos he didn't see the gen'l'man do it," —a nice distinction, which procures our judicious guardian of the night many a half-crown, over and above his weekly wages.

Honest or not, however, your metropolitan policeman is a conjurer of no ordinary powers. He will spirit you away like a fairy, and, like the head of Medusa, he will turn you into a stone (station house:) men and women, in his custody, are no longer men and women, they are merely *cases*: and it is odds that, before they get clear of the business, the *cases* will be pretty well cleaned out.

The inefficiency of our metropolitan police force, as at present constituted, for detective purposes, has been of late much dilated upon; and, perhaps, there may

be some truth in that assertion; but, whatever change circumstances may render necessary, we trust that it will never be forgotten that the old Bow Street myrmidons owed much of their success in capturing notorious offenders to an atrocious system of tolerating, and by that toleration fostering crime until it became ripe for the gallows,—a system disgraceful to any country, but most of all to a free country like our own.*

"A Morning at Bow Street," will give the best idea of the ordinary procedure of our metropolitan police courts, albeit we cannot pretend to the graphic portraiture of the comicalities of the place, peculiar to a well known and justly popular publication bearing that title; but, in truth, we do not visit courts of justice, high or low, for the purpose of administering to the amusement of our readers: a court of justice is a sorrowful place, and the emotions it excites are of a painful character: we enter it as we do an hospital, in expectation of breathing an impure air—an atmosphere of moral pestilence.

There are, it is true, both in madhouses and courts of justice, passages that humour may torture into the means of exciting mirth; but they are few and far between. At a police office we are compelled to behold the most loathsome of diseases—moral plagues:

* A detective police has lately been selected from the ranks of the force generally. We could wish that a little more attention were turned to the remote causes of crime, and the most likely means of its prevention.

there is much suffering — many tears: and Heaven forbid that we should make the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures incidents for laughter. Our purpose is to present the public with rough pen-and-ink sketches —— studies from nature — not caricatures, of the familiar scenes of London life; perhaps unnoticed only because they are familiar. Fond enough of fun, we like to be funny in proper places.

Dulce est desipere in loco, and the impatient reader will have the goodness to bear with us, until we come to the House of Commons, or some other place where we can play the fool with propriety, and be empty, loquacious, and good-for-nothing to his heart's content.

Bow Street, why so called we know not, unless it be that it is straight as an arrow, is situate lying and being somewhere about the middle of the metropolis, bounded by brick and mortar houses on all sides of the visible horizon, with (in the summer) about as much blue sky overhead as would trim a lady's bonnet with economy. Geologically, the carriage way is Aberdeen granite, the footways sand-stone rag, with upper-lying strata of mud or dust, according to the season; the manufactures gin, in every variety, with the various adulterations of beer now in vogue in the metropolis; the natural history is comprised in two larks hanging out of a garret window at the station-house; the population comprises actors out of work, theatrical agents, policemen, pick-pockets, and ladies of easy virtue.

The public buildings are the Theatre Royal, of which enough has been said in a former chapter of our series, and the Police Court, to which we are now about to direct the attention of the curious observer of men and manners.

We may mention, as a supplement to the above exquisite *morceau* of topography, that Bow Street in common *parlance*, is absorbed and swallowed up in its principal signification — that of a police-office; a Bow Street officer is a term significant and comprehensible as a Bond Street lounger. If you hear that a friend of yours has been taken to "Bow Street," you may expect nothing less than to have a full, true, and particular account of him in the newspapers; and if a quarrelsome fellow declares that he'll "have you up" at Bow Street, you must be a slow fellow indeed, if you do not try your best to decline the invitation.

A number of sickly-looking women, and pallid gin-faced men, lurking about the doors of an unpretending stucco-fronted edifice, indicate the police-office; a closed door, inscribed "Magistrates' entrance," and an open door, sufficiently pointing out the public thoroughfares, complete the identity of "Bow Street."

On making his *debut*, the stranger — happy he whose face is a strange face here — is immediately assailed by a number of "*blue-bottles*" in ordinary, who act the part of touters, imagining that nothing but business could have induced the wayfarer to trust himself in such a frowzy atmosphere. — "Declaration, sir," — "Application, sir," — "Speak with the magis-

trate, sir," — assail him at every turn; and it is not without some difficulty that, at length, the student of human character is ushered into the awful presence of the presiding judge himself.

The apartment in which this eminent functionary retails the small wares of justice, is somewhat narrow and incommodious — the least possible space is set apart for the public — barely enough to conform to the theory of our constitution, that the courts shall be open to the meanest subject. Within the enclosure of imitation oak, there is ample space for the ordinary business of the tribunal, and a little to spare for those distinguished *amateurs* who are in the habit of crowding the bench when any criminal of more than ordinary atrocity is brought up for examination.

When we entered, a little, swarthy, but healthy-looking man, gray-haired, of a pleasing expression of face, with twinkling black eyes, occupied the judicial seat. Instead of a wig, as at Westminster, he wore his hat, but was otherwise undistinguished as to costume.

We could not avoid remarking that his worship was a devoted believer in the doctrines of Lavater. Nothing could exceed the scrutiny of his dark eye as it fell upon the evidence in the witness box, or the prisoner at the bar. He glanced from plaintiff to defendant, from prisoner to prosecutor, as he would discover the chance there might be of getting a word of truth out of any of the parties, and around his lips played a peculiar smile — not by any means a sneer,

but a smile of easy incredulity, observable only in men who have been accustomed through life to behold in its full development the worst side of human nature —in lawyers especially, and judges.

His worship was attended by the usual subordinate officers—a clerk of court, a dapper, pert, whipper-snapper personage, as magistrates' clerks invariably are; a bottle-nosed clerk of the arraigns, who read the charges against prisoners and the summonses between party and party.

In a side box sat three gentlemen, reporters of the public press. Facing the magisterial chair was the felons' dock, guarded by a functionary whose office was sufficiently indicated by a number of keys chained together, and carelessly thrust beneath the lining of his jacket.

A promiscuous lot of ne'er-do-well men and dilapidated women filled the hutch or pen at the lower end of the apartment. When you have taken notice of a bronzed plaster cast of the original magistrate of Bow Street, on the top of a book-case where repose the statutes for the guidance of police magistrates, and have sufficiently admired the gilded royal escutcheon over all, you will have leisure to concentrate your attention upon that lamentable-looking *gent*, now in the act of disbursing the customary penalty for getting drunk—where the law can take hold of him.

How much ashamed he looks—how he averts his eyes from the impudent stare of the vulgar throng, and with what evident reluctance he dribbles out

shilling after shilling, then, lifting his hat as much as possible to conceal his chagrin, slinks shamefacedly away.

When the disciple of Bacchus evaporated, the jailer came into court, conducting a little precocious urchin, who seemed about twelve, or at most thirteen years of age, with a pale hungry face, a sharp roving eye, and the most unmitigated impudent expression we ever yet beheld in man or boy. He was dressed in a ragged blue jacket and fustian trousers, in the pockets whereof were thrust his tiny hands.

He now and then hitched up his inexpressibles, sailor fashion; and, turning round to the mob, winked with either eye several times, at the same time putting his tongue in his cheek—expressions, as we understood them, at once of his respect for the Bench, and of an easy indifference to his present peculiar situation. When the turnkey's eye fell upon him, he assumed an air of ludicrous gravity; altogether, he appeared a thoroughly depraved little rascal; nor did his dialogue with the worthy magistrate at all tend to weaken our first impression.

When the charge was read, and the evidence gone into, his worship addressed the culprit.

Magistrate.—I am afraid you are a very bad boy. You have been here before—what was that for?

Urchin.—Oney for breakin' a *v*inder.

Magistrate.—I presume, with the intention of stealing something.

Urchin.—No—for *ven* I'd a broke it, there war'n't nuffin to steal.

Magistrate.—I must send you to prison for three months.

Urchin.—*W*erry well.

Magistrate.—And when you come out, I hope you'll be a reformed character.

Urchin, (with energy.)—*V*en I *does* come out, I 'opes as how I'll make a man of myself by doin' a summut!

Turnkey now seizes the urchin by the collar, lifting him as you would a cod-fish, and bundles him off to a cell, immediately returning with a couple of juvenile delinquents, a size larger, but without the remarkable shrewdness and vivacity of the departed culprit. These Spartan youths having failed in an attempt to extract a pocket handkerchief, must pay the penalty consequent on being found out, and are punished for their culpable want of professional dexterity.

The magistrate, in consequence of the younger of the two being what is technically called an old offender, sentenced him to imprisonment for one calendar month; the elder, upon receiving the mitigated sentence of a fortnight's durance, burst into tears, crying out, "Please you, my lord, give me the same as Bill; Bill didn't do no more nor me, nor I didn't do no more nor he—give me a *calendar* the same as Bill!"

The laughter of the spectators, in which the bench

participated, could not be restrained, while this modern Pythias continued blubbering and praying for his "calendar." His worship, however, was deaf to the urchin's entreaties, and the friends were pitchforked unceremoniously out of court.

Another group enters upon the changeful scene—an ironfaced master and idle runaway apprentice. Indentures are handed by the former to his lordship, and complaint preferred.

It appeared that, notwithstanding the apprentice gets fifteen shillings a-week for the work he does while learning his trade, he chooses to absent himself from his master's premises, for the purpose of participating in the diversions of Epsom races. The youth, on being asked to account for his conduct, raises a point of law—namely, that where a premium has not been paid with the boy, masters have no legal control over their apprentices. This the bench overrules, not without an admonition to the youth for assuming such a line of defence.

Turning to the master, his worship asked whether he wishes the boy to be sent to prison, at the same time benevolently deprecating such a conclusion, if it can be possibly averted, observing that a prison is a bad school for any one, much more for an apprentice, and so forth. The master, however, is a hard, inexorable man, and he inclines not to mercy; he leaves matters entirely in the hands of the magistrate. Now, his worship, evidently with pain, sentences the boy (a

respectable looking lad) to a month's imprisonment. The female relatives of the culprit open the floodgates of their eyes, and look imploringly now at the magistrate and now at the prisoner. The latter is about to be removed, when a poor, hard-working lad steps forward, introducing himself as brother-in-law of the prisoner. He makes an appeal to the bench on the score of the youth of the prisoner, and condemns his conduct; he turns to the master, imploring him not to send the lad to a jail, and disgrace his family: finally, he hopes the magistrate will at least mitigate the sentence; and concludes a prudent, manly, and judicious speech, by offering himself as security for the prisoner's future conduct.

The auditory seemed pleased with the propriety of the young man's speech and demeanour.

The worthy justice compliments him highly, and reduces the term of imprisonment to seven days. The culprit testifies his gratitude by pulling his forelock, but the affectionate brother-in-law is not yet satisfied; he makes another and more earnest appeal to his lordship to overlook the matter this time, and he will never hear more of it; he points out the boy's mother weeping in the crowd, and insists upon the injury the boy will sustain in his character by having been, even for seven days, the inmate of a house of correction. Although the matter is so trivial, yet the earnestness of the *amicus curiæ* is so sincere, his affection so apparent, and his tact so considerable, that he has awakened

an interest in the Bench; the spectators look as much as to say, we hope your worship will not refuse the petition of this good-hearted fellow.

His worship does not refuse; he admonishes the boy in a feeling and impressive, but considerate and friendly, address. He gives the master a hint about injudicious severity; and, having recommended all parties to the performance of the duties in their several relations, not without again taking favourable notice of the conduct of the brother-in-law, dismisses the parties, every body looking pleased and satisfied.

It is very pleasing to see justice thus disarmed of its severity, and judges, without compromising their dignity, condescending to mild reproof and wholesome admonition. Sure we are, that the heart must be hard, and the nature incorrigible, of him who would not profit more by a scene like this than by months at the tread-mill. Punishment, when severe, defeats the intention of its infliction; the good it makes bad, the bad it makes worse. Vindictive in its own nature, it generates vindictiveness; humiliating and disgraceful, it sinks men to the level of humiliating and disgraceful things. We were, therefore, pleased and grateful to the worthy magistrate for the salutary dread he evidently shewed of introducing a foolish youth into the contaminating atmosphere of a prison, and of affording him the opportunity of maturing his folly into crime.

Next enter upon the scene sundry publicans, charged with having "conjured spirits from the vasty

deep" of their cellars, after the hour prescribed by law and superstition, beyond which those etherial essences are not permitted to communicate with mortal lips—that is to say, twelve o'clock at night. A prowling policeman, whose hang-dog countenance is quite enough to carry an instinctive conviction to your mind of his readiness to swear any thing, flippantly kisses the book, and proceeds, in a drawling official nasal tone, to recount—"how, at fifteen minutes past twelve on Saturday night, (here he interpolates the date with much exactness,) as he was a-going of his rounds, he hears the sound of a noise in the house of the defendant, and peeping through the shutters he sees a light; then he knocked at the door, and had to wait till he got in. When he got in, he seed men a-going to bed, and heerd them a-hollering for candles."

Upon cross-examination, the fellow's prevarication tallies with his expression of face so exactly, that the worthy magistrate is compelled to dismiss the case, it being quite clear that the inmates were domiciled in the tavern, and that there was no ground for any charge in the present instance.

Exit Boniface rejoicing, and enter a knot of omnibus cads and drivers, charged with violently racing in the public streets. The look of conscious innocence these fellows—the most outrageous ruffians of the town—have the art of screwing upon their carbunculated physiognomies when before a magistrate, is the most amusing thing in the world; it says more

eloquent than words, as much as, "what a *h*injured mortal I is, to be pulled up this here fashion afore the beak, jist for doing nuffin to nobody."

A gentleman of evident respectability comes forward, and swears, that the worthies, now in custody, formed their ponderous vehicles, three abreast, in the Strand, at eight o'clock on the Sabbath evening; that they galloped literally at the top of their speed along half the Strand, was sworn to by several witnesses; and that nothing could have saved the lives of those whose vehicles met theirs, save the course that was adopted of driving out of the way of these reckless vagabonds, upon the footway, to the great terror and danger of her Majesty's liege subjects.

The case was so gross, that some of the defendants pleaded guilty, and were immediately fined forty shillings each. Some of the most cunning made blundering defences, with a palpability of falsehood perfectly ludicrous. We observed, with regret, that those superior scoundrels were not mulcted in a greater sum than the others.

Place aux Dames.—A case of assault comes next, and the bottle-nosed crier introduces Jane Maddox and Mary Davis. Jane deponeth, that by command of her spouse she waited on Mary Davis for the sum of sixpence sterling, due and owing by the said Mary Davis; who, upon demand of the same, called Jane "every nasty name she could lay her tongue to;" and finally, throwing her from the top of the stairs to the bottom, followed her down to bestow upon her a vale-

dictory kick, and so dismissed her with many hard words and bruises, but without the *casus belli*—the sixpence in dispute.

Ladies, on both sides, swore point blank that the assault had and had not been committed, interlarding their evidence with the domestic histories of themselves and families, with a cataract of words no power of bench or officers could oppose, until exhausted nature compelled a brief cessation. Each successive witness agreed in declaring that there was not a syllable of truth in the statement of her predecessor; nothing could be got at but that there was sixpence in dispute somewhere, but all seemed unanimous in thinking that the sixpence was due to them; and as it was impossible to believe one party more than another, the respective spouses of the belligerents were called upon to enter into recognizances severally and individually to keep the peace.

"It's a rummy thing, sir," remarked a humorous-looking policeman, whose civility in pointing out to us what was worthy of notice we had occasion to reward afterwards with a drain of beer; "it's a rummy thing that these here women as comes to our *h*office, never by no chance lets out a word agin their own side of the question—no, not when the *h*evidence goes agin 'em as clear as mud; they keeps talkin' right on end, a per*w*aricatin' and aggre*w*atin', till his worship's like to bust a stoppin' of 'em; but it isn't no use whatsomdever, and the end of it is, we often has to bundle the whole bilin' out o' court; and arter that you'll hear

'em accusin' and aggrawatin' till they gets to Long Acre.

"I never was over the water myself, sir," continued the servitor of justice, "but I shouldn't be surprised if faymale cases wasn't the werry same at Union Hall."

Who the little magistrate who presided is, we know not; we never saw him before, and most sincerely hope we may never see him again. But if exemplary patience, which not even the tongues of women can disturb, if great good-nature and benevolence, if a clear head and a feeling heart, be not his portion, then we have studied human nature to very little purpose. At all events, if it were our fate to be "had up at Bow Street" upon an unfounded accusation, we hope we may be confronted with his worship: but if guilty, we beg he will at once commit us to the house of correction, for there is a mild severity in his reproofs, and a degree of pain in the discharge of his painful duties, which would cut deeper into our heart, and sink us lower in our own estimation, than the wholesome severities of the tread-mill.

Westminster Hall.

Westminster Hall is a pleasant place enough to those who, like ourselves, have no business there, or, what is the same thing, who cannot get any business.

There was a time, indeed, when we paced its adamantine floor from end to end with high hopes and sanguine expectations; with well fitting wig, flowing

stuff gown, clean shave and shirt, white cravat, starched bands, and law book under our arm, we fondly imagined ourselves of some importance; but a few brief, not as we then thought they would turn out, *briefless* years, and we should have progressed from stuff gown to silk, and have migrated from the outer to the inner bar. There how sweet the echoes of our sonorous voice resounding through the precincts of the crowded court; how delicious the breathless hush of expectation when we should have risen, and the busy hum of satisfied admiration when we should have sat down again. The fixed attention of the bench, the congratulations of learned friends, the verdicts of juries, the confidence of solicitors, the grateful acknowledgment of clients, the wondering glances of listening crowds were to have been ours, not to mention glittering *rouleaus* of fees, to which we should, perhaps, have given precedence; then what remains to us but a seat in Parliament, thick-and-thin voting with the Minister, and behold us at length upon the bench, clothed in sacred ermine, the awful representative of majesty — oracle of law — dispenser of the God-like attribute of earthly justice!

Thus exalted, what were we to have been! in eloquence an Erskine, in law a Mansfield, in lucid precision a Lyndhurst, in dignity a Denman, yea, even upon that Bench, ambition, we thought, should haunt us still — we should have been the Chief among Chiefs, and *the* Judge among Judges.

Such are the day-dreams, unambitious, and there-

fore happy peruser, that bubble under frizzled hair; such the aerial phantoms that will cross the inward eye of man that wears a wig! Yet how seldom are these realized—how few of these atmospheric *chateaux* descending, fix themselves to earth and give you unquestionable possession; ay, and when they *are* realized, my friends, where is the pleasure that gave anticipation the delight possession does not shew you?

Where the freshness of heart, the buoyancy of spirit, the elastic step, the lightsome countenance, of the days gone by, days of your obscurity and your youth, of your struggles and your hope? Alas! if these accompanied the honour and respect that attend him who is invested with the ermine, gratified ambition would be heaven on earth!

Old or young, high or low, there is nothing more gratifying to the mind of man than success honourably acquired, and the successes of the bar are truly splendid. The prominent position of the successful advocate, the every day publicity given by the press to his exertions, the importance of the interests committed to his skill and care, the pertinence of his legal and forensic ability to the purposes of political life, the number and value of the prizes in his professional lottery; these are the spangles upon the robe of life that attract the eyes of those whose hopes outrun their judgment, and whose expectations are jumped at rather than calculated.

Crowds admire the figures upon tapestry—the

splendour of the colours, and the rich intertexture of its purple and gold; but *who* turns the array to contemplate the jagged ends of thread, tags of worsted, and unsightly patchwork, of the reversed side of the picture? yet it is upon this side the artificer sits and works — this is the picture as *he* sees it — the showy outside is for the spectator.

Thus it is that we look upon life; ermine, lace, gold, jewels, rank, fortune, station, ambition, glitter in our eyes, and we envy the good fortune of the possessors, and think they must be happy, seeing but the *show* side of their lives; yet not a life among them that has not, or has not had, its rags and tags and knotted ends, its wrong side, in short, in which the artisan has not been fingering all his days, until the splendour that he has made becomes distasteful, and only serves to enrich the eyes of ignorant spectators.

CHAPTER XII.

LEGAL DIETETICS.

Sir Andrew. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir Toby. Faith, so they say; but I rather think it consists of eating and drinking!

Sir Andrew. You are a scholar — Therefore let us eat and drink.

Twelfth Night.

In regarding the learned professions, and observing the influence they exercise respectively over the minds of men, we may reasonably come to the conclusion, that the religious profession exercises what we may call a future influence, the medical profession a domestic influence, and the legal profession a public and political influence. It is a popular supposition, as vulgar as it is erroneous, that to the intimate connection that must ever necessarily subsist between the law maker and the expounder of the law, to the great public and personal interests frequently confided to gentlemen of the long robe, as well as to the prominent position in which their avocations place them before the eyes of men, the great public and political

influence of the legal profession must be fairly attributable.

While the medical profession boasts only one solitary representative in the Commons' House of Parliament, the members of the bar are represented by no less than fifty-six learned friends, be-wigged and be-gowned, ready to scramble from the bar to the bench, to fill offices simply political, and to take care that no law shall ever be passed in that House, detrimental to the interests of the profession to which they have the honour to belong.

In the Upper House, too, it is a well authenticated fact, that rather more than one-third of the Peerage springs from the successful talent of the bar; and that the descendants of former Chancellors and Lord Chief-Justices of the Court of King's Bench now control, in their senatorial capacities, the march of revolutionary destruction; and stand between the throne, whose legitimate counsellors they are, and the reckless levellers who would reduce throne and constitution to one chaotic mass of hopeless anarchy and confusion.

Our present purpose is to correct the vulgar errors, that, by assigning causes for the influence of the profession of the law with which the profession of the law has nothing to do, tend materially to lower the character and dignity of the members of the bar; and by assigning the true and only sources of its high and deserved distinction, to raise it still more, if that were possible, in the consideration and estimation of mankind.

It is to the education of gentlemen for the profession of the advocate, and to nothing else, that we are to attribute the influence he must command, and the eminence he must attain — it is to the pains taken by the venerable seniors of the several Inns of Court to adapt to their uninformed disciples that sort of food most nutritious in quality, most abundant in quantity, and most easy of digestion — as well as to the appetite of the disciples themselves, that the world is permitted to admire in so eminent a degree the overwhelming erudition, and inexhaustible elocution, of the men who are fated in future times to browbeat witnesses, bully the bench, and badger their "learned friend" on the opposite side.

Before we enter, however, upon an exact detail of the system of national education provided for gentlemen of the law from time immemorial, it is necessary that I should briefly describe the seminaries in which that education is conveyed; and therefore I must for a few moments entreat the patience of the non-professional reader, while I notice with as much brevity as the importance of the subject will admit, the several Inns of Court, or Colleges, as I may properly style them, of legal education.

The stranger in London passing through Temple Bar, would hardly suspect that to the right and left of Fleet Street, lie hid, in perpetual murkiness, towns (for towns they are) exclusively appropriated to various grades of the legal profession, from the ministerial officers of the several courts of law down to the

scriveners, law stationers, and professional apple-women; through the several gradations of benchers, barristers, practitioners under the bar, conveyancers, special pleaders, solicitors, articled clerks, bed-women, laundresses, lawyers' clerks, porters, gate-keepers, and so forth. On entering one of these manufactories of discord, the stranger feels his heart grow sad within him — he looks around, thinking that he has straggled into a barrack, but the universal cobweb, muck, and dirt of the inhabitations speedily undeceive him. He wanders from court to court, from lane to lane, and from alley to alley — he sees lights at noon-day in every window — the windows here not being intended to let in day-light — and he may haply observe one of the briefless amusing himself by writing the word "*fee*" on the two-year-old dust of his chamber window, with several notes of admiration at the end of that rare and curious monosyllable.

He observes that the several sets of apartments are approached by a common nuisance called a common stair, from which he is diverted by his olfactory organ, and on either side of the entrance to this stair, he observes catalogues of the occupants of the several chambers from the cellar upwards, names of gentlemen for whose individual occupation the present excellent Lord Chancellor is merely airing the wool-sack, and who intend to occupy it in the order of their seniority! The attics he will discover to be occupied, if he chooses to go high enough, by that class of society for whose exclusive residence Grub Street was for-

merly appropriated, but who reside here at present in consequence of Grub Street having been pulled down, as well as for the benefit of quiet, and a purer, not to say a cheaper, air — in short, for reasons precisely similar to those which influence our own choice in residing in a garret.

As he wanders up and down, his eye cannot fail to be attracted by a building having some external resemblance to a church, but which is in fact the lecture-room or academy of its respective society — the windows being decorated with escutcheons, very much resembling in size and shape transparent trenchers, of illustrious individuals who have greatly distinguished themselves in the professional exercises herein studiously observed.

Nor, when we consider the uses to which the several Halls of the Inns of Court are applied, can we wonder that they have been erected with a due regard to splendour of decoration, and convenience of space. To-day, the Lord High Chancellor presides here in his elevated chair, dispensing the equity of his court to the several suitors; to-morrow, a waiter, for greater convenience, deposits therein a half-empty soup tureen, or a bundle of dirty knives and forks — or it may happen that a party of tipsy law students range themselves round the sacred seat with their bottles of wine, while some unholy wag is graciously pleased to assume the Seals for the nonce, and proceeds with great gravity to mimic the tone and manner of the keeper of the Royal conscience — awful profanation! misprision

of treason at the very least, if not legal sacrilege itself!

It was our fate to hear no less than three solemn arguments in the great case of Small and Attwood thus burlesqued, the parts of the eminent advocates engaged therein being sustained by the requisite number of loquacious scamps, and judgment delivered by a rakish young barrister of six weeks' standing, amidst cries of "order, order"—"hear him out"—"another glass of wine," while one extra-facetious young lawyer gravely interrupted the judgment of the Chancellor, amid shrieks of laughter, to request that His Lordship would have the goodness to cut his judgment as short as possible, because a gentleman within the bar was anxious to favour the profession with a song!!

It is not our intention to dilate upon the judicial functions exercised in the several halls of the several Inns of Court, they being merely occasional, and subordinate to the great gastronomic purposes of professional education for which these hospitable seminaries were first erected, and which they still continue faithfully to fulfil.

The profession of the law is eminently a gastronomic profession: it is not, therefore, surprising that it should have become the profession that it is, and have expanded into a plethoric and almost apoplectic robustness. The judges are feasted by the mayors of cities and boroughs, a particular banquet being peculiarly appropriated to them by the Lord Mayor of London, in the Egyptian Hall; they are banqueted by the

nobility on their several circuits — the members of the bar have general invitations to the assizes, balls, and suppers; and mess on circuit very socially together, — while in town the terms are worthily opened by a breakfast to the Judges and Queen's Counsel — legal as well as military battles being contested more hotly upon a full than on an empty stomach.

But this is a small portion, very small indeed, of the gastronomic powers of the law.

In his respective hall, the youthful aspirant for barristerial honours eats, year after year, his impatient way to the bar, exactly as an active rat fixes his persevering tusks in one side of an old Cheshire, never leaving off until he goes right through it, poking his *proboscis* through the rind on the opposite side. In their respective halls, barristers, in like manner, eat their tedious way to a colonial judgeship, or Attorney-Generalship of the Cannibal Islands, a revising barristership, a commissionership of any thing — or secretaryship, or under-secretaryship of any thing else — in short, whatever they can by any possibility lay their hands on.

In their respective halls, too, the venerable benchers, defended by a screen from the intrusive gaze of the junior cormorants, devour their rations of victuals and wine in all the dignity of learned leisure and professional elevation.

While the students eat heartily, and the barristers hopefully, the benchers, more experienced in the vanity of human wishes, handle their napkins with

the gravity that becomes their years and station; while through the body of the hall resounds the professional *badinage*, the execrable pun, or the fifty times told joke, from the table of the benchers not a sound more articulate is heard than a low and pleasing murmur of conflicting glasses, or a silver sound of forks harmoniously jingling in the plate basket.

The profession of the law is, more strictly than any other, a profession of etiquette.

Not only are the several grades of devourers or unproductive consumers, as Ricardo calls them, strictly severed by position in the hall, the students occupying the body of the apartment, the barristers the cross tables at the top, and the benchers the elevated platform, or *dais*, at the upper extremity of the hall; but the good things to be devoured are apportioned to the different classes of dignitaries, with an attention to professional precedence and standing, hardly less rigorous than that observable on board a seventy-four, where the midshipmen dine in the cock-pit, the lieutenants in the ward-room, the captain in the gun-room, and the boatswain and other petty officers the Lord knows where. Like every thing else in this laborious and difficult world, the law is up-hill work; and it is lucky for the students that they commence their education in the flower of their youth, with the appetite of cormorants and the digestion of an ostrich, otherwise they never could eat their way for four or five tedious years through interminably recurring legs of tough mutton (roasted) and bottles of liquid fire, by

courtesy called wine, and consumed under the name of port.

By degrees, however, a good digestion, sharp teeth, and indefatigable perseverance, will effect wonders: in ten or twelve years' time, the student, now a barrister-at-law, attains to the dignity of a silver fork and a morsel of cheese, subscribed for by the members of the bar, who lay their learned heads together for that purpose, and from which the unhappy students are still, being considered merely infants in *law*, precluded from the privilege to subscribe.

Twenty years' standing, by which time the learned gentleman, if he has discharged his duty to his stomach and his profession, will have lost all his teeth, and wear a head as grey as a badger, entitles him to a full pint of the execrable port, and a morsel of cheese, at the benchers' expense, as also a cucumber in the summer season, so that he may now be said to have arrived at the highest dignities, short of the Attorney and Solicitor-generalships, of the bar; and is regarded, as he slices his cucumber, with longing, lingering eyes and watering mouths, by the mob of students in the hall, who have a quarter of a century before them ere they are fated to arrive at the dignity of the coif and cucumber!

The benchers, as may be supposed, taking their dinners within the bar, like the landlords of other inns, are by no means so restricted in the quality of their eatables and quantity of their drinkables, as the exclusives in the body of the Hall. We are enabled to state, on

the highest authority, that these dignitaries study two courses daily, including all the delicacies of the season, with a dessert of corresponding magnificence; and are accustomed to refresh their legal *fauces* after the professional fatigues of the day, with wines of all the recognized vintages, and of every possible variety.

Thus wisely and well, the attentive reader will observe, is every step of professional elevation, every gradation from the lowest to the highest dignities of the law, marked by a change of diet—a promotion, as it were, in the bill of fare, ascending, as I have said, from impregnable mutton and execrable port, to the ambrosia of turtle and venison, and the nectar of sparkling champagne.

As the usual preliminary to being admitted a regular customer of the great eating-house of Lincoln's Inn, all aspirants for that high honour are required to produce to the Steward of the Inn a medical certificate of their digestive powers, the form whereof, for the use and benefit of all future applicants, I here insert:—

"We, the undersigned, having duly and solemnly examined Mr A. B., of —— College (or Hall) Oxford (or Cambridge) on two several occasions, the examination of the first day being confined to roast pork and pickled salmon, that of the second to baked mackerel and fried liver with bacon, do certify, under our several hands and wafers, that Mr A. B., of, &c. is in full possession of his digestive powers, and a proper person

to be admitted of this Inn, for the purpose of guttling his way to the bar.

(Signed) "A. B., M.D., L.S.
"C. D., M.R.C.S., L.S.
"E. F., M.A.C., L.S."

If the candidate for admission happens to be in possession of a testimonial from Cartwright the dentist as to the condition of his teeth, more especially the incisors and molars, he will not be a whit the worse for it.

The next little matter to be attended to in the Steward's office is to give security for the victuals and drink that you are expected to devour, or what Doctor O'Toole very emphatically calls the "*ating* and the *dhrinkin'*;" this is done in the case of A. B., as in the case of every other letter in the alphabet, by the deposit of a hundred pounds—I should rather say by the sacrifice of one hundred pounds, because, although at the time of payment it is called a deposit, it becomes, in the course of the "*ating* and *dhrinkin'*," a lien in the hands of the Benchers, and is generally taken out by the young lawyer in *grub*. The Benchers very naturally look for this security, knowing that if they were to find roast legs of impregnable mutton and bottles of red-hot port on their own responsibility, the whole town would hasten to the Inn to do them honour, and all London become but one gigantic lawyer.

Accordingly, for fear of accidents, and lest the

young student should drop off in an apoplexy, or choke himself with the back-bone of a baked mackerel, as often happens, care is taken that the parents, friends, or guardians of the youth, shall be made responsible for the damage—so that at the present time Lincoln's Inn is the only eating-house in London where the customers pay in advance.

Formerly there was no farther check upon the students than their own honour, and the consequence was the Inn became impoverished, and the Benchers began to talk of surrendering *en masse* for the purpose of taking the benefit of the insolvent act, the immortal oyster-eater (Dando) and several other gentlemen of his description, having become members of the Inn, carrying all before them.

The present system, however, saved the Inn from total ruin, and by enhancing the price of admission, swells the number of candidates panting to be admitted. For you will not fail to observe, that in this country, if you make admission any where difficult, and give out that the entertainment is considered vastly genteel, you will have all the men canvassing, and all the women pulling caps for tickets, though the spectacle be a *pas de deux* of dancing-dogs, the erudition of the learned pig, or the vagaries of the comical donkey!

The preliminaries being now arranged satisfactorily, and security given in the usual form that all the *grub* to be eaten will be paid for, A. B., in the meantime, takes an airing in Lincoln's Inn gardens, among the little nursery boys and girls, to whose almost exclu-

sive use that spacious enclosure is appropriated, throwing at intervals, longing lingering glances at the dining-hall clock, and sharpening the edge of his appetite by a succession of turns on the noble terrace that overlooks Lincoln's Inn Fields, as if impressed with an idea of the propriety of having value for his money!

As the hour of half-past four draws nigh, the gardens gradually fill with enthusiastic students eager for the fray; all eyes are directed towards the tardy clock, that, having no appetite of its own to satisfy, seems determined not to hurry Phœbus' cattle to satisfy the appetites of others, but slowly and sedately "walks its lonely round" of the dial-plate with a most provoking gravity of motion. A loud noise now attracts the attention of A. B., who, directing his steps to the great door of the dining hall, whence the noise is heard to proceed, observes a mob of students gathered round, jostling, hustling, and kicking one another's shins, with all the pertinacity of professional ambition.

The mob gathers imperceptibly, and blocks up the public thoroughfare — the hustling, jostling, and swaying to and fro of contending portions of the crowd, becomes more and more energetic; a magistrate, who happens to be passing, runs home for the Riot Act, and a *posse* of the new police arrives to act as an army of observation. Suddenly, within the gate a grateful sound, as of the withdrawal of bolts, is heard — the swaying to and fro, the hustling and the jostling, are

all exchanged for a uniform forward pressure — the doors open — the rush, fully equal to that of the pit-door at Drury Lane on a command night, tumbles in, upsetting the unfortunate porter who opens the gate, the old woman who serves the students with gowns, and two or three rash under-waiters who happen to be lingering near the spot — the hall is filled in the twinkling of a bed-post!

And now an internal scene of confusion is being enacted in taking places; that operation being performed, by seizing upon as many plates as you can lay hold of with your fingers, toes, or teeth, and turning them bottom upwards, by which you acquire the right of next presentation to all such places so secured, for as many of the mob of your acquaintance as may happen to come late, and also have the pleasure of observing gentlemen of decency and feeling, who do not appertain to the mob, retire from the hall, unable to procure places in consequence of your successful monopoly.*

It wants now but a quarter to five; the barristers of twenty years' standing, who have arrived at the dignity of the cucumber, come dropping in, one after another, and proceed with becoming gravity to the upper end of the hall, where they begin to open oysters, devouring the fish, then throwing away the shells to the right and left, with judicial impartiality. It is five o'clock — the mob of students are all deco-

* Since the above was written, this unseemly and ungentlemanlike proceeding has been put an end to.

rated with gowns—the talking is fearful, and the opening of oysters proceeds with alarming velocity—there cannot, at this moment, be fewer than fifteen hundred *embryo* Lord High Chancellors in the hall.

Suddenly an attendant appears at the upper extremity of the hall, and proclaims with a loud voice—"BENCHERS, GENTLEMEN—BENCHERS, GENTLEMEN—IF YOU PLEASE." Whether the gentlemen please or not, a crimson curtain is now withdrawn, and in single file a long array of elderly apoplectic gentlemen, with faces as crimson as the curtain itself, enter the apartment, bowing profoundly as they pass to the barristers and students, who bow profoundly to the Benchers in return, and pass to their places at the table allotted to them, where they seat themselves, not in the order of professional rank, but by seniority, as Benchers of the Inn. The chaplain, or reader of the Inn, now leaves the table of the barristers, where his place is, and, going to the top of the table of the Benchers, remains there, while three solemn knocks with a hammer, after the fashion of the Cock-Lane ghost, announce his presence. Grace is said with becoming solemnity; and it is proper to remark, that grace is pronounced by the present reader in a tone and manner that give to this usually unimportant ceremony an air, if not devotional, at least reverend and impressive.

Loud is the noise of the company, one and all resuming their places—tremendous the clangour of knives, forks, and spoons—the serious professional business of the day may be truly said to have com-

menced — here at least there are none briefless — all are engaged in the cause — and every learned gentleman confronts his equally learned friend on the opposite side.

While the profession is thus worthily employed, let the disinterested reader walk with us through the venerable dome, and regard the several objects of attraction therein contained, which the noise and racket prevent me pointing out. At the top of the hall, exactly over the centre of the Benchers' table, which extends crosswise from east to west, is the Chancellor's chair — that chair to which the ambition of every eater and drinker within the body of the hall is laudably directed. Over this post of honour is placed the escutcheon of Lord Brougham. To the right of the escutcheon of his Lordship is placed the armorial ensign of that upright judge and excellent man, Lord Denman; to the right of this the escutcheon of the Lord Lyndhurst; and to the left of the Chancellor's chair are emblazoned the family arms of the Vice-Chancellor Sir Lancelot Shadwell, of the late Lord High Chancellor, (Cottenham,) of that able and learned Parliamentary lawyer, the Right Honourable Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, and many others.

Immediately over these arises a canopy of fretted oak, curiously carved, and worthily sustaining an admirable picture of Paul before Festus, from the pencil of the inimitable Hogarth, who, to the honour of the Benchers be it spoken, was invited by them to dinner on the occasion of this picture being raised to

reader, if we did not consider that the spectacle of the *then* Benchers of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, crawling upon their knees before their Royal and jocular guests, and the honourable treasurer presenting, upon his marrow-bones, a basin and towel, with other prostrations then and there enacted, would rather redound to the dishonour of the Inn than to its credit, and so defeat the only end we have in view in this inquiry; to wit, the honour and glory of the law, and of all and singular the honourable members of that most honourable, not to say most useful, profession.

The reader will by this time, no doubt, have observed that the hall of Lincoln's Inn is, to use the phrase of the proprietor of the Spread Eagle in the City Road, an eating-room of "the nattiest magnificence and genteelest splendour," every way worthy of the astonishing amount of "ating and of dhrinkin'," enacted within its hallowed walls. It is not the walls —it is not the roof—though the roof, let me observe, in spite of its dirty little lantern that lets in any thing but light, is a fine thing in its way—it is not its emblazoned windows, with their "dim litigious light," nor its oaken panels inscribed with the names of learned lawyers and lucky dogs, who got on because their fathers got on before them — nor its splendid statue of Lord Erskine, nor the still more splendid picture of Paul before Festus — it is not these that raise our mind to a sort of reverential, awe-struck, elevated-subdued, how came-you-so, come-tumble-me feeling, with which we are ever oppressed,

particularly *after* dinner, in the venerable hall. It is the association of ideas — the identification of the place with the important purpose to which the place is applied — the mingling of the pleasures of memory with the pleasures of hope — of the remembrances of the eating and drinking past, with the prospects of the eating and drinking to come — this it is that makes the hall of Lincoln's Inn classic ground, that confers upon it all its real dignity and all its indisputable glory!

When left alone with a heel-tap of the red-hot port in the deserted hall, (for I generally sit the profession out, having, to tell the honest truth, nothing better to do,) imagination usurps the throne of reason, and fills with her gay but ephemeral creations the over-heated brain; roast legs and shoulders of mutton dance fantastically through the hall; fried soles, with shrimp-sauce, swim in mid-air; and the ornaments of the concave ceiling represent so many pigeon-pies.

"Is this a *mackerel* that I see before me?"

It must be so — a live baked mackerel, and on its fins and gills are gouts of — parsley and butter. — "*Beg pardon, sir, but 'tis time to shut up the hall!*" observes an odious waiter, rousing me from a delicious reverie; so, starting up, I stare the waiter in the face, throw myself into a theatrical attitude, rub both eyes with both thumbs, (as they do at Drury Lane,) and, exclaiming with a wave of my dexter *mawley*,

"'Tis no such thing!"

whip off my gown, and cut like fury out of the deserted hall.

Deserted, did I say? Worshipful reader, I plead guilty, and request you will do me the favour to fine me five shillings for being drunk. The hall, so far from being deserted, is as full as a tick — tremendous the clangour of knife, fork, and spoon — the tingling of glasses is musical. The loud and continual buzz, every body talking and nobody listening, is as the noise of rushing waters afar off. Now and then a loud uproarious laugh — the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind — again that sort of delighted chuckle that issues from the gills of a crammed turkey, rises high above the interminable clatter, like the break of the tenth wave on an Atlantic shore. As the dinner approaches to completion, and the guests to repletion, the clatter becomes more clattering, the laughter becomes louder and more robustious — the gathering of the clans — plates, dishes, knives, forks, and spoons — the rush of waiters hurrying in opposite directions with velocipede velocity, gulping the heel-taps at full speed — the jingling of beer-glasses upon trays — the rattle of knife-boxes, crammed, like those that used their contents, to suffocation, make altogether a veritable confusion of noises, articulate and inarticulate — a confusion that Babel could not hold a candle to; for, if it did, the confusion would put it out!

How exciting is the noble emulation of generous youth, contending thus, not for fame, fortune, a mistress, a place, a pension, or any of those low and

vulgar incentives to ordinary ambition — no — but for that one great, one indispensable, one all-absorbing and paramount necessity — the necessity that keeps the peasant to his spade, the tar to his tiller, the waggoner to his team, the miner to his pit, the dog to his truck, the donkey to his cart, the sweep to his chimney-top, and me to my pen — the necessity of having a meal at least once in the four-and-twenty hours.

How exciting, I say, is all this professional eating and drinking; but, alas, how transient is the excitement! The eating soon is over; for, as men eat in Lincoln's Inn Hall, unless they were created on the principle of certain molluscous animals, in whom the stomach and the whole body are only one and the same thing, how do you think it could be otherwise? The eating is soon, too soon, over — the things to be eaten are all eaten up — and as for the drinking, that is come and gone like a flash of lightning. The third butler has put the decanter on the table — the decanter *was* full a second ago, and it *is now* as empty and as fragrant as a coxcomb's head; and as for the wine — did I say wine —— "*fuit vinum*" ——

> "'Tis like the snow-flakes on the river,
> A moment *wine*, then gone for ever."

I say nothing of the quality of the wine, if wine that can properly be called which is an admixture of bad brandy, logwood water, and tincture of *kino*, fifty per cent over proof, and certainly liable to the brandy

duty; I say nothing of this, because I like my wine to be stiff if it be scanty; and for the benefit of Johnny-Raws, whose throats are unseasoned to swallowing of liquid fire, there is a pump (*gratis*) with an iron ladle attached, in the Inn-yard; but, sirs! the quantity—that's the thing makes me cry murder—nor am I at all surprised that, on the evening of the day made memorable by the coronation of our gracious Queen, when the Benchers

> —— "out of their great bounty,
> Built a bridge at the expense of the county;"

or, what is the same thing, gave the students a feed out of the funds of the Inn,—a certain profane wag, who shall be nameless, when giving out a verse of the National Anthem, which he was solicited to lead in a *solo*, took that opportunity of stating our grievances as to the modicum of port, in manner and form following—that is to say—

> "Happy and glorious—
> *Three half-pints* among *four* of us,
> *Heaven send no more of us,*
> God save the Queen!"

a ridiculous perversion of the author's meaning received with a full chorus, amid tremendous shouts of laughter and applause.

The wine, however, is gone—the reckoning has been drunk out—and the several messes, depositing their gowns, look wistfully at a table-spoonful of the

ruddy port that clings affectionately to the bottom of the decanter, but dare not taste it, considering that it would be considered ungenteel; so with great reluctance they "homewards then take off their several way," leaving the table-spoonful of port to the expectant waiter, who has already swallowed it three or four times in the agony of a thirsty imagination.

As the several messes retire from the hall, they have to shoulder in the progress of their *exit* a hungry mob armed with platters, trenchers, baking-dishes, jugs and mugs, coming to the auction; and it now becomes our duty to direct the attention of the bargain-hunting reader to the circumstances attendant upon the ceremony of the auction, which at this very moment, like the performances at Greenwich fair, "is a-going *h*exactly to begin."

Around the doors of all the dining-houses, eating-houses, and guttling-houses of this vast metropolis, from the highly respectable boiled-beef house in the Old Bailey, down to the cheap and nasty "dead-meat shops," about six or seven o'clock in the evening may be observed a lean and hungry mob of draggle-tailed women, the wives, daughters, and dependants of artisans as lean and hungry as themselves, in waiting to purchase the bits, scraps, and remainders of victual, saving and except such as are reserved for the mock turtle of the following day, together with all the plate-washings and dish-scrapings of the establishment, which disposes of them to these poor people for something about double their intrinsic value; if, indeed,

the leavings of the shabby-genteels who take out their tenpenny ration at such places, can be truly said to bear any intrinsic value. Lincoln's Inn is no exception to eating-houses in any other part of the town; the only difference being, that at the regular "dead-meat shops" the auction is deferred until the business of the day is over; while at Lincoln's Inn you are hustled by the mob of the Victualling Office as you put your foot over the threshold on quitting the Hall. There, in a sort of bar cut off from the body of the Hall, presides a young lady of very prepossessing appearance, a greasy bib tucked under her chin, who is understood to be the daughter of the head cook, and an heiress of no inconsiderable expectations — *verbum sap.* The hungry mob confronts this amiable damsel, and now the mangled remains of a sirloin of beef — now a baking-dish full of plate-washings — now a quarter or so of ruined pigeon-pie — and, again, a plateful of an olio, combined of first and second courses, of meat scraps and sweet scraps, is set up for sale to the highest and last bidder by Miss Georgina Robins aforesaid. As the lots are severally knocked down, the successful bidder produces a pewter spoon from under her cloak, and begins to stir up her particular "lot," sucking her thumbs from time to time with especial relish. One lady is overheard to complain, that "if she had knowed *as* there wasn't not no custard in her 'lot,' she'd be blowed afore she'd a giv ninepence-farden for't." Another holds up to the admiring spectators the well-cleaned bone of a shoulder of mut-

ton, and appeals to them whether "that there for fifteenpence isn't a reggler himposition." While a lady, who has bid for soup, pathetically observes, that "her husband 'll give her a jolly good *hidin'* for laying out his hard-earned money on a bucket of slops." *

But it is high time to return from the auction, which we have only alluded to as a highly gratifying spectacle — a diffusion of useful knowledge — equally profitable to the public and to the honourable professors of the law.

The course of gastronomic education pursued in the Inns of Court, will next demand our serious consideration.

The Inner Temple professes to receive the rich and great more exclusively, and accordingly the legal bill of fare at that Inn is *recherché* in a high degree — nothing plain ever being put upon the table, and French cookery preferred. The strictest silence is enjoined in this Hall during the whole time of study, hob-nobbing being interdicted as low, and no farther intercourse permitted among the several members of the mess than an occasional scowl transmitted from one side of the table to the other — after the manner of Englishmen who have not the honour of one another's

* Since the above was written, the auction has been transferred from the vestibule to a more appropriate "great room," the kitchen.

acquaintance, and who, consequently, have an undoubted right to assume every stranger to be a pickpocket, until there is good evidence to the contrary. In the Inner Temple Hall it is understood that you *may*, in a case of great emergency, ask your neighbour for the salt; but it is also understood that he is not obliged to let you have it. It will be advisable that the young and inexperienced student should not venture to hazard an observation upon the weather in the Hall, that being here considered an indirect attempt to make your neighbour's acquaintance, which he very properly resents by staring you vacantly in the face, and suspiciously buttoning up his breeches pockets.

The Middle Temple is of a different temperament, as the sound maxim of law hath it,

"The Inner for the rich — the Middle for the poor" —

And here accordingly the course of professional education is confined to the scrag-end of a neck of mutton, and occasionally griskins.

The consequences of this meagre course of study may be easily predicted. The fact is well ascertained that the Middle Temple has given to the world fewer great men, and these at longer intervals, than any of the other Inns of Court. How indeed could it be otherwise? What professional acumen can be derived from the scrag-end of a neck of mutton, or what inspiration can the sucking advocate imbibe from

griskins? To the Benchers of the Middle Temple we would say, with respect to their bill of fare, in the language of — Blackstone we think it was —

"Reform it altogether!"

Gray's Inn is, if possible, still more lenten in the style of its professional instruction — the daily routine in that hall consisting of, for the first course, potatoes boiled with butter-milk — second course, of potatoes roasted with butter-milk — and third course, of potatoes boiled *and* roasted also with butter-milk.

On Sundays the students pay attention to bullock's liver fried, with tripe and onions — while on Grand Day, out of respect for the memory of the immortal Bacon, who so worthily sustains the early reputation of this Inn, the entertainment consists of a first course of rashers and eggs, with gammon and spinach to follow!

Lincoln's Inn has produced more illustrious men than all the other Inns of Court, put them all together. Perceval belonged to this Inn — so did Pitt, Camden, Hardwicke, Ashley, Loughborough (afterwards Earl of Rosslyn), Erskine, Lyndhurst, and fifty more, whose names we do not now recollect, worthily occupied the Chancellor's chair; while Ellenborough, Mansfield, and Denman (*inter alios*), with equal dignity and reputation have occupied — the last-named excellent judge and most worthy man still occupies — the Chief Justice

seat of England. To us Addington belongs — to us Abbott — and we know not how many other speakers of the House of Commons. The pulpit of our chapel has been adorned by the presence of Hurd, of Van Mildert, and many other divines of equal reputation in the Church; and though last, not least in public regard, by Lonsdale. Of Chief Justices and other Judges of the Common Pleas — of Chief Barons and Puisne Barons of the Exchequer, and Justices of the King's Bench, our list is interminable, extending far into the gloom of remote antiquity.

To what, then, is this galaxy of talent owing — this constellation of eminent men — this firmament of the stars of the legal profession, that overarches the venerable hall of Lincoln's Inn? Ambitious student, it is owing to the solidity, the substantiality of our bill of fare.

But this part of our subject is deserving of more minute consideration — we proceed to a description of the bill of fare.

Sundays,	ROAST BEEF. PLUM PUDDING.
Mondays,	ROAST LEG OF MUTTON. CUSTARD PUDDING.
Tuesdays,	BOILED BEEF. COLLEGE PUDDING.
Wednesdays,	BOILED MACKEREL. ROAST SHOULDER OF MUTTON.
Thursdays,	ROAST BEEF. BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.

Fridays,	FRIED SOLE. ROAST LEG OF MUTTON.
Saturdays,	BOILED LAMB. PIGEON PIE.

Now, we put it to you, we put it to our learned friend on the opposite side, whether this is not a substantial system of English jurisprudence — whether there remains any wonder that Lincoln's Inn should be the inn she is — and that the men of Lincoln's Inn should be the men they are?

We must observe that the bill of fare, above transcribed exactly from the records of the Inn by permission of the treasurer, is not unvaried. On the contrary, it is adapted to the times and seasons of the year, as well as to the temper of the students at the several terms. For example, in winter, roast beef and plum-pudding preponderate, winter being the season of severe study; in summer, mutton and custard supersede the heavier matter, summer being the season of digestive relaxation. Michaelmas term affords the student gravy soup and *bouilli;* Trinity term, on the contrary, replaces these delicacies with the more refrigeratory victual of cold boiled lamb and salad. In like manner, Hilary term is celebrated for boiled capons and oyster sauce. The advent of Easter term, again, is hailed with rapture as the season of returning spring, cabbage, early cauliflowers, and sprouts. The baked plum-pudding of winter gives way to the rhubarb tart of spring, and to the goose-

berry pie of maturer summer; while, with returning winter, baked plum-pudding once again smokes upon the board. These delicate and judicious variations of the bill of fare in Lincoln's Inn hall, are so numerous, that we are compelled to leave the subject in despair, trusting that some author of more matured experience in legal dietetics may favour the hungry public with a complete catalogue of all the delicacies of the season as consumed in Lincoln's Inn hall, from time whereof the memory of man extendeth not to the contrary.

The conversation in our Hall — for conversation to a limited extent is permitted — is begun after the first glass of wine, and is continued until after the second, by which time the wine being drunk out, the conversation comes to a stand-still, and silence resumes her dominion in the Hall. The turn which the conversation invariably takes, is naturally dictated by the main object of the assembled parties — that is to say, of and concerning dinner — What was for dinner yesterday, and whether it was good — this is an illustration of the pleasures of retrospection — What is for dinner to-day, and whether it is likely to be good — being an illustration of the pleasures of hope — what will be for dinner to-morrow, and so on.

Scroggins observes to his opposite neighbour at the mess, that in his humble opinion the roasted legs of mutton are always *under*-done. Wiggins lays down the law on the opposite side, by an argument tending to prove that the boiled buttock of beef is always *over*-done. Spriggins then sums up in the style

judicial, enlarging upon the fact, that some men like mutton over-done, and beef under-done, and the contrary — that mutton may be either over-done or under-done, but not both together; that the same law is applicable to beef — that beef, when under-done, may, by the judicious application of additional caloric, be done enough, or even over-done, which holds also of mutton; but that mutton, when over-done, can by no culinary process hitherto discovered, be under-done, the same law of nature being applicable to beef — that one man likes one thing, and another man likes another thing — that there are cases exactly in point — that there are two sound maxims of law bearing upon this argument, which he (Spriggins) takes leave to quote, — the first being to the effect, that

"De gustibus non est disputandum;"

and the second not less authoritative to the same effect, "that what's one man's meat, is another man's poison."

Having delivered this charge, or something very like it, in the true judicial fashion of leaving the whole matter more obfuscated than he found it, Lord Chief-Justice Spriggins (that is to be) takes a pull at the red-hot port, and looks round the Hall with the air of a man who deserves to be immortal.

The conversation now migrates to port. Duggins is confident that the wine is *not* so confounded bad

this term. Stiggins will answer for last term, that it could not have been worse; while Jiggins wishes he may never finger a fee, if next term the wine will not be worse than ever it was. In short, while these gentlemen are drinking the wine, the wine is getting worse and worse every mouthful; but when, at last, the last drop is drained out of the decanter, the wine is pronounced absolutely not drinkable!

The politics of Lincoln's-Inn Hall deserve our gravest attention. At present, the question of paramount importance in the Hall is the potato question; and parties are divided pretty equally into the "potato-with-jackets-on" party, and the "potato-without-jackets-on" party—both parties being equally violent and outrageous, as respectable political parties are in duty bound to be.

The "potato-with-jackets-on" party assume the character of innovators, and pretend to call themselves reformers—talk perpetually of the "march of intellect," and are morally certain that the "Schoolmaster is abroad." They laugh at the wisdom of our ancestors, and affect to be surprised how any rational man can suppose, that the existence of our glorious constitution is involved in the potato-with-jackets-on question. They prate of economy, too, in all matters that do not affect the pockets of themselves and their relations—and draw up documents to prove the necessity of a Commission to shew the saving that will accrue to the Inn if the potato-with-jackets-on question is carried, in the manual labour now required

for peeling the potatoes, and in the melted butter at present demanded to make the potatoes go down! In fact, the potato-with-jackets-on party, upon this and all other occasions, have proved themselves neither more nor less than talking potatoes.

The potato-with-jackets-*off* party are of a different stamp — they talk little, but they think the more — they venerate the wisdom of our ancestors, and are devotedly attached to our glorious Constitution — they assert that potatoes-with-jackets-off have been in consumption within our Hall, from time whereof the memory of man extendeth not to the contrary — they say Blackstone has laid it down, that immemorial custom carries the force of law, with which observation we entirely agree, and insinuate, that the potato-with-jackets-on party care neither for law nor gospel — which, there is too much reason to fear, is somewhere about the truth. They boldly assert, that the pretended economy of the potato-with-jackets-on party is all my eye and Mrs Elizabeth Martin — that plates to peel the potatoes on must be bought by the Inn, to which the potato-with-jackets-*on* party reply, that plates are cheaper than melted butter. The potato-with-jackets-*off* party hold peeling potatoes in the dining-hall to be a filthy practice; to which the other party reply, that their thumbs may be supposed to be cleaner than the thumbs of the scullions — a rejoinder rebutted by the tart assertion of the potato-with-jackets-*off* party, that they (the p—— w—— j——*off* party) don't know whether or not! Meetings and

counter-meetings have been held — resolutions and counter-resolutions have been passed — petitions and counter-petitions lie everywhere for signature by every body who can sign, and for signature by proxy by every body who cannot — nobody knows where the potato question will end; and very many quiet, well-disposed respectable people are sick of the subject, and have given up eating potatoes altogether! *

We do not intend, in this place, to enter at large into the antiquities of the several Inns of Court, our learned friend, Counsellor O'Rubbishy, being at present up to the ears in cobwebs and black-letter upon that very subject, to which the learned gentleman intends to prefix a dissertation upon the origin of eating and drinking in general, and of legal eating and drinking in particular; also, in the appendix, to give a minute account of the *original* eating-house on Mutton Hill, where the learned gentleman and myself dine in vacation, to which will be added, observations tending to throw light upon the personal identity of the first lawyer, who, saving your reverence, is credibly understood to be neither more nor less than Old Clooty himself!

The law, like all other sublunary matters, is not stationary but progressive. The profession "goes a-head" marvellously. We ourselves recollect many

* This important question has been settled to the great satisfaction of men of peace, and discomfiture of brawlers, by serving up potatoes-with-and-without-jackets, so that you may eat according to your politics.

great and important changes. We are full of experience, and looked up to as a high authority in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn. We remember several epochs in the gastronomic history of the bar — about five-and-twenty years ago we were not quite gray — we held *one* brief — and we had no wine in Lincoln's Inn Hall! It seems as if it were only yesterday! Then came, we recollect, the epoch of the bottle — seven years exactly after, we arrived at the dignity of the cucumber! We can safely hazard our reputation as a lawyer upon the fact, which we here give as our professional opinion, that from that time to the present the wine has got worse and worse every term; and that, if worse could now by any possibility be had for love or money, we should be required to swallow it.

In our early days, when "the world lay all smiling before me," as Tommy Moore has it, and we looked upon Lord Eldon as only a venerable old gentleman airing my chair, we dined off pewter platters — helped ourselves to gravy with iron spoons, that imparted to all our dishes a high chalybeate flavour — stuck our several knives promiscuously into the saltcellar, and suspended our "*kibaubs*" of impregnable mutton upon bipronged forks.

Since then we have gained *a point* — our forks are now *tri*dents — our iron spoons, by some alchemical process, are transmuted into pewter, and our pewter platters are replaced by hydrographic (only think of the perfectibility of crockery) by hydrographic plates!

About this time turnip radishes were introduced into our hall, and in Hilary Term 1801, we arrived at the epoch of cheese! Up to Trinity Term 1830, the profession drank their beer from a mug — we have heard before now of "*tea in a mug*" — but beer in a mug we never knew till we knew it in Lincoln's Inn Hall! The epoch of mug, however, like other memorable epochs, passed away, and was succeeded by the epoch of tumblers. About this time, too, an important change came over the spirit of our dreams — pewter was discarded — and the students actually appeared in the hall with silver spoons in their mouths!

This was the silver age —

> "How blest the silver age in early times,
> When no avenger knew or punish'd crimes!"

Soon after this our old tin candlesticks were superseded by bronze — this may be designated the age of brass!

We need not pursue farther the mutability of human affairs — the philosophic reader has already perceived, that human affairs are transitory and evanescent — that reform bills and bills of fare are enacted, discussed, objected to, and forgotten. Eatables and empires disappear — drinkables like dynasties are swallowed and forgotten. But this is a trite subject — and trite subjects are not the subjects for us!

The professional student will not fail to have ob-

served, if he has followed our description with the attention it deserves, that there are two different classes of lawyers — those, to wit, who are never seen at Westminster Hall, and those who are never seen any where else — lawyers who are all *teeth*, and lawyers who are, on the contrary, all *jaw!*

CHAPTER XIII.

KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING.

When we take a lounging walk along the Strand, through Temple Bar, down Fleet Street, up Ludgate Hill, into Cheapside, turning on our heel at the Mansion-House to look about us, contemplating the intense life and concentrated bustle of the scene, deafened with the Babel of discordant sounds—carts, drays, waggons, whip-cracking, blaspheming, blocking-up; or, sauntering westward through Bond Street, the Squares, and away to the Park, at half-past five o'clock in the London season, who would think—or who, with eyes and ears, or, if he *have* any brains, with brains full of all around him—This sentence is like to wax consumedly long—*who*, we say, *would* think that all the world was not here? or, that there should be such a thing as disease, imprisonment, or death, in a world of life, action, and energy like this?

Alas! we see but the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious London in our out-o-'doors perambulations. We contemplate the battle, delighted with the noise of musketry and cannon, the clash of sabres, the waving

of banners above the sulphury air, the neighing of the war-horse, and the sound of the trumpet. Or, it may be, we are fighting our own battle, as most of us are in London, striving to cut down our neighbour and set our foot upon his neck. Or, engaged in the more congenial avocation of plunder, have no time to contemplate other battles than our own — we see not the dying, we hear not the groans of the wounded, and pressing on, as our fate may determine, to victory or death, we leave to women and children the business of burying the dead!

We have no time to be sick in London; men of business may die, to be sure, now and then, but no man of business ever was known to be sick in London: time is money, and sickness, consuming our time, is a thief and a robber; sickness is a very pleasant thing for those who have nothing better to do, but we Londoners cannot afford such luxuries.

We have our business to mind, and not the spleen or the vapours; and the result is, that troubling ourselves very little about the vapours or the spleen, the spleen and the vapours take themselves off into the country, and fasten themselves on rural gentlemen in rainy weather.

There is no more salubrious, we were going to say *air*, but that would be a *crammer*—but there is no more salubrious life than life in London. We appeal to the bills of mortality; it is a known fact, and your physician will tell you so, that there is no more healthy place to live in than London.

Granted that the air is twice as thick as the air in barbarous regions, then as your true-born Cockney, in Douglas Jerrold's farce of the "Prisoner of War" says, it will last twice as long; but the truth is, breathing is for idle people, and we by no means envy the effeminate voluptuary who sips air as he would sip claret.

We are content to breathe dense air in town, because we cannot have town without it; but air is not necessarily bad because it smacks of society. The doctors say that London is the worst place in the world for a practitioner, because of the absence of epidemics; there is no typhus, no small-pox, no plague, (plague take it,) no intermittent or continued fevers, "no nothing."

The doctors inform us, that there is but one disease in London which oversteps the average—disease of the heart; and, when we think of the work a poor fellow has to make the two ends meet—when we know that if a man, an author for example, lifts his head a moment from his desk—if an orator stops to cough, an artist to wash his brushes—a thousand pennyless, characterless, brainless brutes are on the watch to offer their *dis*-services, and to do that for next to nothing which is nothing worth, it is truly no marvel, if men, struggling with the unfair odds that beset the adventurer in London life, find their vital principle worn out long before its time, or that that malady of the poets, a broken heart, instead of being, as hitherto, a dreamy fiction—a figure expressing the

worn-out, shattered spirit — should be a sad reality, and a supplementary addition to the many ills that flesh is heir to.

It may be safely averred — and let the College of Physicians contradict it — that no place of the like population, in town or country, has a more enviable freedom from bodily disease than the world we live in — London, that is to say; but in the like ratio of our exceptions from physical, we are deplorably afflicted with mental infirmities. Suicides — those tragedies of domestic life, frequent memorials of excited hope, fear, jealousy, despair, hatred of life, loathing of pleasure pursued to excess, false ideas of honour, and a thousand nameless and inappreciable things, present themselves before our memories — so many arguments, that the mind *here* makes the disease: the artificial system is carried too far; the soul is torn and harassed out of the yet healthy body.

Then, of madness, raving, and melancholy, our hospitals of Bethlem, Hanwell, and St Luke's, give us more than our fair proportion. These are our plagues, our moral plagues — these our epidemics, epidemics of the soul. But to return: —

Where are all the killed, wounded, and missing of this gladiatorial arena — this great battle-field — this temple of anti-socialism — this mighty exponent of the competitive principle?

What has become of those *hors de combat* in the hand-to-hand struggle of life?

Alas! nobody, save some useless, dreamy, sentimentalizing animal, not worth twopence, like ourselves, has leisure to think a moment upon subjects the consideration of which never *pay!*

Where are all the superannuated veterans of our metropolis — people of the last century — *quinqua*, *sexa*, *hepta*, and *octo*-genarians — grandfathers and grandmothers of the town? where are our Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals of civil life?

Few old people — decidedly old, we mean — are to be seen in the strong current of our leading thoroughfares: they would be trodden down and trampled upon in the rush of vigorous life.

It is on the sheltered sides of private streets, when the sun is warm and high, and the pavement dry and clean, that you will see the venerable grey-head, the crutch-headed cane, and the shrivelled galligaskins, creeping forth to take the air. Here, and to the suburbs and environs, antiquated consols and reverend long annuities retire; jointures in bombazeens, and rent charges in stomachers, high-heeled shoes, and spectacles, abound. Dorcas associations are multitudinous; and to the poor are distributed more tracts than halfpence. Companions, readers — wretches hired for their victuals to bear the peevish insolence of age — are seen creeping about with their employers, tending their tottering steps, and looking even more wretched than they. Chemists' shops abound; and broad brass plates, indicating the proximity of medical and surgical atten-

dance, stare the invalid in the face from every second door.

In a neat little garden, or shrubbery, for example, you may see a venerable old gentleman seated, basking in the sun, while a group of long-haired, bright-eyed grandchildren gambol about his feet, upon whose little tricks and antics the grandpapa smiles with grave complacency: or in a Bath chair, steadily propelled along the pavement by a stalwart footman, guided by a handsome lad of sixteen, and flanked on either side by a lovely girl, the mother of a fine family, thus nobly accompanied, takes the air: or, in a patent carriage, propped up by piles of down, reclines a languid beauty of fashion, looking more anxious and unhappy than if she sold Lucifer matches at a halfpenny a box.

Who, when we think of it, would not be old, gouty, paralytic, or rheumatic under such favourable circumstances? Happy they who take to their beds with the consciousness of having sons, sons' wives, daughters, and daughters' daughters solicitous for their recovery every day, and all day long; who can tie up the knocker, and silence, by the help of the tan-yard, the very stones of the street; can command the retired room, the southern aspect, the close fitting curtains, the noiseless step, the skill of Chambers, Bright, or Holland; who recover amid the congratulations and the smiles, or expire amid the sighs and tears of dutiful children and affectionate relations!

We envy the sick and dying—in fine houses in the squares, where even a sick room, looking out upon conservatories, shrubberies, and enlivened by singing-birds, must be a paradise! What a pleasure it must be to be laid up, and how comfortably ill these great people must be.

Call to ask how the great man does, powdered lackey in purple plushes, and white coat covered with lace, like uniform of Austrian general officers, pokes bulletin into your hand:—

"His Grace passed rather a sleepy night, and was heard to snore at intervals: about daybreak, his Grace coughed twice, and the physicians were sent for. His Grace fell asleep again, but without farther snoring, and woke up at half-past twelve, calling for sherry and a biscuit."

Visiter expresses delight, and so forth; writes his name in visiter's book with silver pen, presented by the man of plushes; the door flung wide open by the fat porter, who has roused himself for the moment out of his habitual lethargy and leathern chair, visiter takes his leave, praying heaven to spare a life so dear as that of his Grace to all—who expect to get any thing from him!

How different the condition of the labouring man when languor and depression of sickness, produced by the inclemency of the weather, or the severity of his toil, render him unable any longer to struggle with his growing malady! With what reluctance he retires

from labour, and lays himself down upon his miserable bed; his wife and children beholding in the powerless right arm and the brow of anguish, not only the sickness of the husband and the father, but the privation of daily bread, the distraint of their few bits of furniture for rent!

The pawning of the last cotton gown, and of articles that even the poor cannot take to the pawnbroker without a blush, for medicine and attendance: the hopeless effort to restore the provider of their home, by denying themselves even the necessaries of life: then, the final breaking-up of the miserable family: the husband carried to the hospital, the wife and children to the work-house, and the household gods to the brokers for arrears of rent!

Oh! a dreadful thing is sickness entering the mansions of the children of toil, whose patrimony is in their brawny arm, and whom poverty dogs with uninterrupted step, no more than a day's march behind: tangible and real privations and miseries come along with it, darkening the door and the faces of the indwellers: and when death, entering, makes desolation of that home — striking him whose robust arm sustained the roof-tree and kept the family together, then, indeed, is the visitation terrible — inscrutable the dispensation!

This sad subject we must awhile pursue; and the selfish, the frivolous, and the vain — that half of the world, which, as it knows not how the other half

lives, neither cares how it sickens and dies, nor when it may be buried, will pursue their way rejoicing; while we mournfully enter upon a painful portion of our subject, and pursue our way through the workhouse, the hospital, and the prison.

CHAPTER XIV.

Walking the Hospitals.

We apprehend that few idle people, from choice, care to turn aside from the contemplation of busy life engaged in healthy industry, and from the excitement of the living streets, to explore the abiding-places of disease, pain, and death. Yet we would not care for the man who would not sometimes visit the homes of the miserable, take a lesson of life in the wards of an hospital, and anticipate the debt he will sooner or later have to pay, by seeing it paid by others.

While you are killing the enemy — who is certain, notwithstanding, to get the better of you one day or another — with billiards, or dice, or gossip, or the bottle at the west end, it might do you good were you suddenly transferred to a medical or surgical ward of St Thomas's, St Bartholomew's, or Guy's; and, by the dismal light of a lamp, to contemplate the varied expression of human agony you will meet with on every side. The crimsoned flush of raging fever, the wandering eye and frothy lip of wild delirium, the

half-crown patch of hectic blush upon the shrunken cheek of the consumptive; death doing his work by sap and storm, by night and day, within the walls, within musket-shot of the scenes of your midnight revelry, and mid-day languor, where your only business is idleness, your only pleasure dissipation.

"Curse the fellow, he is not going to be merry this chapter," saith the reader: very likely not; therefore lay us down, or take us up, just as you are affected. Life has serious aspects, nay, even painful ones, and our business is to make you acquainted with both sides: therefore turn with us into this gateway, or go back again to your Club, whichever of the two will afford greatest entertainment.

You have hardly entered the precincts of one of our great hospitals, when you experience uneasy sensations.

The natural quietude of those great quadrangles in the immediate vicinity of crowded thoroughfares, whose discordant noises reach the ear commingled in one general hum, amaze you. There is a conventual hush over the place; your footstep awakens the echoes of the piazzas and passages, as you make your way from one quadrangle to another.

In the distance you may observe an irregular clump of lowly buildings, surmounted by domes and skylights; these are the dissecting and lecture-rooms of the hospital, where the bodies of the dead are made subservient to the welfare of the living.

You enter the house; what a strange acidulated

smell! The smell of a barrack is peculiar—a frowzy, dampy smell: the smell of a workhouse is the frowziness without the damp: but the smell of an hospital is different from both. It is an odour, as it were, of spilt vinegar, very peculiar, especially in the dog-days, and not very pleasant. Then, the surgical wards, the fever wards, the small-pox wards, have their own peculiar odours, which we might sniff through several pages with great satisfaction; but in pity to the olfactories of the unprofessional reader, we shall not dwell farther on hospital odours.

Who are those dumpy women in bed-gowns and frilled caps crossing the square to and fro?

These are nurses; *sisters*, as they are called—a name derived from those remote times when sisterhoods of religious women performed the kindly offices of tending the sick poor, as they do to this day in continental countries.

You see in the expression of their faces how little care or anxiety they feel, hardened as they are by usage, in the performance of the most exquisitely painful duties; they look not like those whose daily and nightly task it is to moisten the lips of the dying, to close the eyes and decently dispose the limbs of the frequent dead. On the contrary, the great majority have the expression of comfortable jolly cooks in small respectable families where scullery-maids are kept.

In the passages, or in the lobbies, as you progress towards the wards, if you keep your ears open, you

may hear not a few extraordinary dialogues. A group, consisting of one or two of the dressers, a knot of sisters, a surgery man, and some of the pupils, is collected at the stair-head, and at intervals you catch unconnected portions of their mingled professional conversation.

"So Sally Dawes is dead this morning." "Cuss the old cat; God be good to her, Betsy; what a world of trouble that wretch gived me in Mary's ward—never knowed when to have done calling for drink, night nor day."

"Simon, have you got my blisters and poultices on your tray?"

"Here's Goody Simpson's darter says as how she knows her mother's dead, an' a hollering like mad in the *h*airy: may she go up, sir?"

"'Gainst the rules. Guvn'rs won't hear of it; tell her to call again to-morrow."

"Hilloa, you there, come up, and carry down the stiff uns."

"How many, sir?"

"Let me see: Irish hodman, in Job's ward——"

"Beg your pardon, sir, but he's not *quite* dead yet."

"Not dead! you rascal, do you suppose I'd have given you an order to take him down if he wasn't dead."

"Beg your pardon, sir, but he swears he won't die till God pleases."

"Won't he? we shall see whether or not."

"There's Sally Dawes, *she's* dead as a red herring, I'll warrant her."

"Mr Mugg, if the house surgeon hears you neglected to leech the erysipelas leg in No. 9, you'll hear of it."

"Dear me, sir, what shall I do?"

"Clap on the suckers, and when they bite, take them off again: say they're yesterday's bites."

"That will be a *bite;* he! he! he!"

"Staggers, I'll bet you two to five in grog, Slashem's lithotomy case capsizes the pail."

"Say on the table, and I'll take you. Do you see any thing *verdant?*"

"Oho!"

"Two to one against the woman in the puerperal ward — what's her name?"

"Come, I'll back death against the doctor, for any sum you like to name."

"Kitty Foley, if you please, sir, has made up her mind not to submit to the operation."

"What! after I have had the trouble of arranging the instruments; there's gratitude for you!"

"Tell her she must be operated on; the bill has been up this week: tell her she'll die if she doesn't."

"She says, if you please, sir, she only wants to be let die in peace."

"What! and the whole class to be disappointed; impossible! Tell her she can't be allowed to die in peace, it's against the rules of the hospital."

"Well, Clotty, have you bled all the cases?"

"Surgeryman, have you given all the—ahem——"

"All right, sir."

"I say, Simkins, you don't look well this morning."

"No! bless me, I never felt better in all my life."

"Why, what's the matter? Let's feel your pulse."

"Don't you, now, really feel very ill?"

"Come, none of your nonsense: you know I cut my finger in the dissecting-room, and you want to frighten me."

"I say, now, is there any body *game* to throw a pebble at that gas-lamp?"

"Please, sir, the sailor just come in won't have his head shaved, nor take his gruel: will he get his gruel, sir?"

"Not a doubt of it, Molly, if he stays here long enough."

"Hark! there's Professor Puke coming up stairs; so off, boys, and look solemn."

And the conference is for the present broken up.

Now, take a turn through the wards with the physician. Observe how various the expression of the patients' countenances. The clouded brow, oppressed eye, distended nostril, and parched lip, of impending fever; the drunken aspect and stertorous breathing of apoplexy; the fearful shivering of the sufferer from ague; then, in the chronic wards, note the family likeness among all the patients—the subdued expression of pain, so long continued that habit has rendered its endurance tolerable.

Now, if you have nerve, enter the condemned cell

—the place allotted to incurables. Here are, you see, some five-and-twenty fellow-creatures waiting for the friendly hand of death to lay them in the peaceful grave; and, strange to say, such of them as are not tortured with acute pain, are not merely resigned, but positively cheerful!

Stand for a moment at the foot of this bed; let us look at the card. Oh! cancer of the breast, operated on for the third time yesterday. You observe the poor creature is dying: already unconsciousness has blunted the arrow of the destroyer; and although she yet breathes, the bitterness of death is past.

These oranges and lemons, cups of wine, teapots, are the offerings of the inhabitants of the ward to their expiring fellow-sufferer. The little girl you see limping about with disease of the hip-joint, smiling as good-naturedly as if she was at play, was the nurse of the poor creature before you, and tended her with the same devotion as if she had been her own daughter.

Even now, she moistens the unconscious lips, and whispers pity into the unheeding ear.

There is something very extraordinary, and to us inexplicable, in the variety of shapes in which death makes his approaches, and the way in which he is met by minds differently constituted. In early life we had abundant opportunities of contemplating death on a great scale; and we took a malancholy pleasure in watching the struggles of the parting spirit, as if we

could catch its shadow flung on earth, as it flew to its abiding-place beyond the grave.

But, with all our watching, we never could advance a step in our investigation.

We have seen a virtuous mother of a family, from whose hands the Sacred Volume was never absent during her long illness, expire delirious, with a torrent of blasphemy and obscenity horrible to hear. Over and over again we have witnessed the cheerful, and, to all human comprehension, happy deaths of those destitute of the slightest sense of religious obligation; while those imbued with the strongest and most scriptural feelings, have met death with tears, tremblings, and lamentations.

Some we have observed to make the fact of their approaching death an excuse for imploring some delicacy which they have never tasted — as, for example, a peach or a bunch of grapes; others will cry out incessantly for wine, and die miserable if they do not get as much as they wish. One would die happy, he says, if he could see the sun; another gives the moon his preference. The fantasies of dying people are truly extraordinary, and the mode in which they meet death, reconcileable, as we imagine, chiefly to constitution of body and habits of life. Soldiers, though by no means a religious class generally, we have observed to die fearless of death itself, whether or not indifferent to the preparation for the life after death.

The happiest deaths, we think, ot er things being equal, are those of poor ignorant creatures, whose faith in their religion is unshaken. The pride of human knowledge suggests doubts and fears, which, howsoever little they may disturb lusty life, are worse than racks and wheels in the hour of approaching death.

To be weak or undecided, in death as in life, is to be miserable. The firm in faith do *not die* — they set out upon their journey to the promised land — and only change one state of existence for another.

CHAPTER XV.

FUNERALS.

People have an ominous dread of encountering funerals; now, for our own part, we like to meet a funeral; and, what is more, we find a melancholy pleasure in turning round and following it.

Touches of genuine nature are to be met with at a funeral.

The artificial is thrown aside, the mask we all wear in the business or pleasure of life falls off, and we are able sometimes to catch occasional glimpses of men as they really are, or ought to be. We say sometimes, for there is abundance of hypocrisy at a funeral as any where else, but even this is worth contemplating. There is much matter for conjecture in funerals; we like to imagine that we see reflected in the faces of the mourners what manner of man was the deceased. We try to puzzle out the expression of the disappointed legatee, and the more subdued grief of him, who, having been bequeathed much, regrets that he has not got more; or of him who, having the lion's share, is

yet sorrowful that he had not the good fortune to have had all.

Then there are the mourners, not of hoods, scarfs, and weepers, but of the heart — mourning a loss beyond that of the world's losses — losses no world's wealth can repair. The tender, dutiful wife, the prudent, affectionate husband, the son or daughter of our youth or of our age. The parent, dropping ripe into the lap of earth, or, deeper grief, cut off in the midst of his hopes, expectations, and pursuits, leaving perhaps a young family slenderly provided for, or not at all; the attached and long-esteemed friend, the woman we loved, or *could* have loved. These are the griefs, various in their expression, that, surrounding the yawning grave, pay the last sad offices to the unconscious dead; then slowly, and with downcast weeping eyes, wend slowly homewards their melancholy way.

The funerals of the great, or little people who greatly unite themselves to dust, we have no sympathies with; we cannot get near enough to see of what kind of stuff their hearts are made; mourning coaches, plumed hearses, dusky-coated mutes, and the sable pomposity of the grave, do not attract us. But we are a rare hand at ferreting out a workhouse funeral: the poor corner of a metropolitan churchyard affords us many an afternoon's melancholy entertainment. The poor talk of one another, of the dead, of their affairs, the condition of their families. There is much

apparent sympathy among them: and they have no care lest their conversation should be overheard.

It was a fine summer Sabbath evening in June, and we were knocking about among the tombstones as usual, making our observations upon life and character, when our attention was arrested by a plain coffin, borne upon the shoulders of four men in black, and followed by eight chief mourners, all in decent but humble suits of sables. The chief mourners were eight children — four boys and four girls; or, to speak more correctly, three boys and three girls, with two little "toddles," mere infants, straggling in the rear. The eldest boy and girl might have been about fifteen and fourteen years respectively; the next, twelve and eleven; the third pair between seven and eight; the youngest, as we have said, between infancy and childhood. The eyes of all spectators were upon the bereaved ones as they stood around the grave, yawning to receive their only parent and provider; and few were the dry eyes of those that beheld the melancholy group — the eldest boy looking fierce and manlike, the rest weeping bitterly, save the youngest pair, who looked wonderingly around, as if marvelling what all the ceremony might mean.

"Cutting funeral, that sir;" observed a little pursy man in black who stood near us; "*w*erry cutting funeral, indeed," repeated the little man, blowing his nose violently.

"Who are they?" we inquired, not without antici-

pating something like the domestic history we were favoured with by the nose-blowing little man in black.

"*H*orphans, sir—every one on 'em *h*orphans; that's their mother as is a bein' buried, sir."

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir; she was a 'spectable woman—highly 'spectable, indeed—*w*erry *w*irtuous, poor woman, sir—paid rates and taxes in the parish for twenty year. I ought to know it; for I'm one of the overseers—I am."

"I should like to hear something of the family."

"Should you, sir? Well, you shall hear; but it's a melancholy story—*w*erry melancholy, indeed.

"You must know, sir, there wasn't a more decenter couple in this parish than Thomas Mason and his wife, Jane; they were well to do, and doing well; every body respected them, for they paid their way, and was civil to their customers. Well, Thomas fell in a decline, sir, and died; but he didn't die soon enough—for his sickness wasted all their substance, and the business was neglected, so the family fell into poverty: but the poor widow struggled on, and the exertions she made to maintain them little ones was really the wonder of the neighbourhood.

"'Mr Smith,' says she to me, when I offered some relief, 'I won't trouble this world long, and parish money shall never cross my palm; but when I'm gone, you won't see my desolate orphans want a morsel of bread.'

"So, poor woman, she was right; for she soon sickened, and was bed-ridden for thirteen months; and them children, as you see a standin' 'round their mother's grave, worked themselves to an oil to keep her from the hospital—much more the workus. The girls worked all day; and boys and girls sat up all night, turn and turn about, with their poor mother—she was sorely afflicted, poor woman. Well, sir; when she died at last, our Vicar went and offered his assistance, and told the children, of course, the parish would bury their mother; but that there *h*obstinate boy, him that's a givin' his orders, wouldn't hear of it, and blowed up the Vicar for mentioning such a thing. So the Vicar comes to me, and says he, Mr Smith, these here young Mason's is the oddest babies as ever I see, for they've sold their bed and all their things to bury their mother; let's make up a purse for them, and there's my sovereign to begin with.

"Says I, sir, never mind, I'll bring them right; and the parish shall bury the poor woman, so that'll be so much saved: and with that I goes off to Poppin's court, and into the fust floor; there was the poor woman dead, and the room stripped of all the furniture and things. Says that there youth, 'Mr Smith,' says he, 'I'd be werry glad to see you another time, but we're in great grief for our mother bein' dead, and we hope you'll excuse us not askin' you to sit down.' Lord love you, sir, there wasn't the sign of a chair or a table in the room, nothing but the corpse, and a bit of plank. Says I, 'My boy, I'm sorry for your grief,

but I hope you won't have any objection to let the parish manage your poor mother's funeral.' With that, sir, the boy flares up like any thing, whips up a poker, and swears if he catches the parish a-comin' to touch his mother, he'll brain the lot of 'em: 'Mother lived without the parish,' says he, 'died without the parish, and she'll be buried without the parish!' With that he opens the door, and shews me down stairs as if he was a suckin' markis: that's the story on 'em, sir; and they're a riggler *h*independent lot as ever I see. God help them, poor things!"

And with this the little man blew his nose once more, as the group of motherless children, re-formed in their sad order of procession, with streaming eyes, and many repeated last looks at their mother's grave, departed to their naked home.

THE END.

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